THE

Merry MOUNTEBANK;

OR, THE

Humourous Quack-Doctor:

BEING

A certain, ſafe and ſpeedy CURE, for that *Heart-Breaking* DISTEMPER, commonly call'd or known by the Name of

Hypochondriac-Melancholy.

Containing various never failing *Receipts* againſt

SPLEEN *and* ILL-NATURE;

EXEMPLIFIED

In a choice Collection of OLD and NEW SONGS; And compiled with GREAT JUDGMENT, *Remedium Amoris*,

By TIMOTHY TULIP, of FIDLERS-HALL in CROWDED-SHIRE, *Eſq*; a Well-wiſher to the MATHEMATICKS.

Figur'd for the HARPSICHORD, and directed for the FLUTE.

THE WHOLE

Reviſed by ſeveral knowing and unknowing *Muſicians*, *Poetaſters*, *Balladmongers*, and *Haberdaſhers* of *Small-wares*.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed by W. PEARSON, in *Alderſgate-Street*, for A. HOLBECHE, at the *Bible* and *Crown*, in *Barbican*; F. JEFFERIS, at the *Bible* and *Crown*, in *Ludgate-Street*, and C. PICKMAN, in *Ruſſel-Street*, 1720. *Price* 2*s*. 6*d*.

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TABLE

OF THE

SONGS

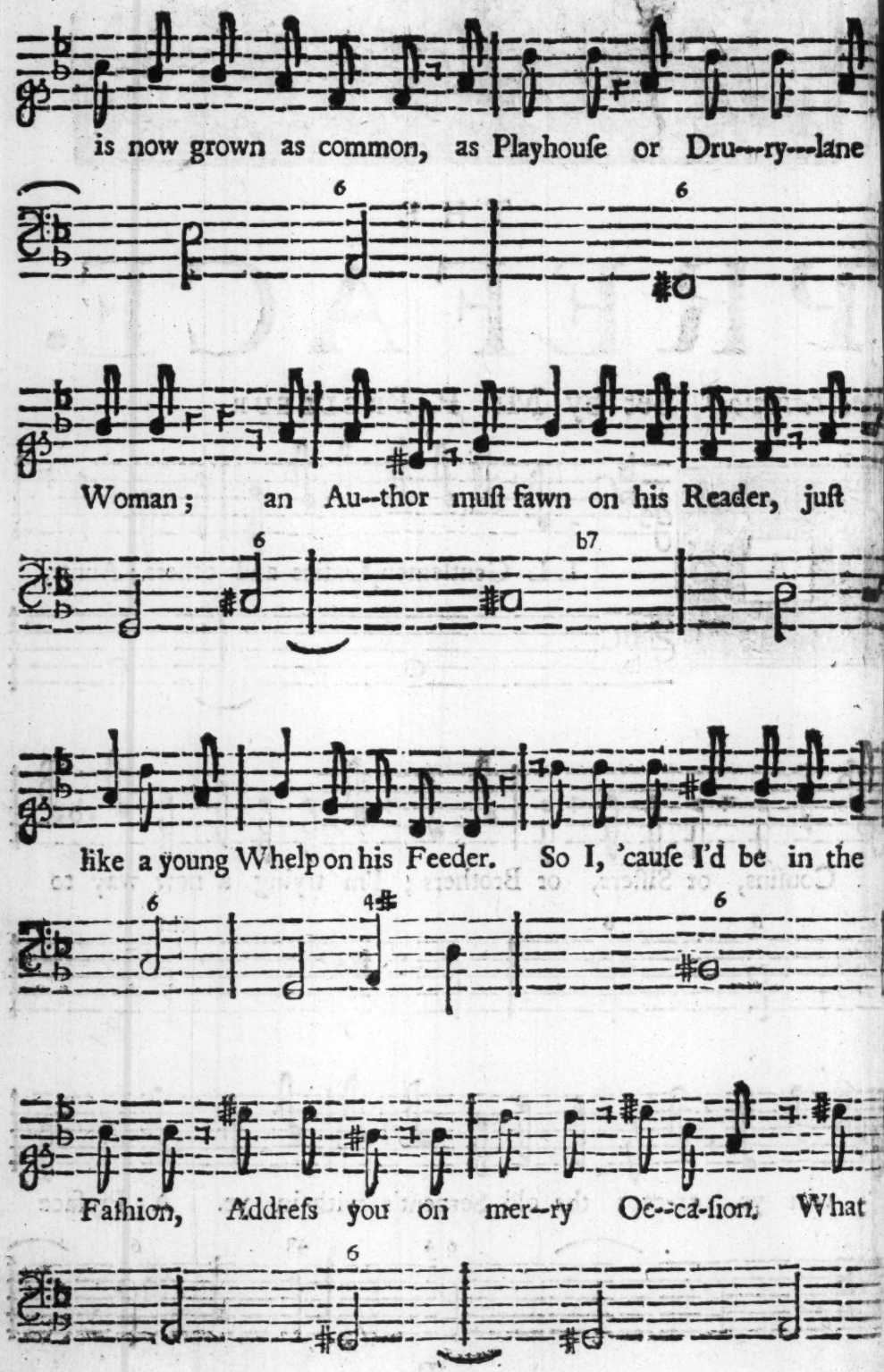
IN THE

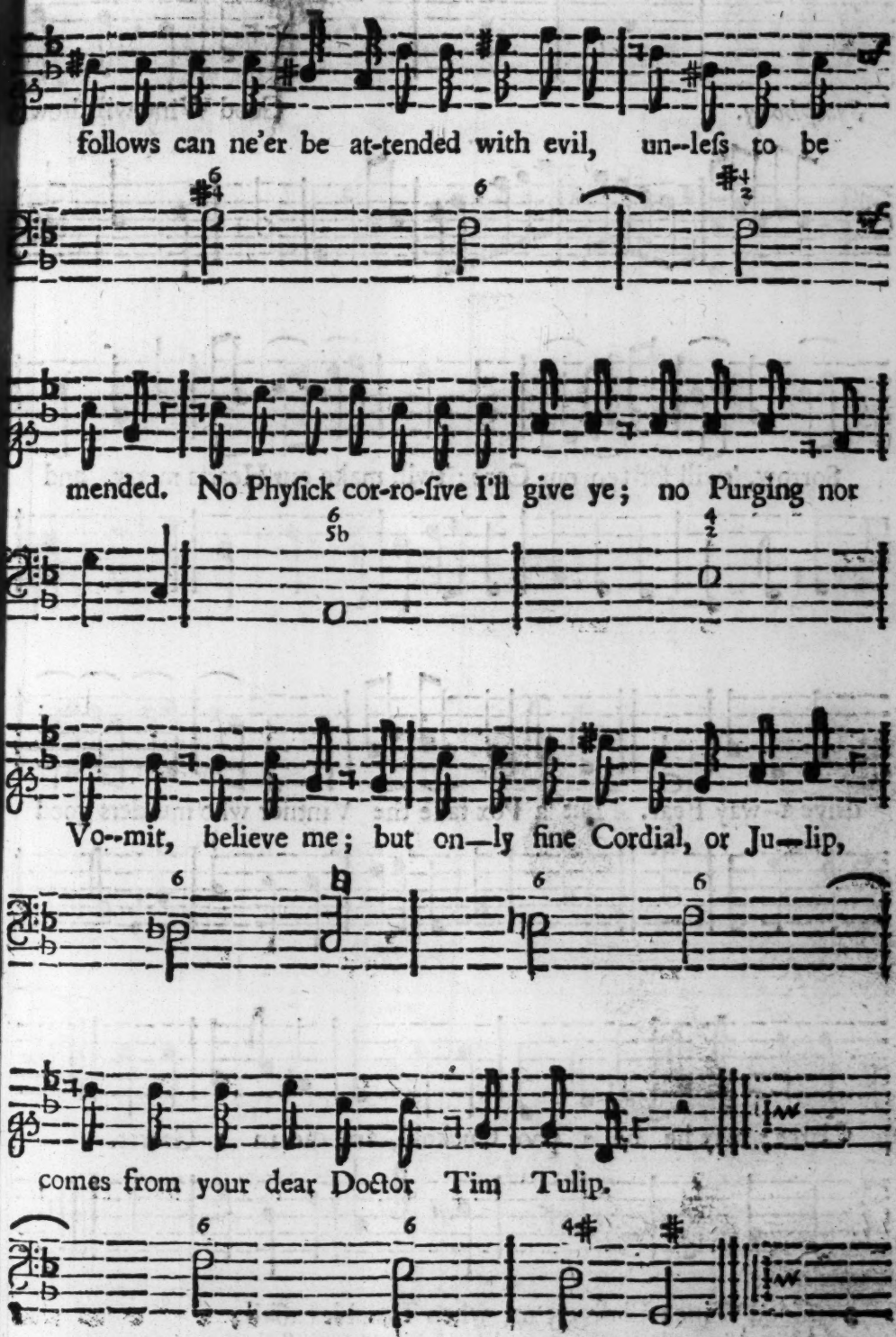
VOLUME.

THE PREFACE.

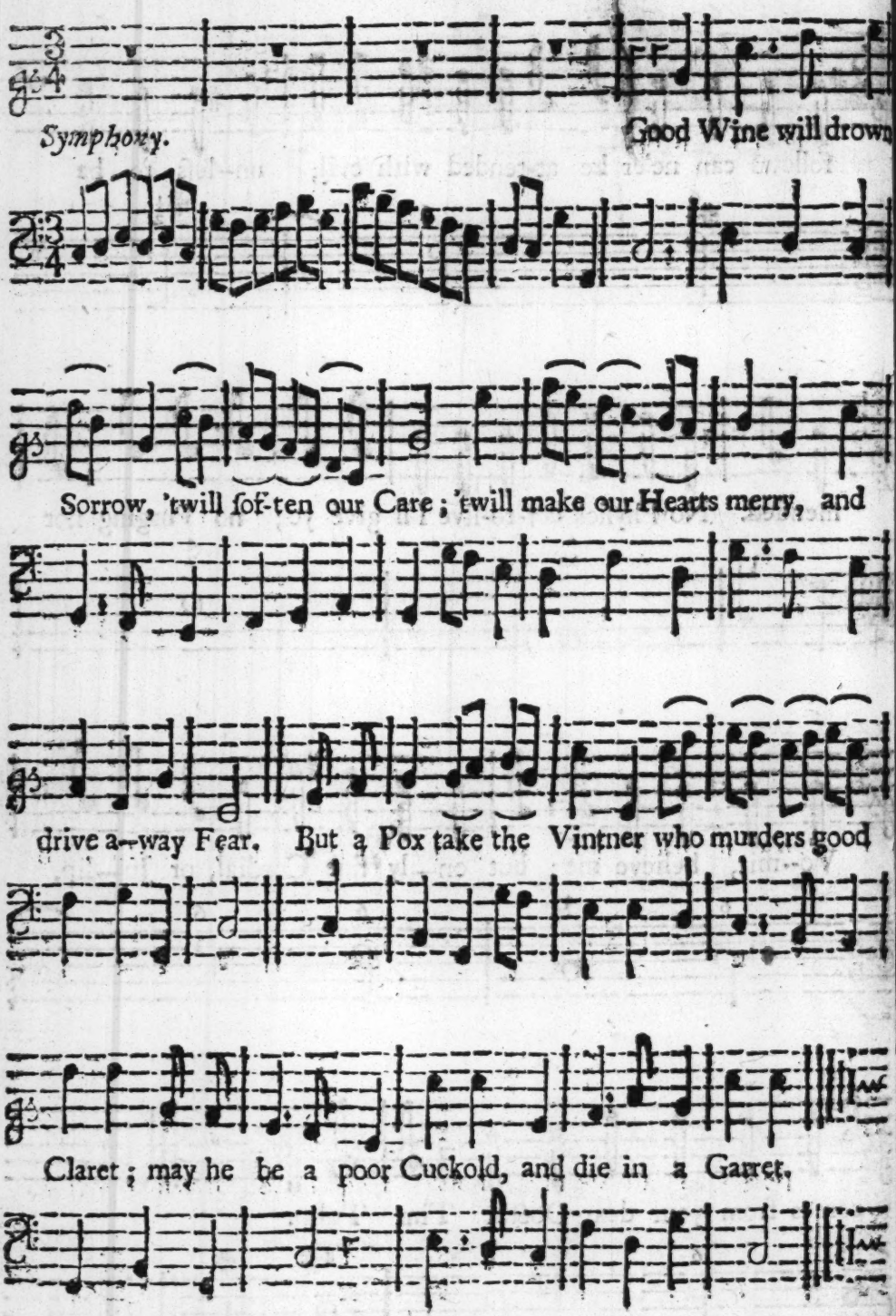
Recitativo. Set by Mr. P. PRELLEUR.

A
LL Gentlemen, Ladies and others; Aunts,
Cousins, or Sisters, or Brothers; I'm trying a new way to
win ye, ex-cept the old Serpent's with-in ye. A Preface

Continued.

is now grown as common, as Playhouſe or Dru---ry---lane
Woman; an Au--thor muſt fawn on his Reader, juſt
like a young Whelp on his Feeder. So I, 'cauſe I'd be in the
Faſhion, Addreſs you on mer--ry Oc--ca-ſion. What

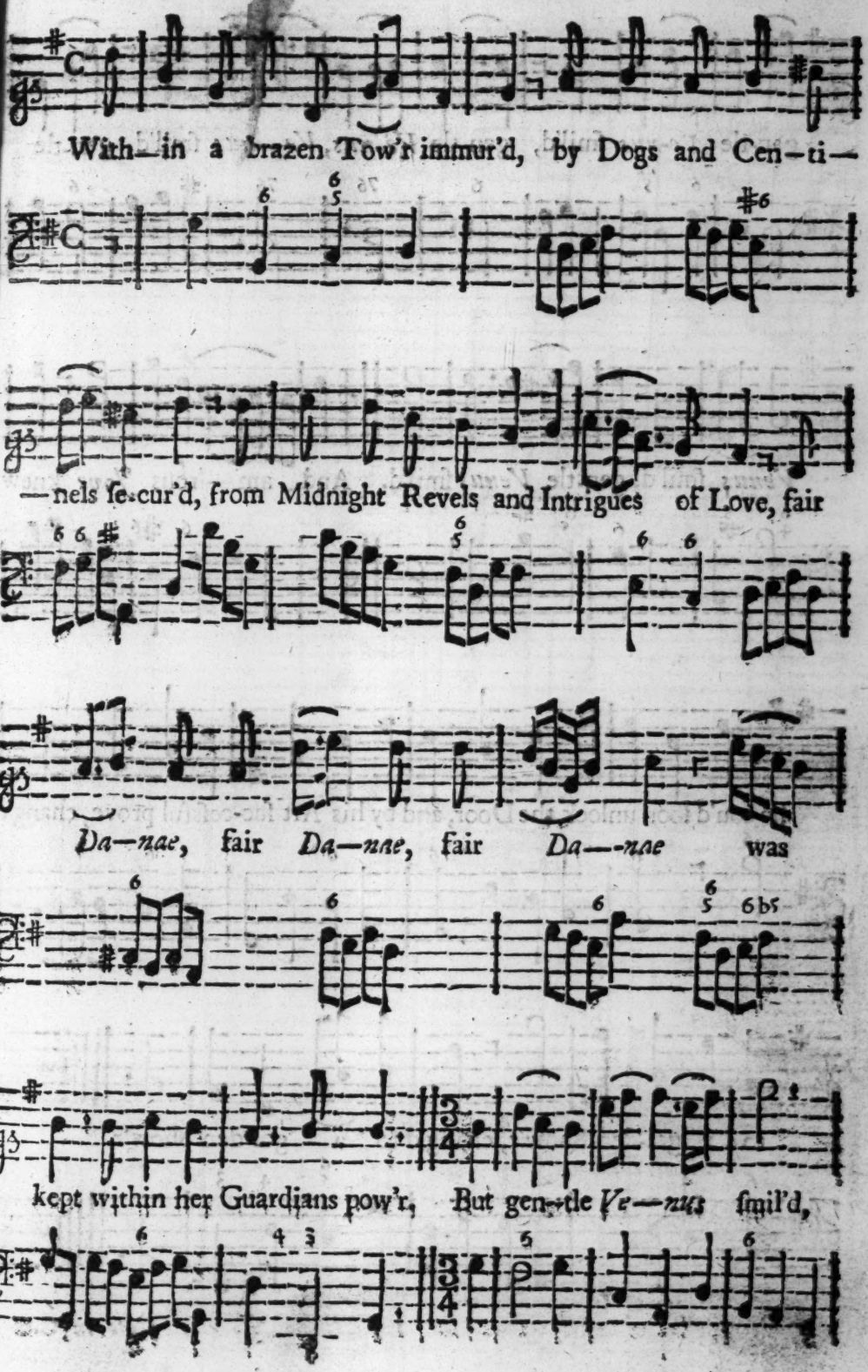
Continued.

follows can ne'er be at-tended with evil, un--leſs to be
mended. No Phyſick cor-ro-ſive I'll give ye; no Purging nor
Vo--mit, believe me; but on—ly fine Cordial, or Ju—lip,
comes from your dear Doctor Tim Tulip.

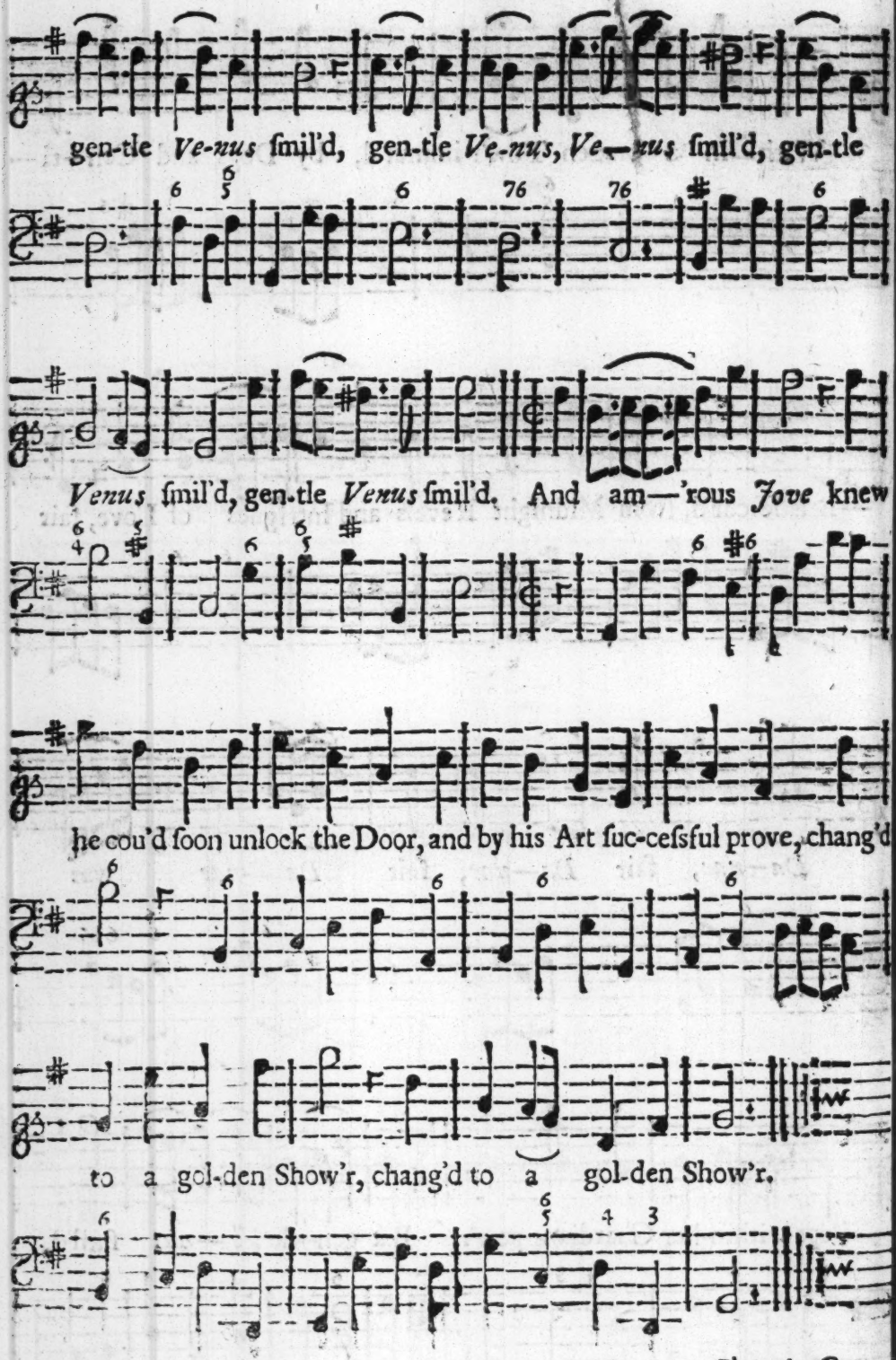
Flute in C *with a* b 3d.

The *Vintner*, By Mr. W. Markham.

Symphony.
Good Wine will drown
Sorrow, 'twill ſof-ten our Care; 'twill make our Hearts merry, and
drive a--way Fear. But a Pox take the Vintner who murders good
Claret; may he be a poor Cuckold, and die in a Garret.

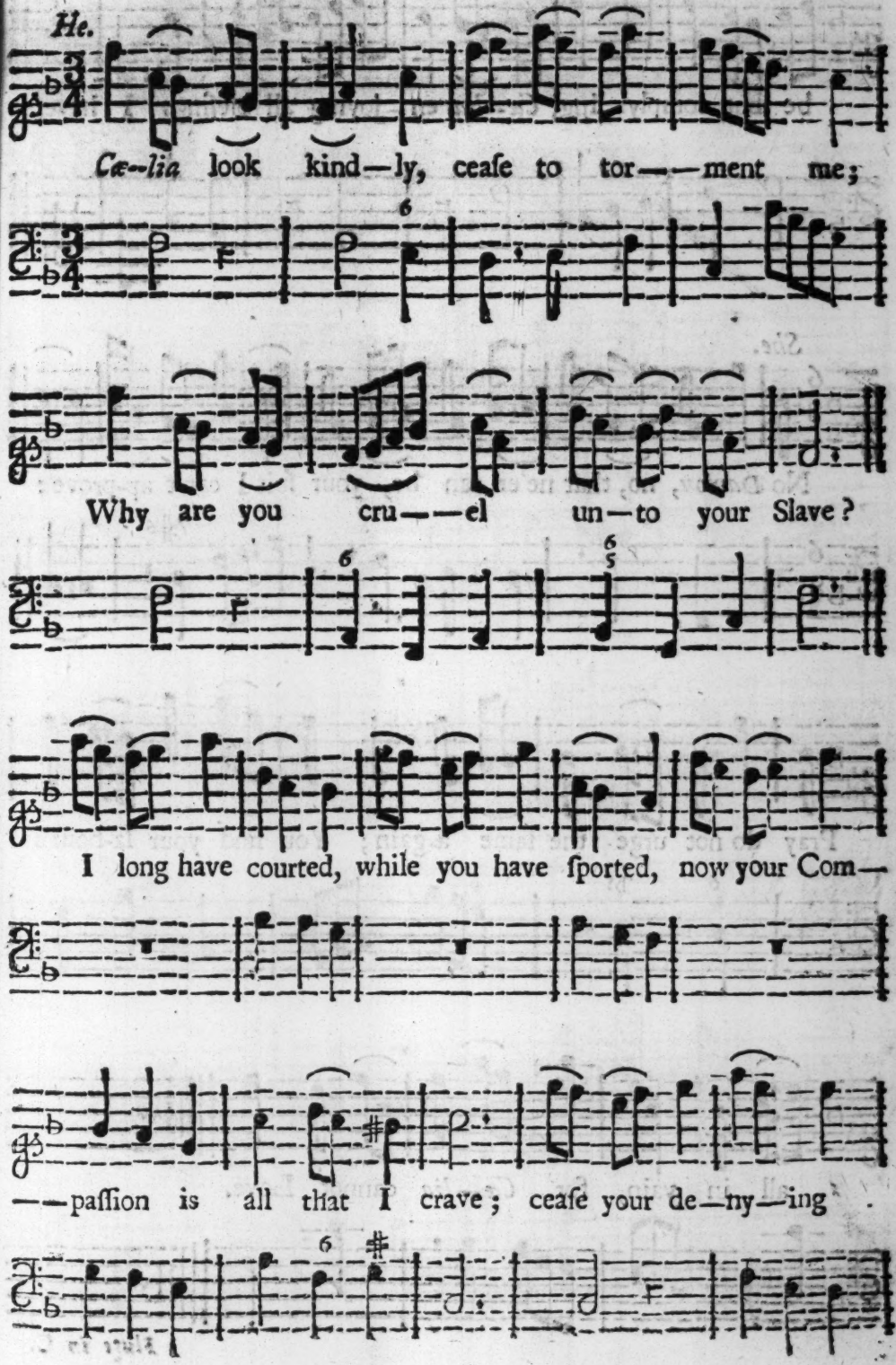
2 Good Wine will divert us, when Troubles aſſail;
'Tis this will revive us, when other things fail.
Then a Pox take the, &c.

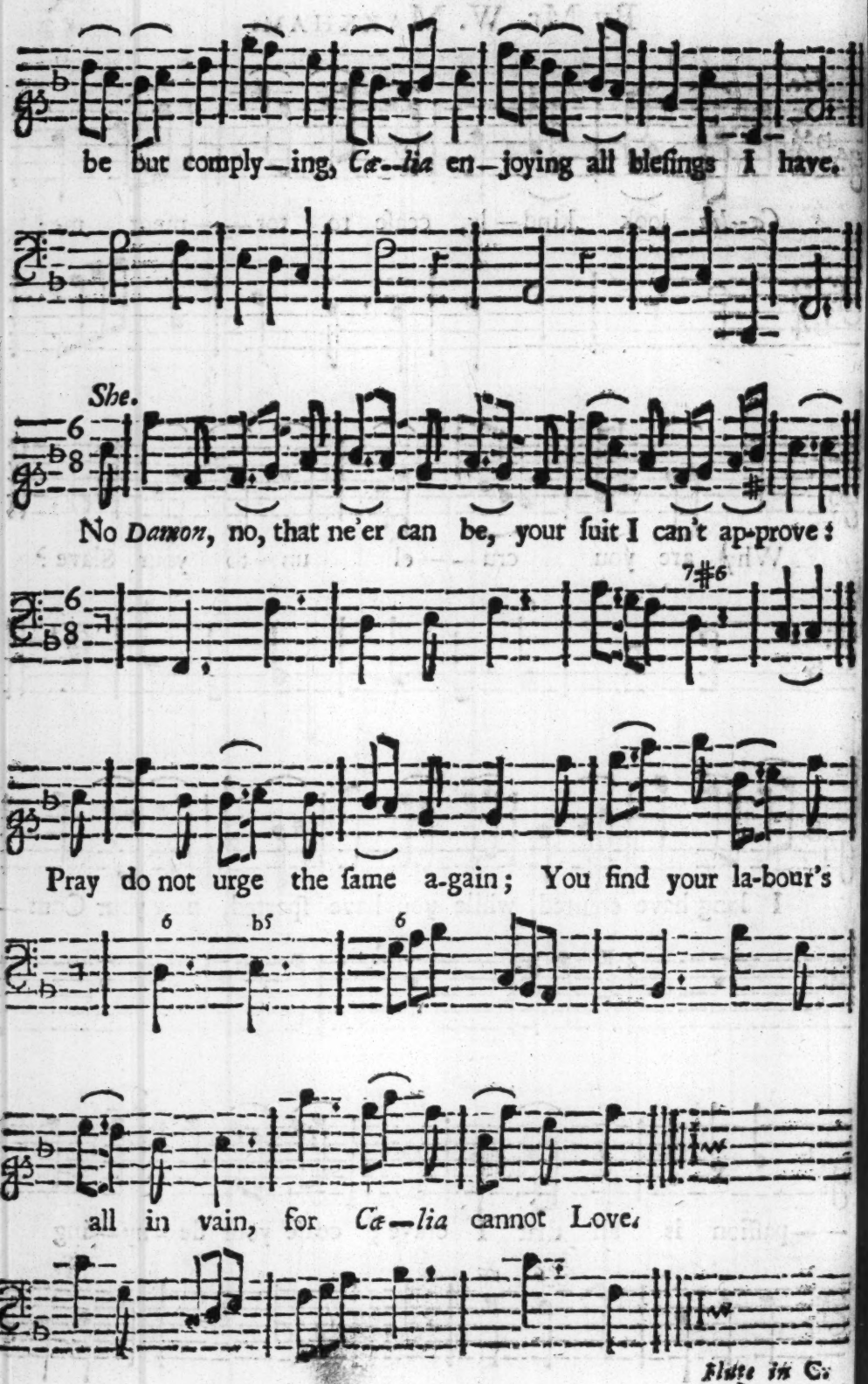
Flute in C.

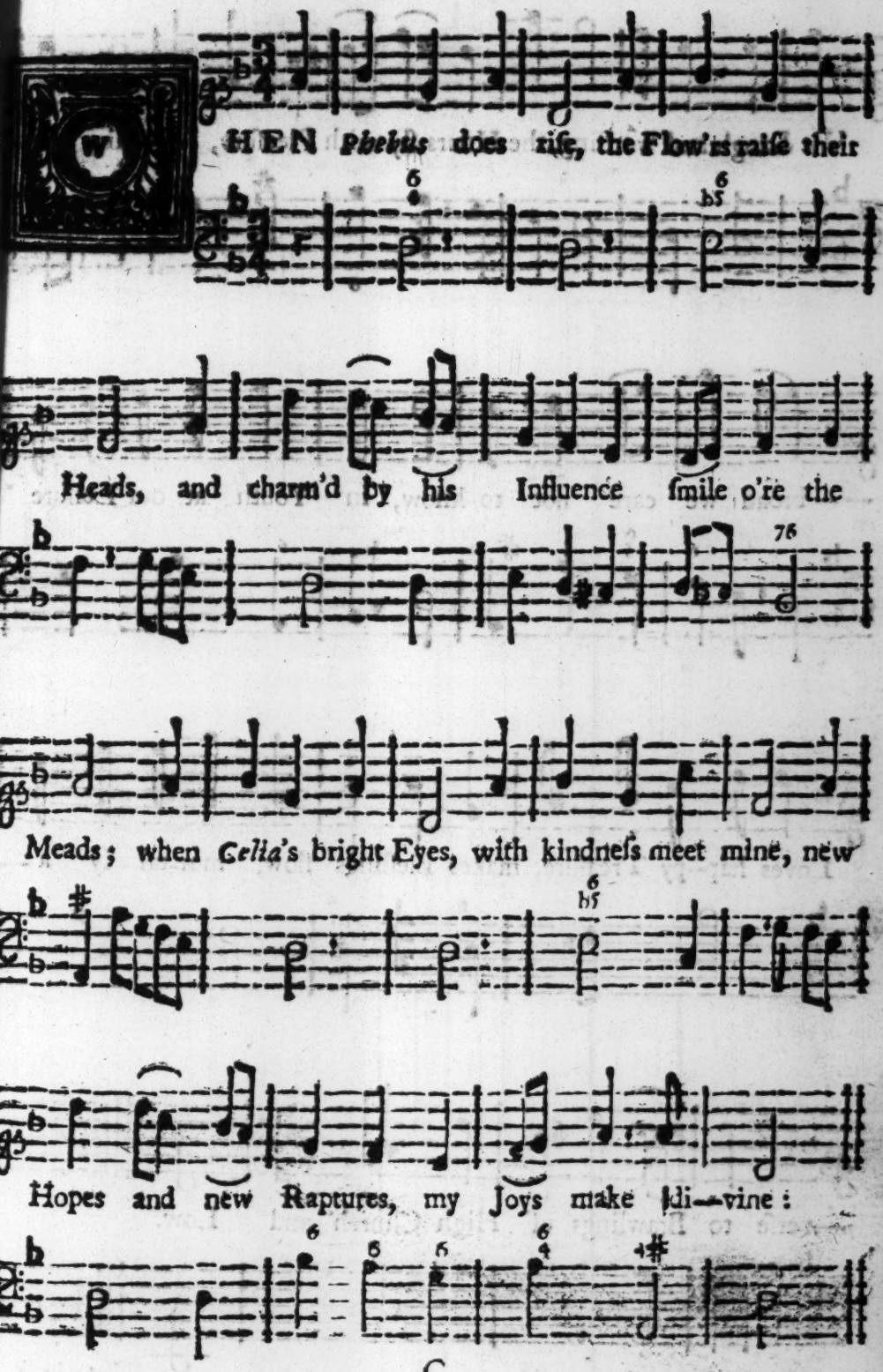
Jupiter and *Danae*, from *Horace*, By Mr. W. MARKHAM.

With—in a brazen Tow'r immur'd, by Dogs and Cen—ti—
—nels se-cur'd, from Midnight Revels and Intrigues of Love, fair
Da—nae, fair Da—nae, fair Da—nae was
kept within her Guardians pow'r, But gen—tle Ve—nus smil'd,

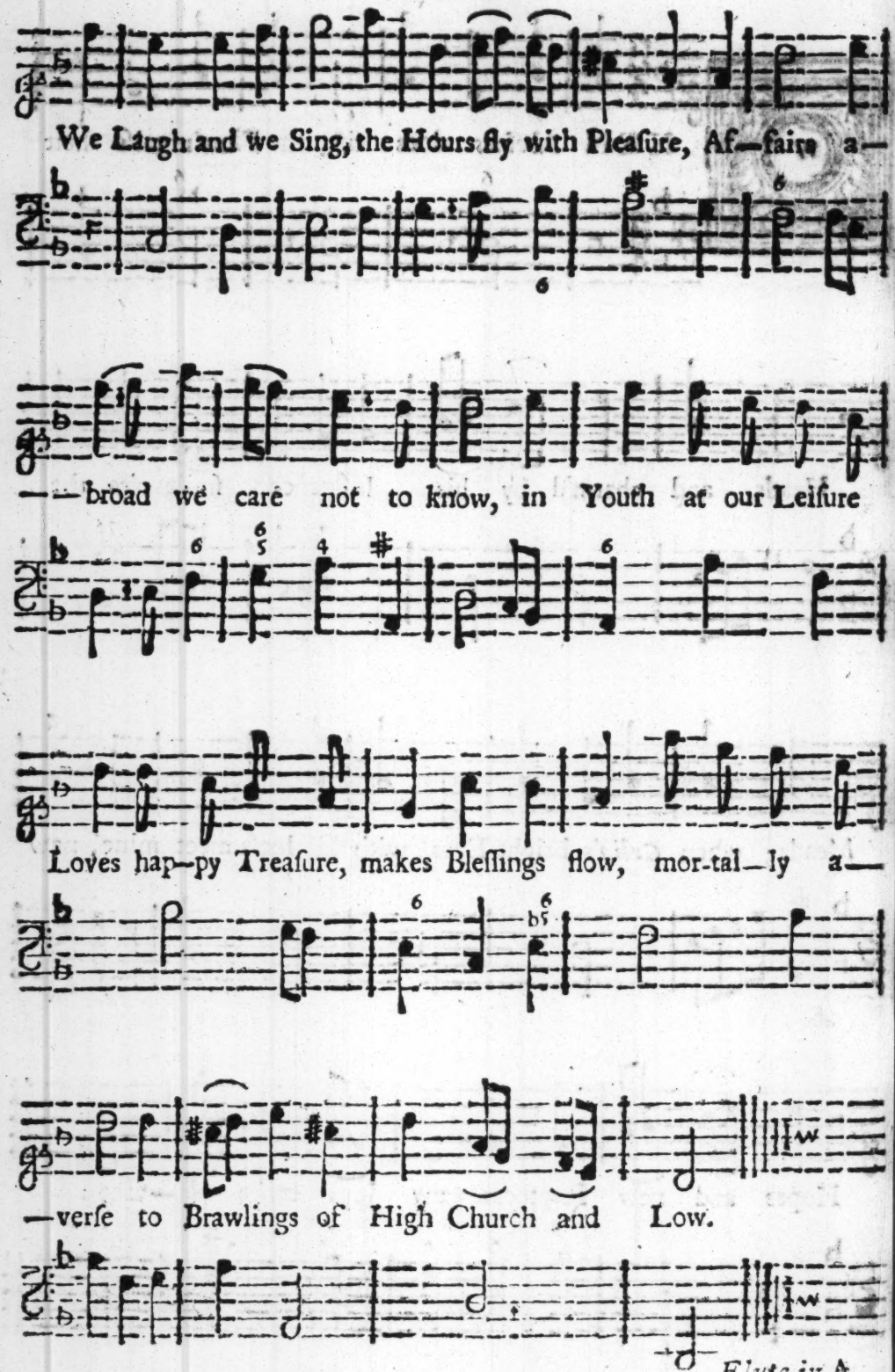
Continued.

gen-tle *Ve-nus* ſmil'd, gen-tle *Ve-nus*, *Ve*—*nus* ſmil'd, gen-tle
Venus ſmil'd, gen-tle *Venus* ſmil'd. And am—'rous *Jove* knew
he cou'd ſoon unlock the Door, and by his Art ſuc-ceſsful prove, chang'd
to a gol-den Show'r, chang'd to a gol-den Show'r.

Flute in C.

Damon and *Cælia*, A Minuet and Rigadoon, By Mr. W. MARKHAM.

He.
Cæ--lia look kind—ly, ceaſe to tor——ment me;
Why are you cru——el un—to your Slave?
I long have courted, while you have ſported, now your Com—
——paſſion is all that I crave; ceaſe your de—ny—ing

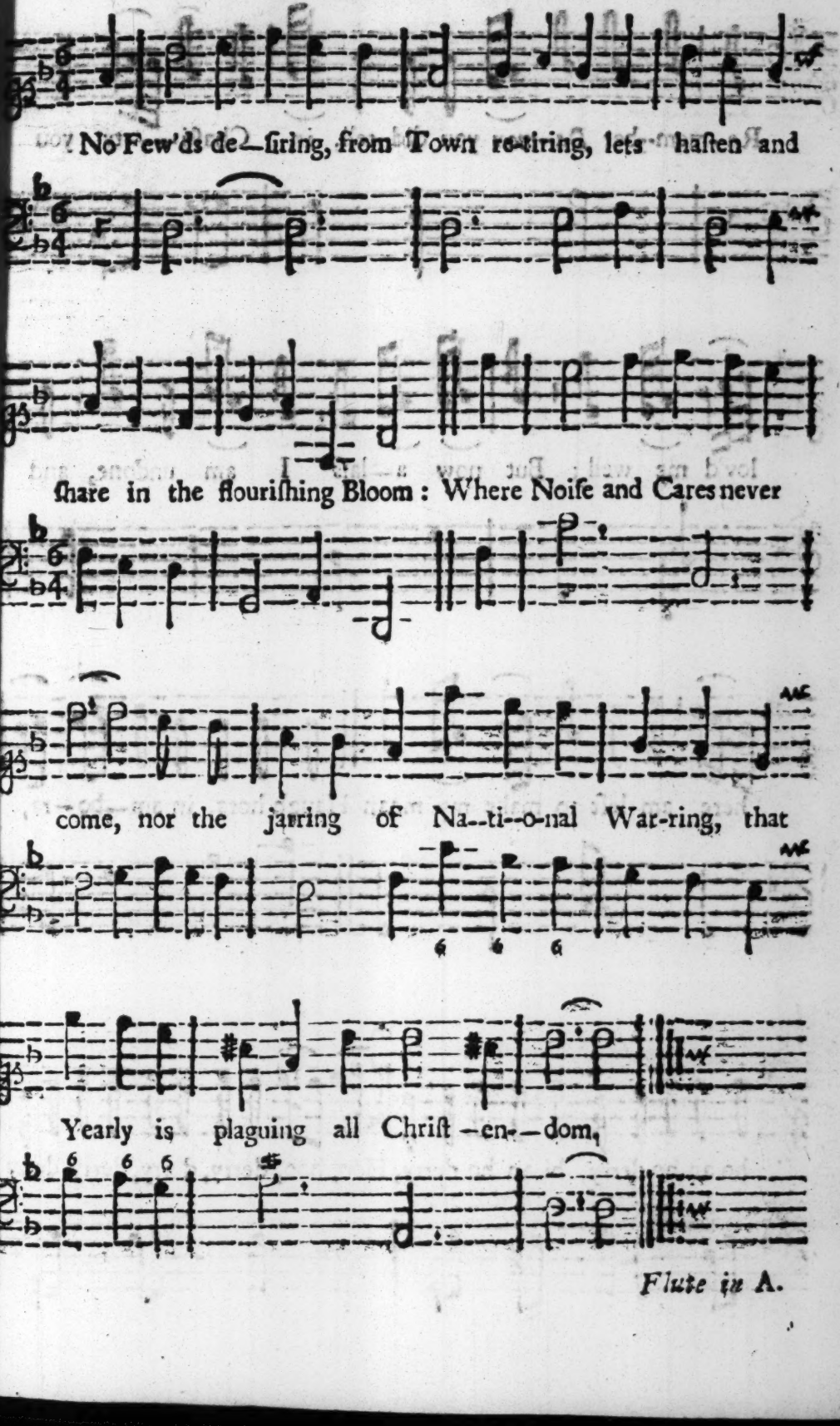
Continued.

be but comply—ing, *Cæ—lia* en—joying all bleſings I have.
She.
No *Damon*, no, that ne'er can be, your ſuit I can't ap-prove:
Pray do not urge the ſame a-gain; You find your la-bour's
all in vain, for *Cæ—lia* cannot Love.
Flute in C.

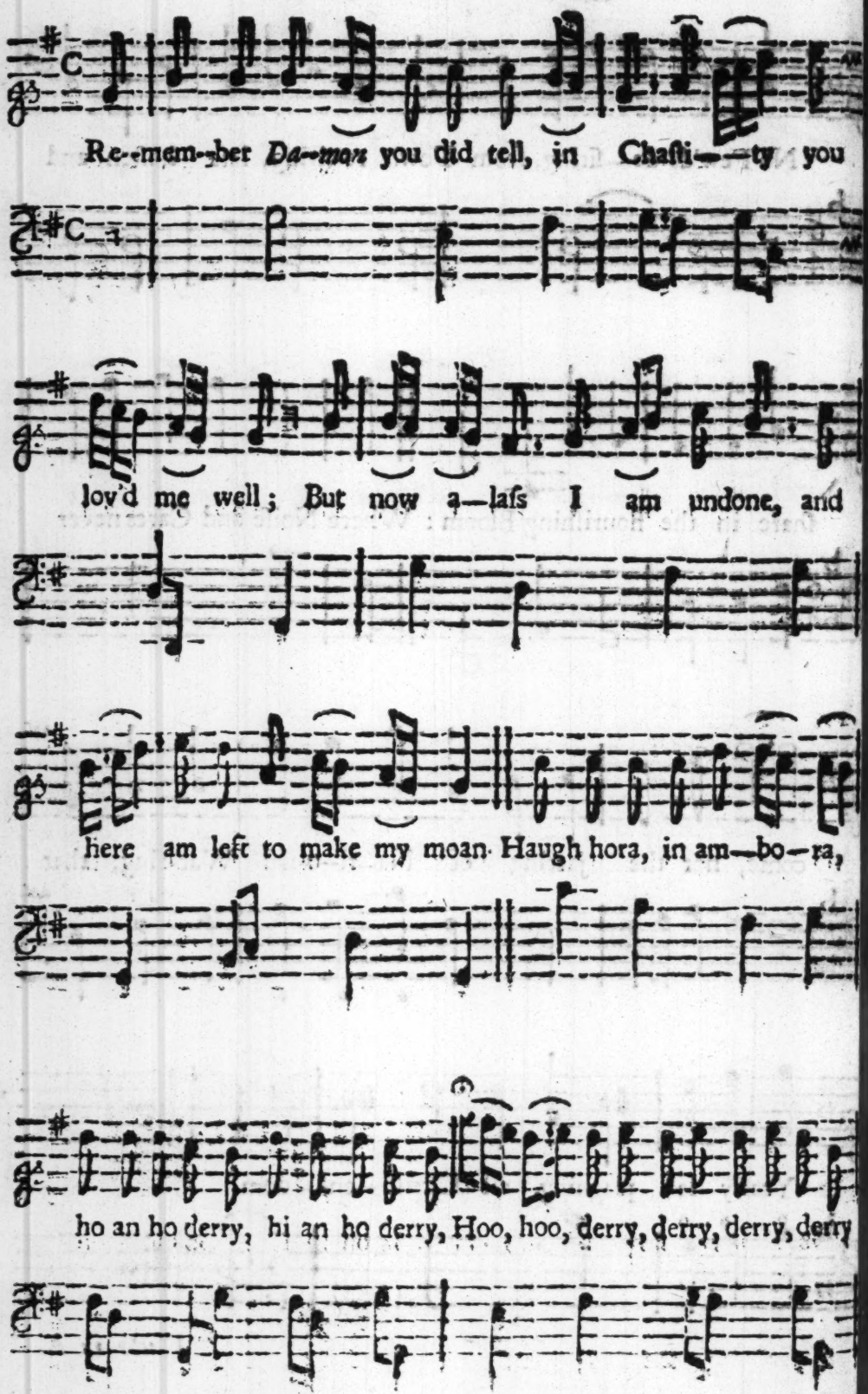
Love and Satyr.

WHEN Phebus does rise, the Flow'rs raise their
Heads, and charm'd by his Influence smile o're the
Meads; when Celia's bright Eyes, with kindness meet mine, new
Hopes and new Raptures, my Joys make di—vine:

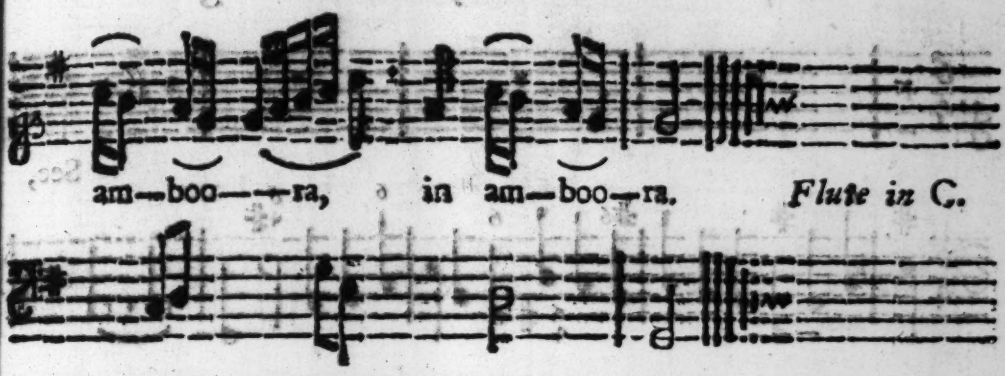
Continued.

We Laugh and we Sing, the Hours fly with Pleaſure, Af—faire a—
—broad we care not to know, in Youth at our Leiſure
Loves hap—py Treaſure, makes Bleſſings flow, mor-tal—ly a—
—verſe to Brawlings of High Church and Low.

Flute in A.

This to be Sung immediately after the foregoing.


No Few'ds de—ſiring, from Town re-tiring, lets haſten and
ſhare in the flouriſhing Bloom: Where Noiſe and Cares never
come, nor the jarring of Na--ti--o-nal War-ring, that
Yearly is plaguing all Chriſt—en—dom,
Flute in A.

The IRISH *Howl.*

Re--mem--ber *Da--mon* you did tell, in Chaſti——ty you
lov'd me well; But now a—laſs I am undone, and
here am left to make my moan Haugh hora, in am—bo—ra,
ho an ho derry, hi an ho derry, Hoo, hoo, derry, derry, derry, derry

Continued.

2 To doleful Shades I will remove, ſince I'm deſpis'd by him I love:
Where poor forſaken Nymphs are ſeen, in lonely Walks of Willow Green,
Haugh, hora, &c.

3 Upon my Dear's deluding Tongue, ſuch ſoft perſuaſive Language hung,
That when his Words had Silence broke, you would have thought an (Angel ſpoke.
Haugh, &c.

4 Too happy Nymph whoe'er She be, that now enjoys my charming He:
For O I fear it to my coſt, She's found the Heart that I have loſt.
Haugh, &c.

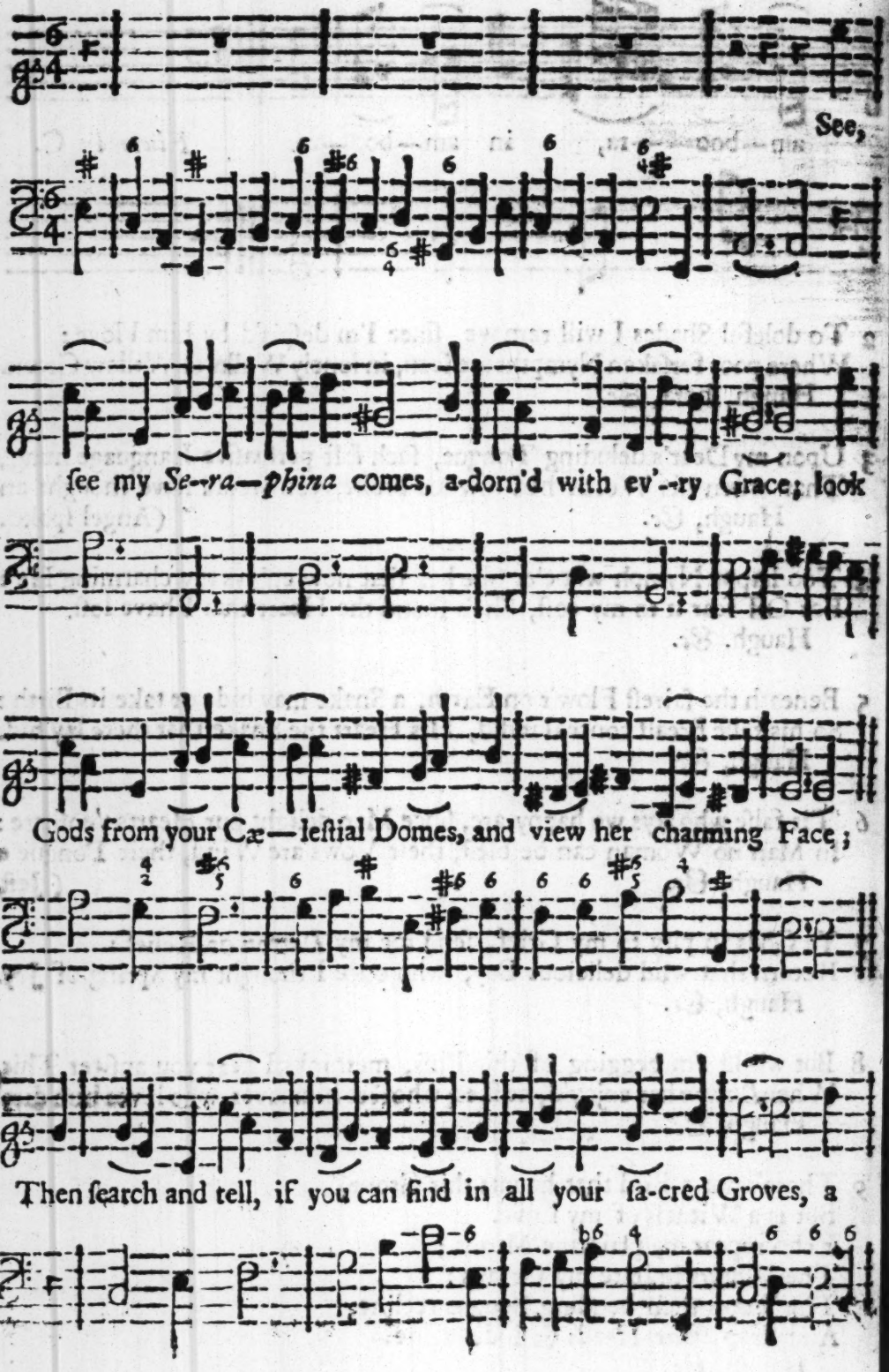
5 Beneath the faireſt Flow'r on Earth, a Snake may hide or take its Birth:
So his falſe Breaſt conceal it did, His Heart the Snake that there lay hid.
Haugh, &c.

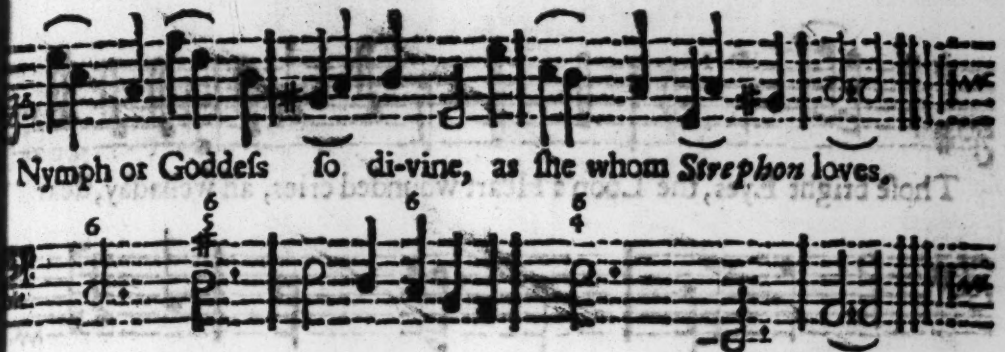
6 'Tis falſe who ſays we happy are, ſince Men delight our Hearts t'enſnare:
In Man no Woman can be bleſt, their Vows are Wind, their Tongue a (Jeſt,
Haugh, &c.

7 Ye Gods in pity to my Grief, ſend me my *Damon* or Relief:
Return that wild delicious Boy, who once I thought my Spring of Joy.
Haugh, &c.

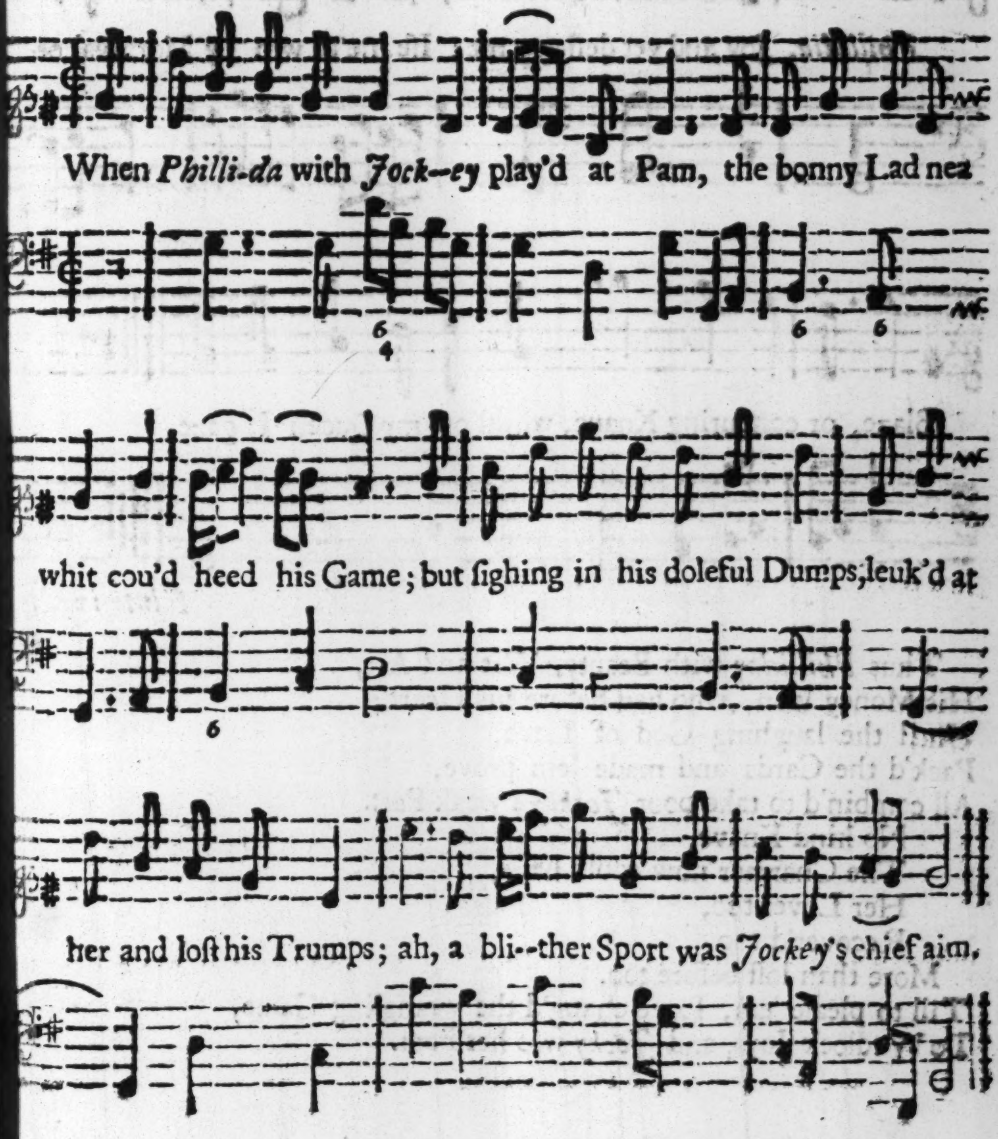
8 But whilſt I'm begging of this Bliſs, methinks I hear you anſwer This,
When *Damon* has enjoy'd, he flies; who ſees him loves, who loves him dies.
Haugh, &c.

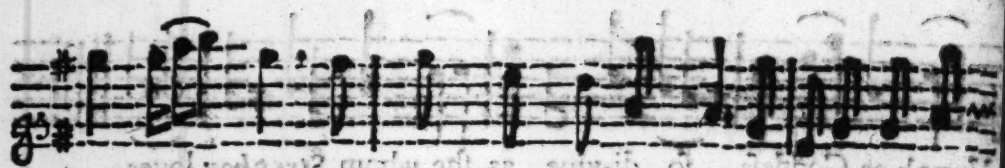
9 There's not a Bird that haunts this Grove,
But is a Witneſs of my Love.
Echo repeat my plaintive Moans;
The Waters imitate my Groans:
The Trees their bending Boughs recline;
And drop their Heads as I do mine.
Haugh, &c

Seraphina's Return by Mr. *Vanbrughe*.

See,
ſee my Se--ra—phina comes, a-dorn'd with ev'--ry Grace; look
Gods from your Cæ—leſtial Domes, and view her charming Face;
Then ſearch and tell, if you can find in all your ſa-cred Groves, a



Flute in A.

A *Scotch* Song; Or, a Game at *Pam*.

When *Philli-da* with *Jock-ey* play'd at Pam, the bonny Lad nea
whit cou'd heed his Game; but ſighing in his doleful Dumps, leuk'd at
her and loſt his Trumps; ah, a bli--ther Sport was *Jockey*'s chief aim,



Thoſe bright Eyes, the Loon's Heart wounded cries, ah welladay, dear

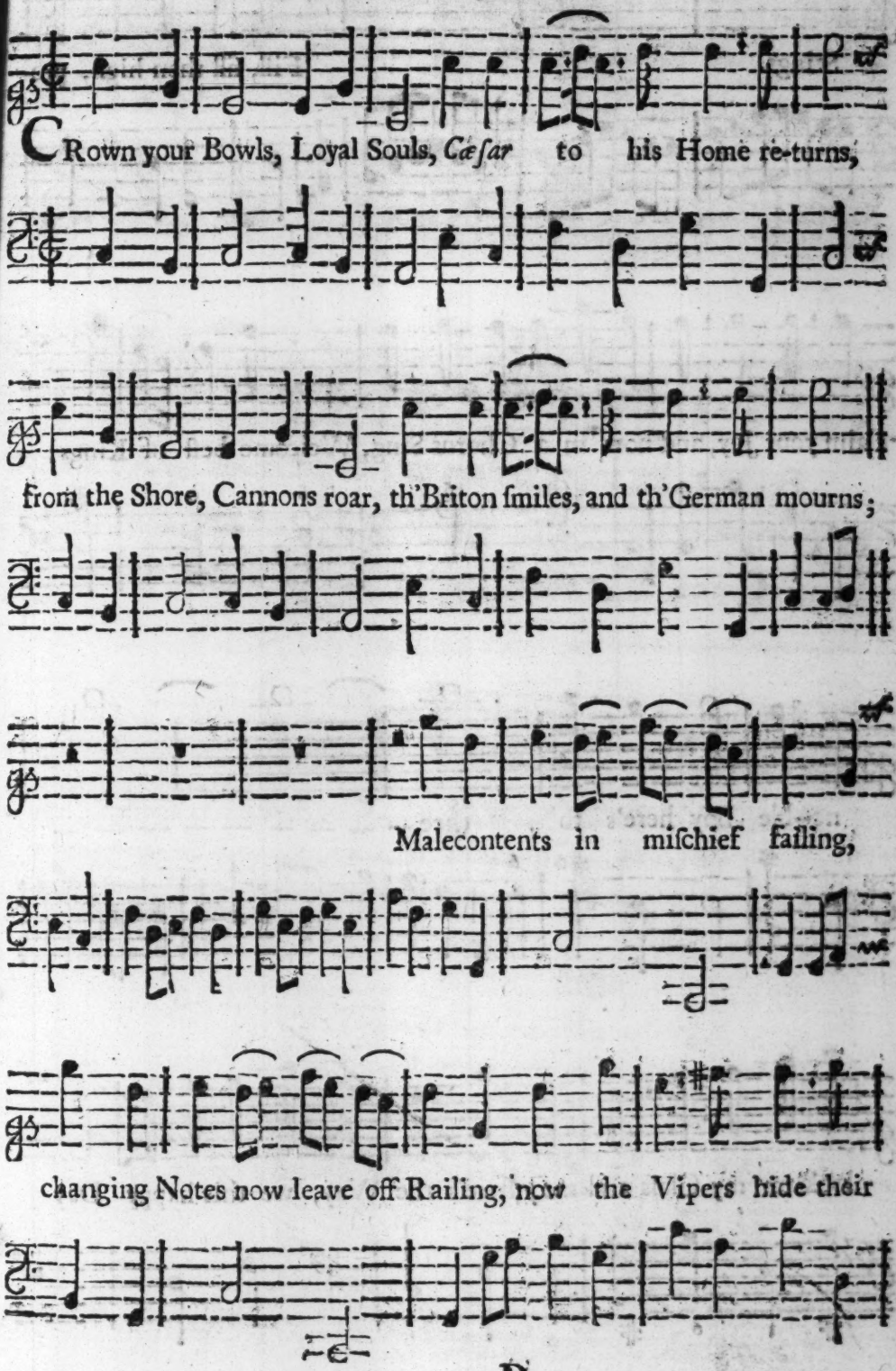
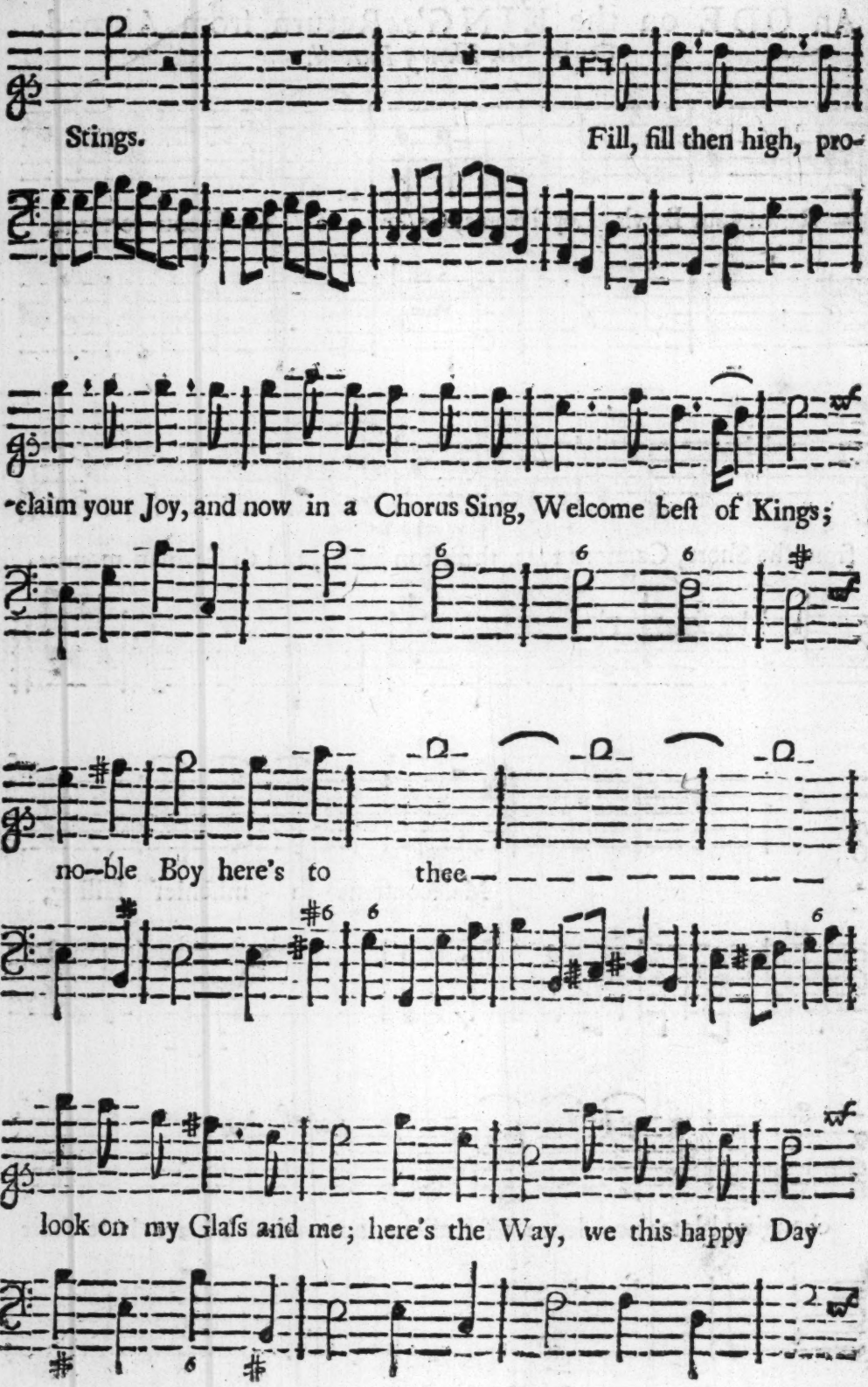
Phillidia, Joy and yet deſt-roy me; Iſe ne'er win by Mornival or

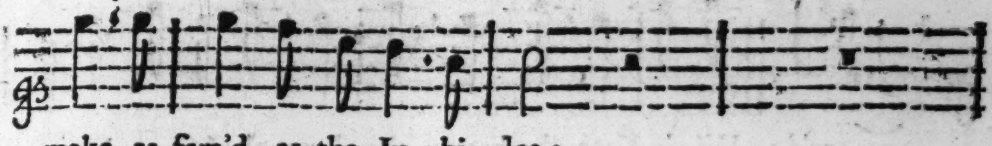
Blaze, or conquring Knave, whilſt on my Queen I gaze.

Flute in C.

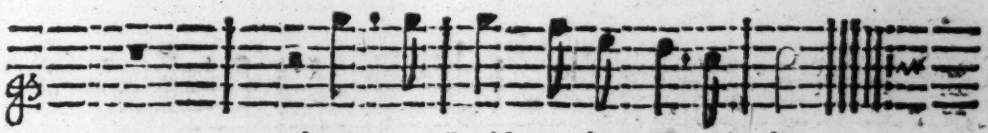
Thus *Phillida* with Beauty, Wit and Art,
His Money won, who had before his Heart;
Until the laughing God of Love,
Pack'd the Cards and made 'em prove,
All combin'd to take poor *Jockey*'s weak Part.
No kind Knave,
The Charmer now could have,
Her Lover too,
Recover'd too,
More than loſt before too.
Till to pleaſe 'em, Love chang'd the wrangling Game,
To Wedlock Joys, and *Jocky* was het Pam.

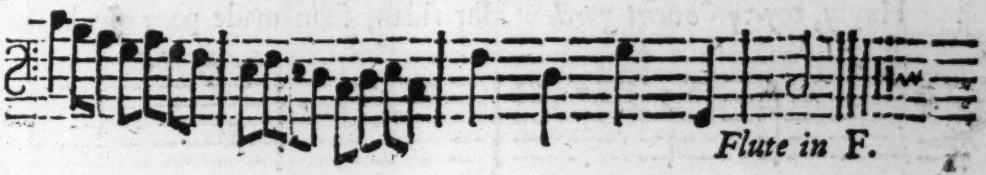
An ODE on the KING's Return from Abroad.

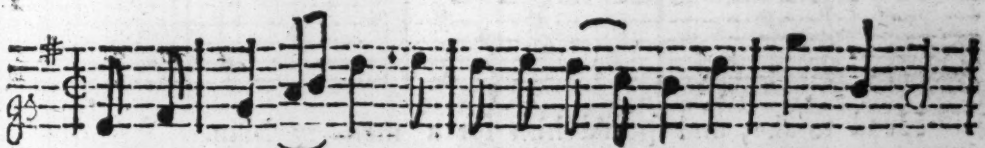
Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

CRown your Bowls, Loyal Souls, *Cæsar* to his Home re-turns,
from the Shore, Cannons roar, th'Briton ſmiles, and th'German mourns;
Malecontents in miſchief failing,
changing Notes now leave off Railing, now the Vipers hide their

Stings.
Fill, fill then high, pro-
-claim your Joy, and now in a Chorus Sing, Welcome beſt of Kings;
no-ble Boy here's to thee
look on my Glaſs and me; here's the Way, we this happy Day

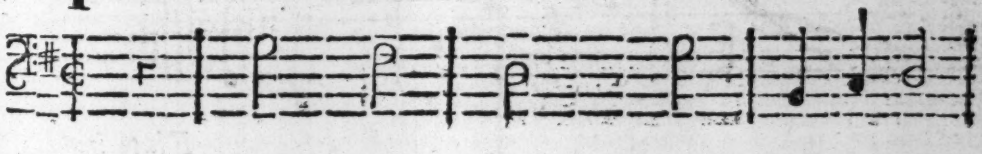
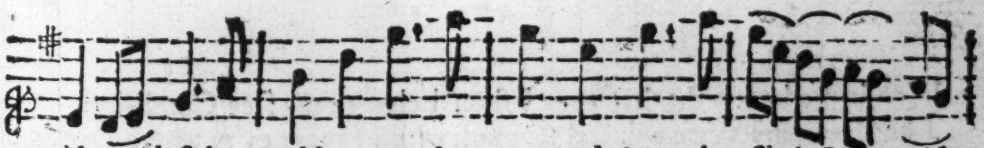


make as fam'd as the Ju—bi—lee:

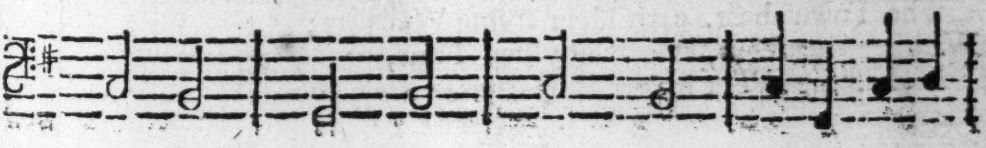
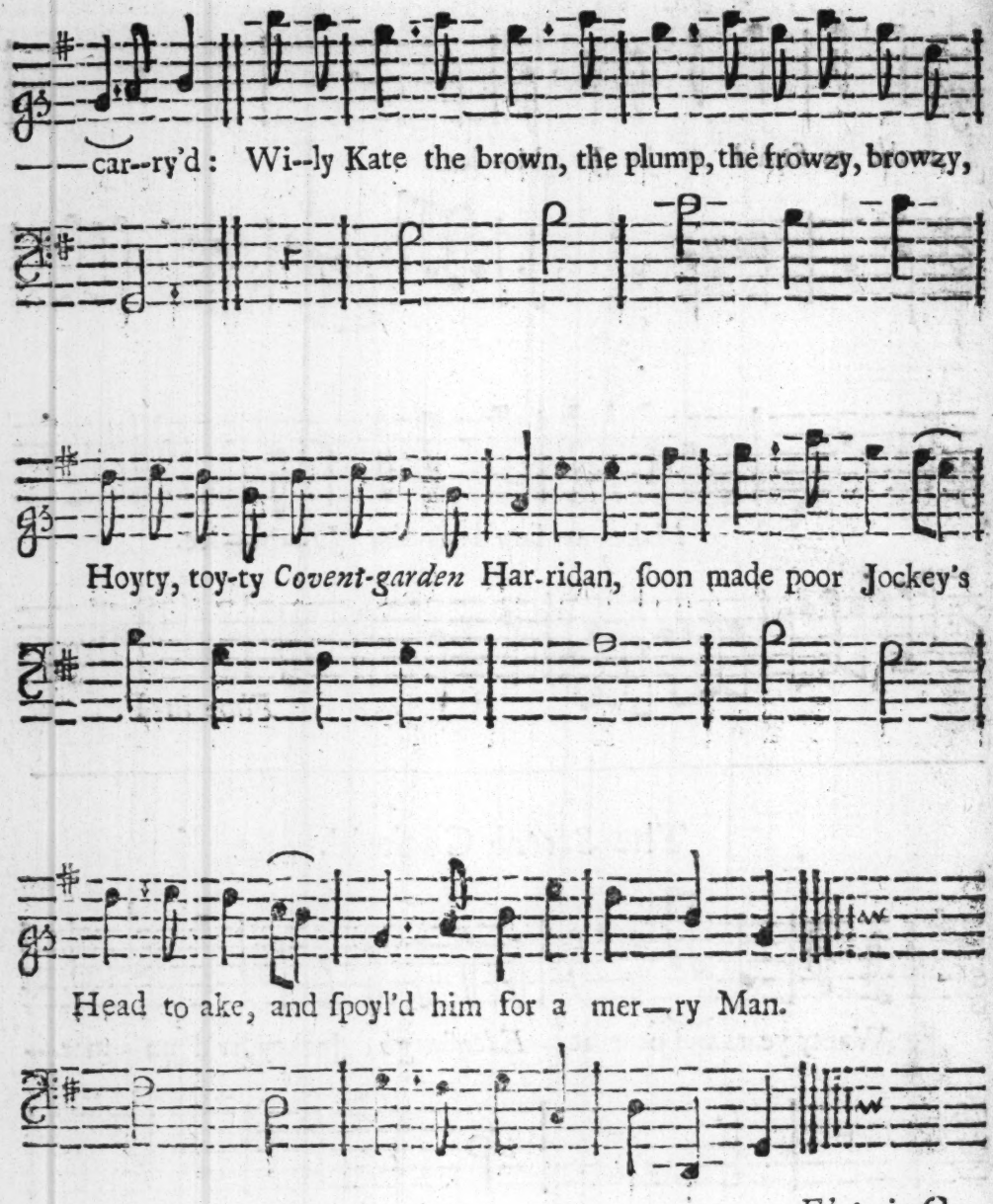


Make as fam'd as the Ju—bi—lee,

Flute in F.

The *Scotch* Cuckold.

TWanty years and near at *Edenburgh* Jockey liv'd un—mar—



—ry'd, at laſt he would to *London* gang, and there the ſil—ly Loon miſ—

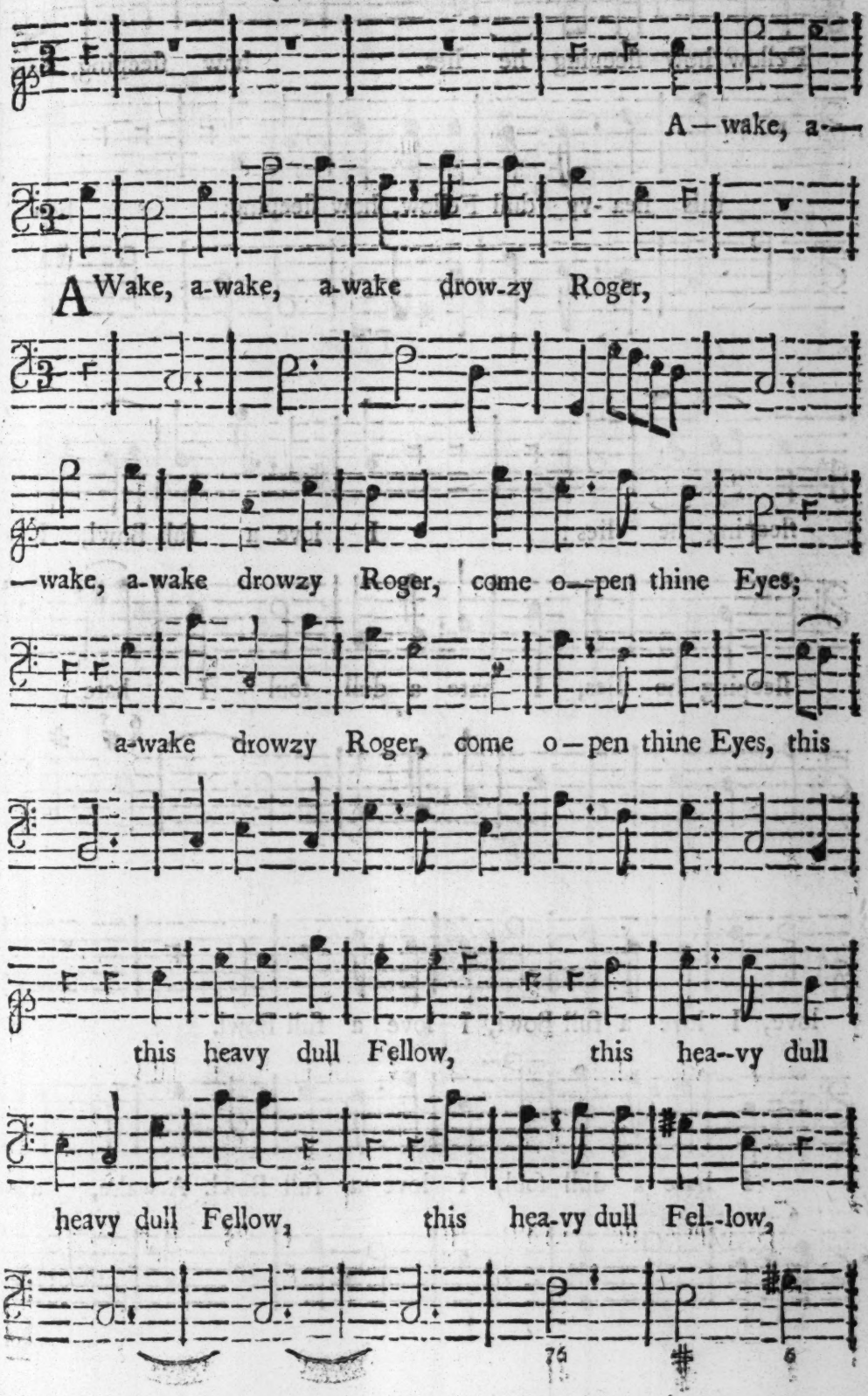
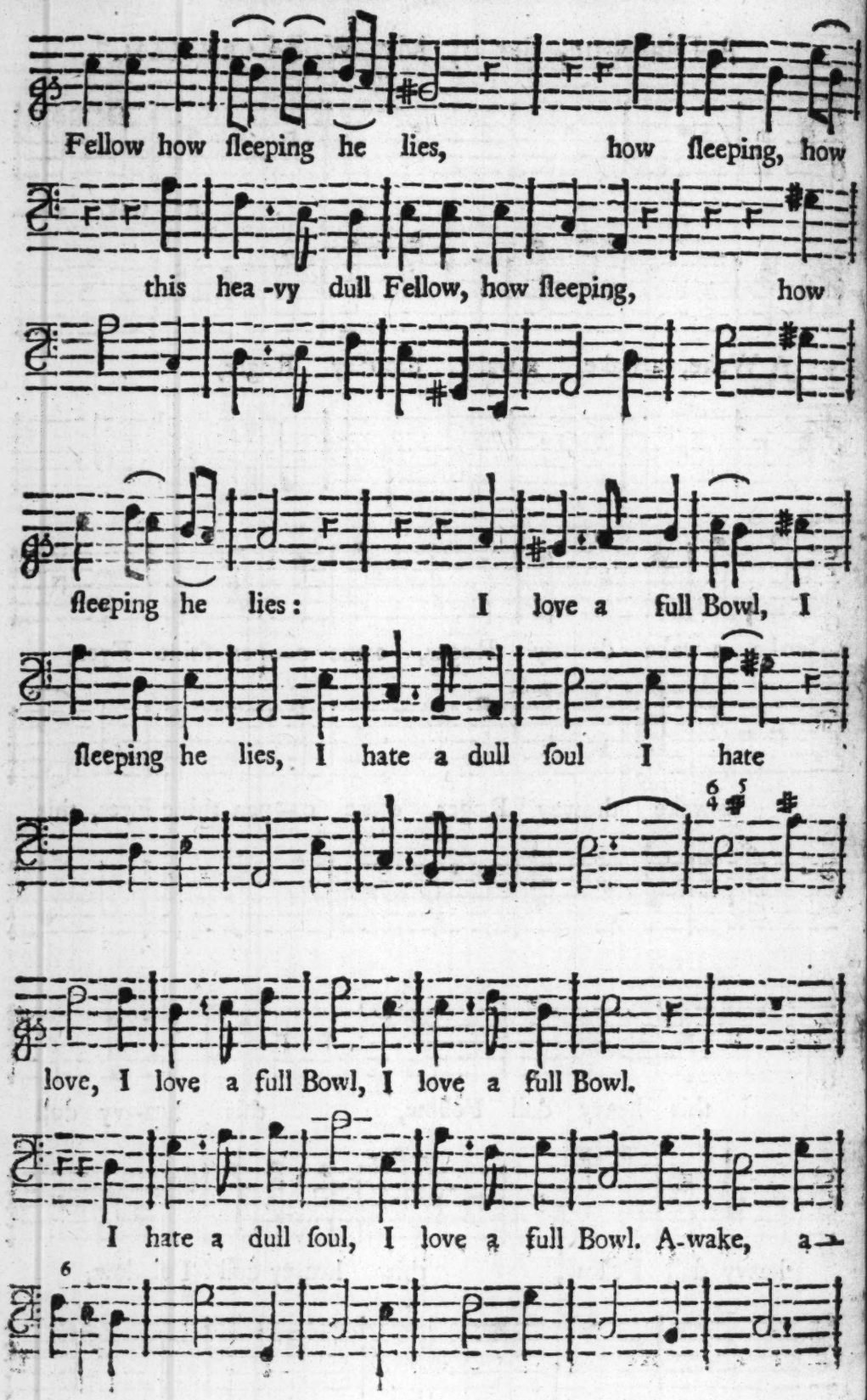
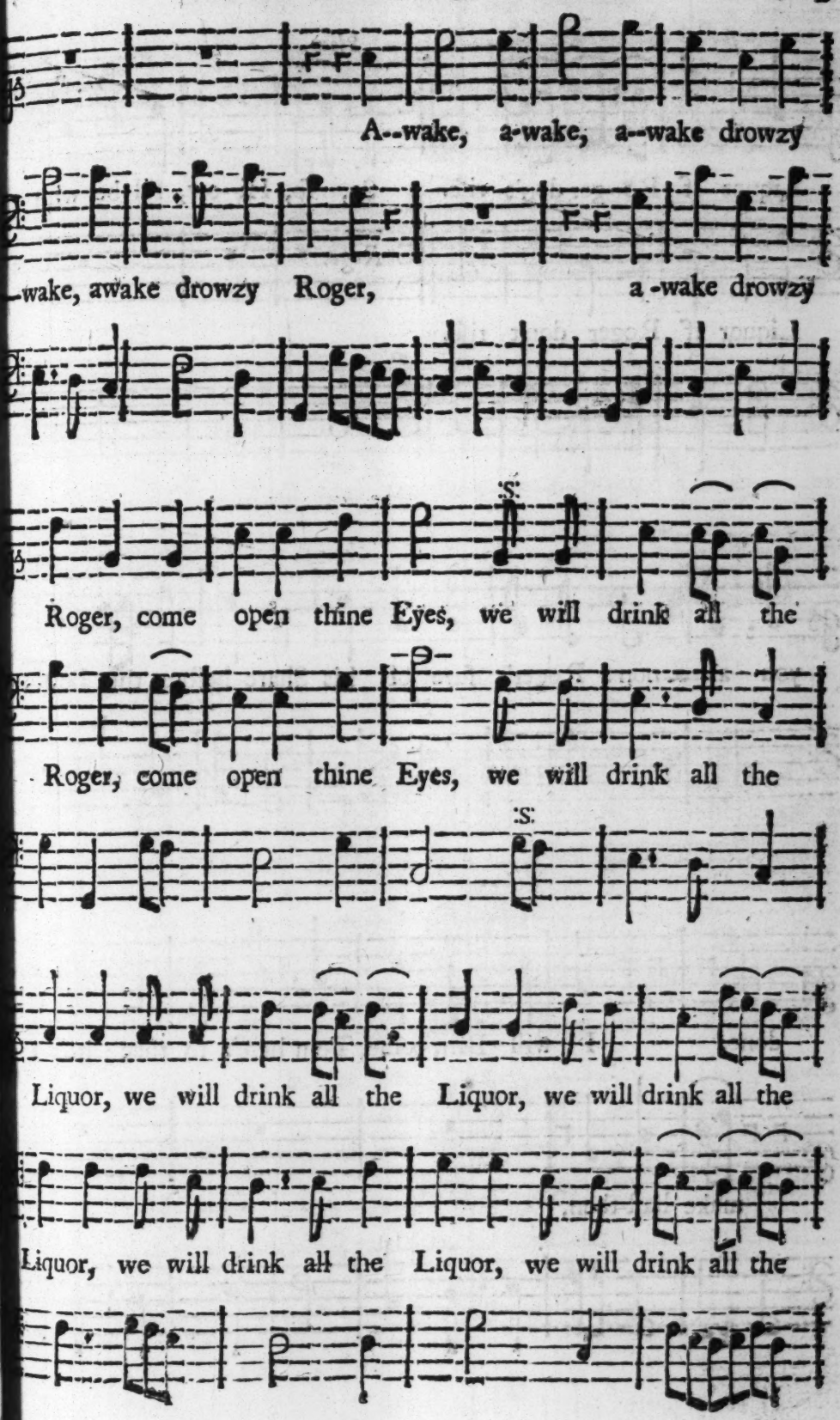
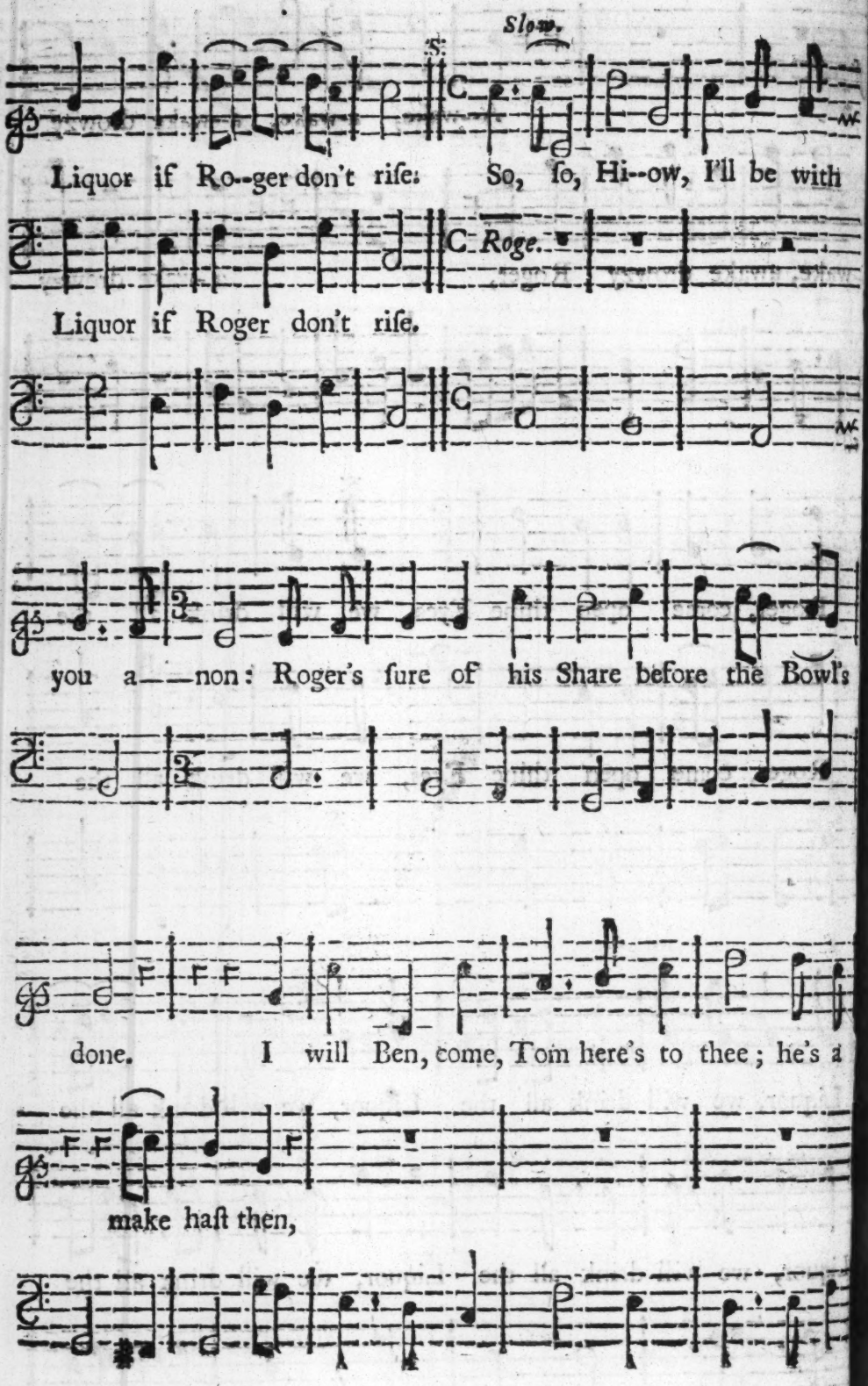


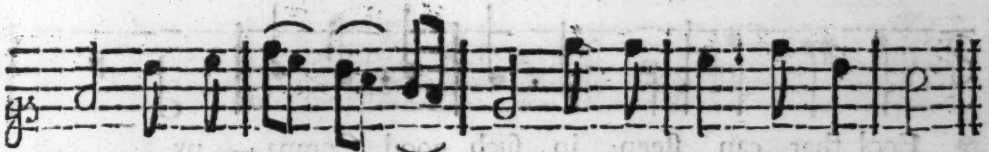
car--ry'd: Wi--ly Kate the brown, the plump, the frowzy, browzy,
Hoyty, toy-ty *Covent-garden* Har-ridan, ſoon made poor Jockey's
Head to ake, and ſpoyl'd him for a mer—ry Man.

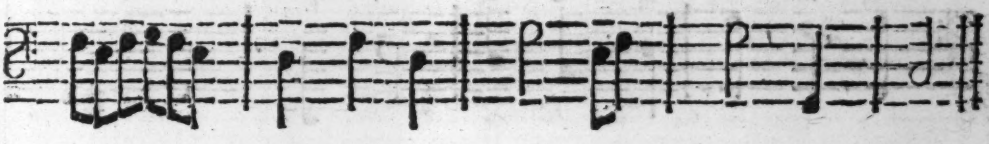
Flute in C.

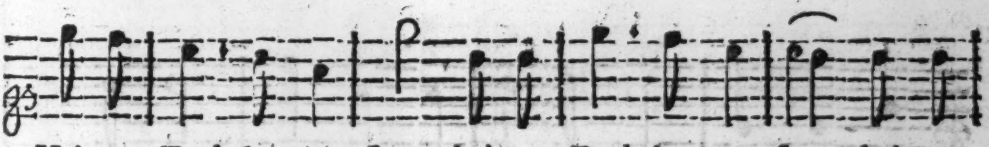
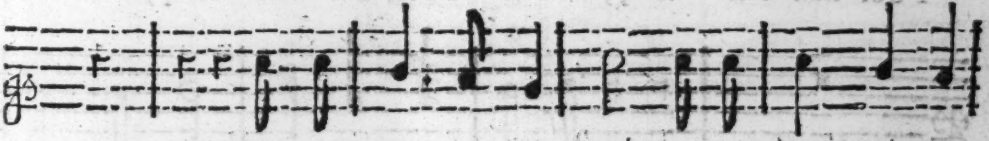
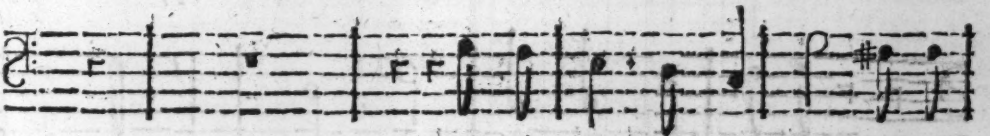
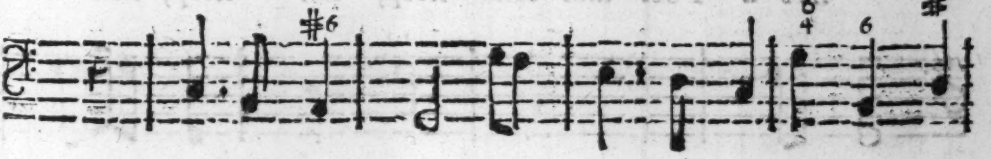
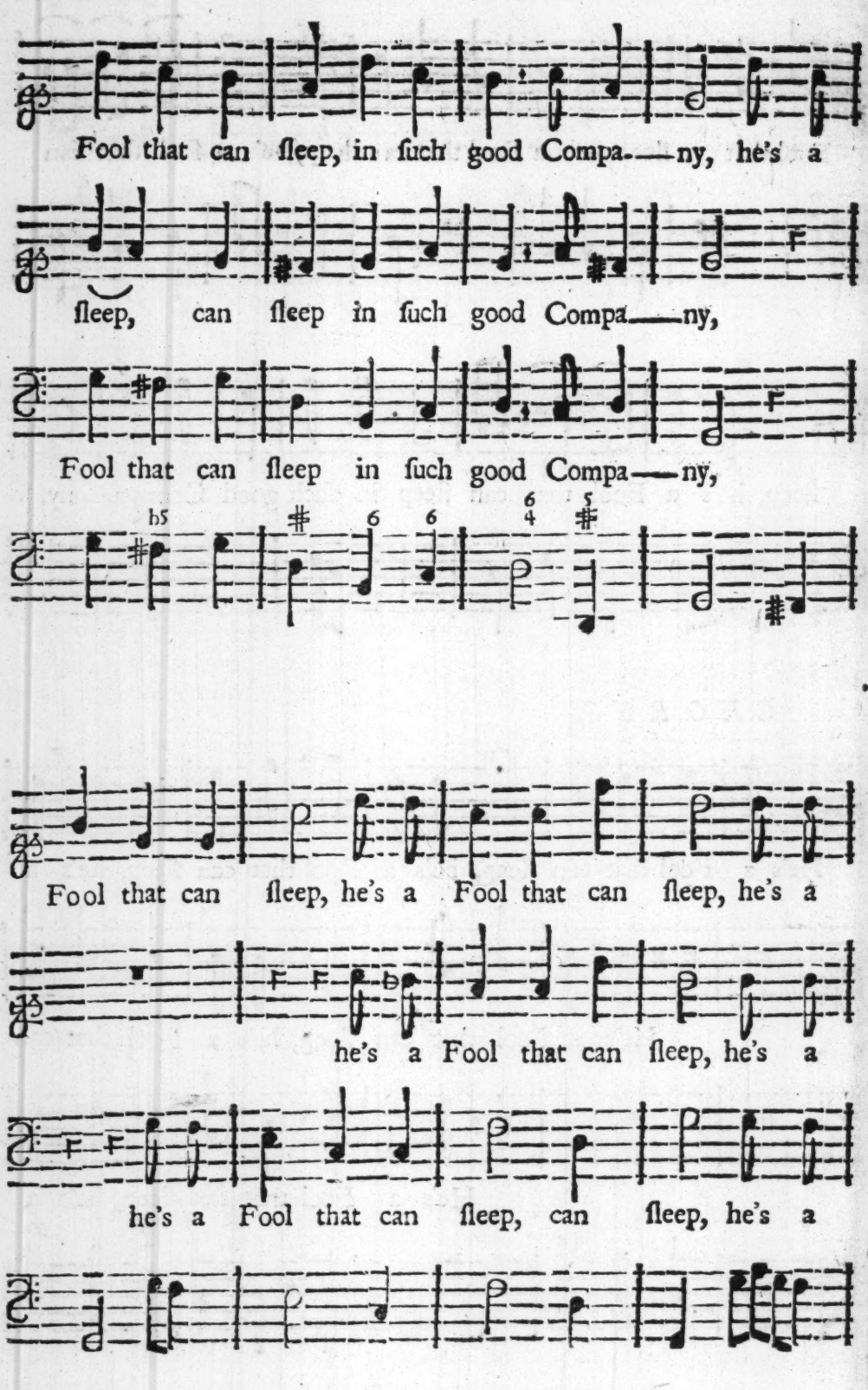
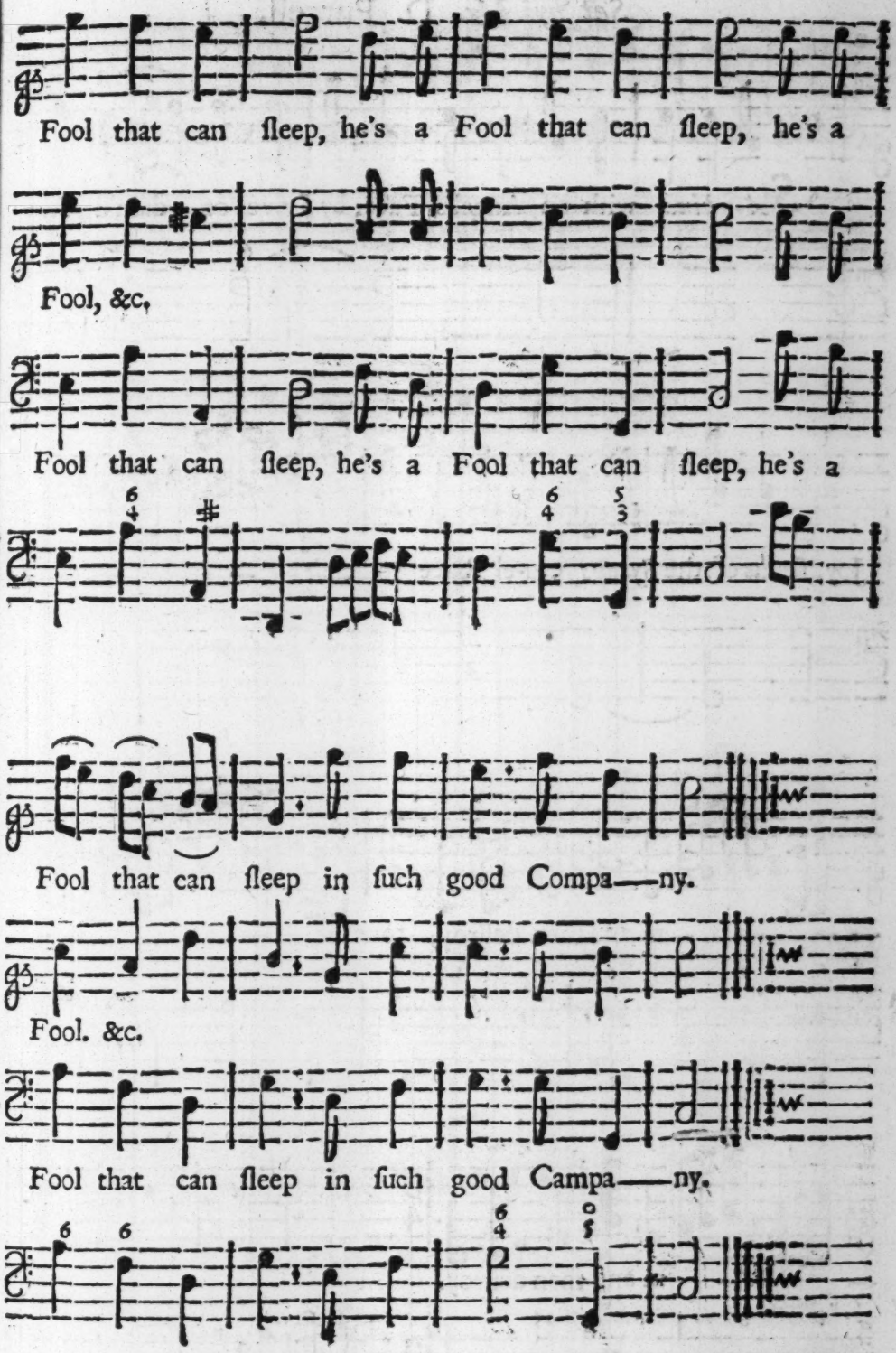
2 Woe is me he cry'd, that ever I ſhou'd change my free Condition,
The Queen my Wife will gad Abroad, whilſt I meet ev'ry where Deriſion.
I may ſigh, and pine, and whine, and run about,
The Town about, each Hour crying Welladay;
With roaring Boys, ſhe diverts her Time,
And all the Week makes Holy-day.

A Dialogue, Set by Mr. W. Markham.

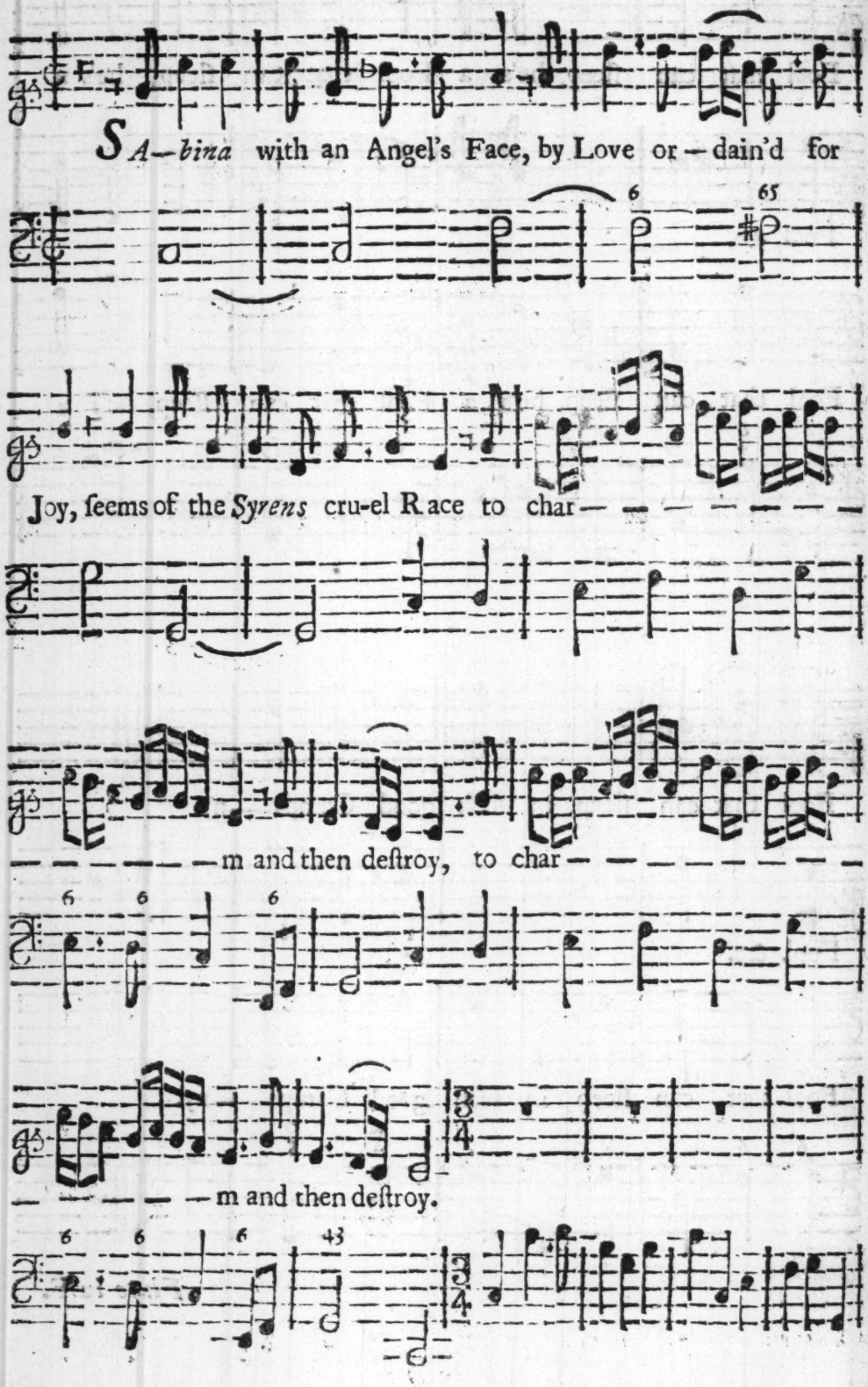
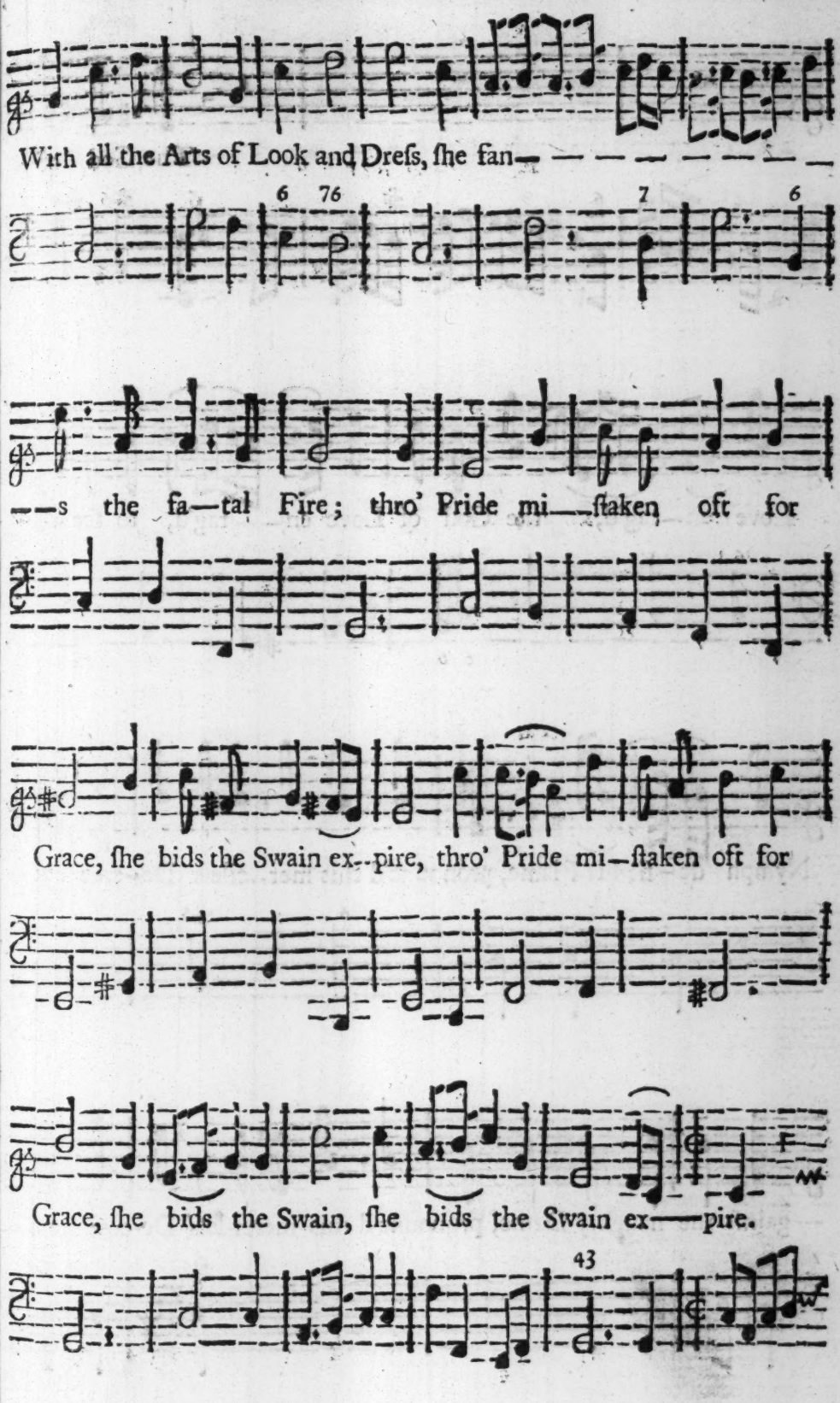
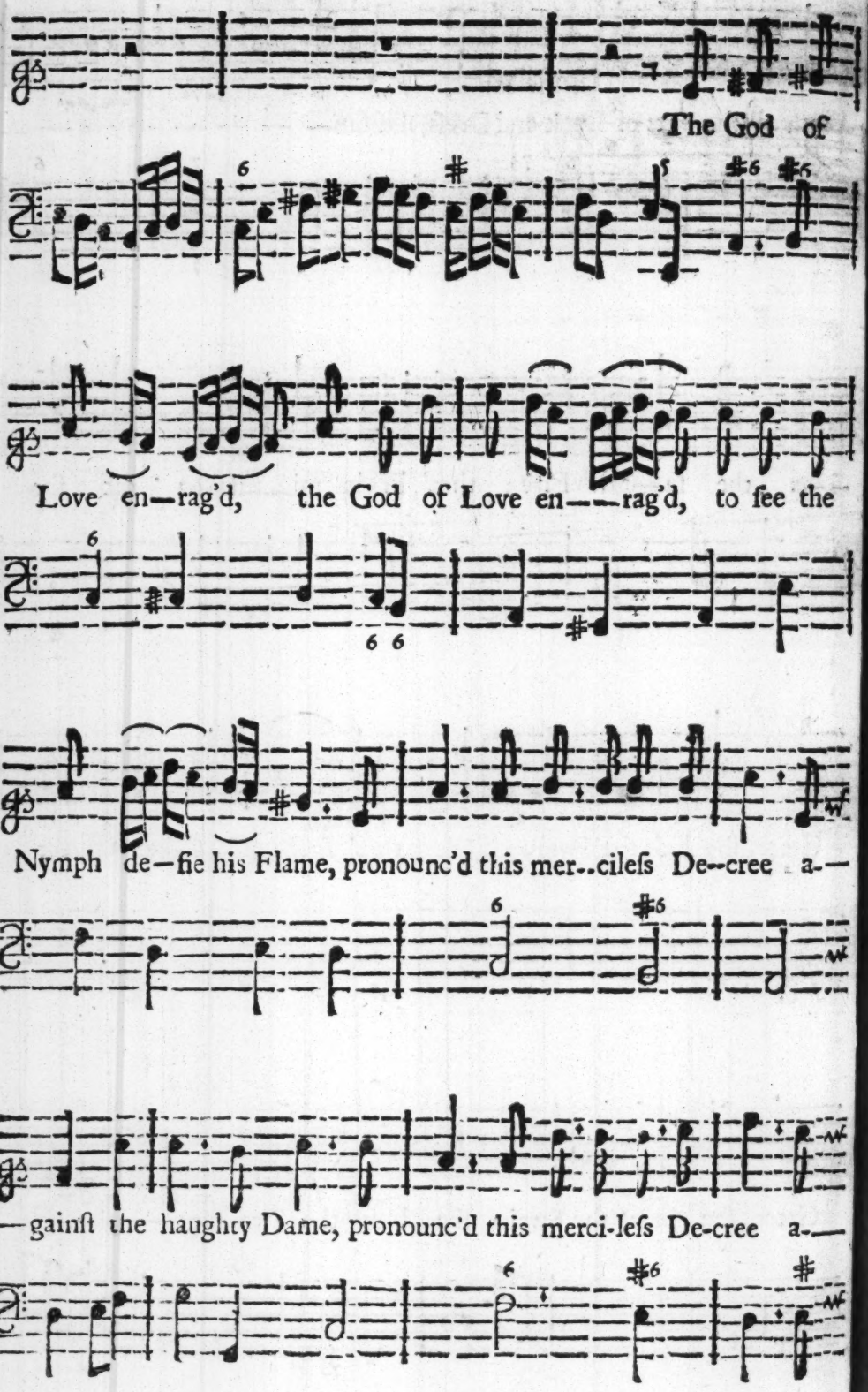
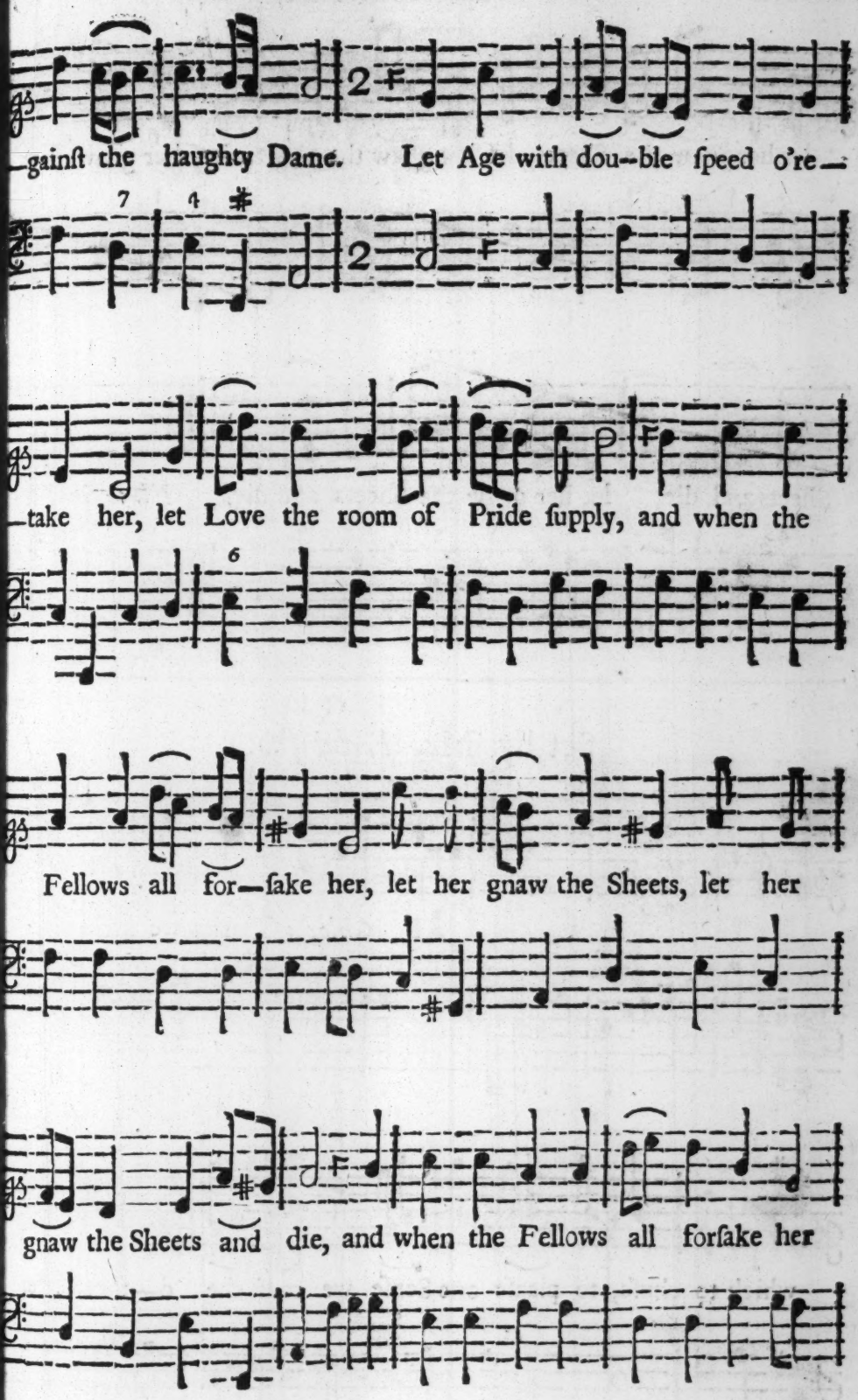
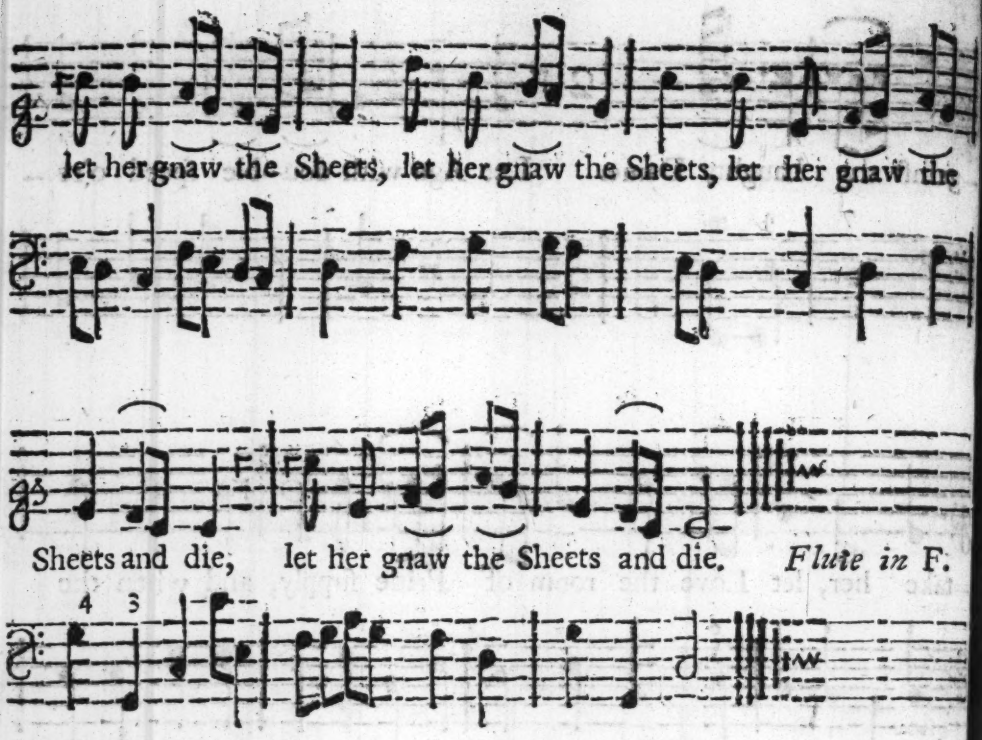
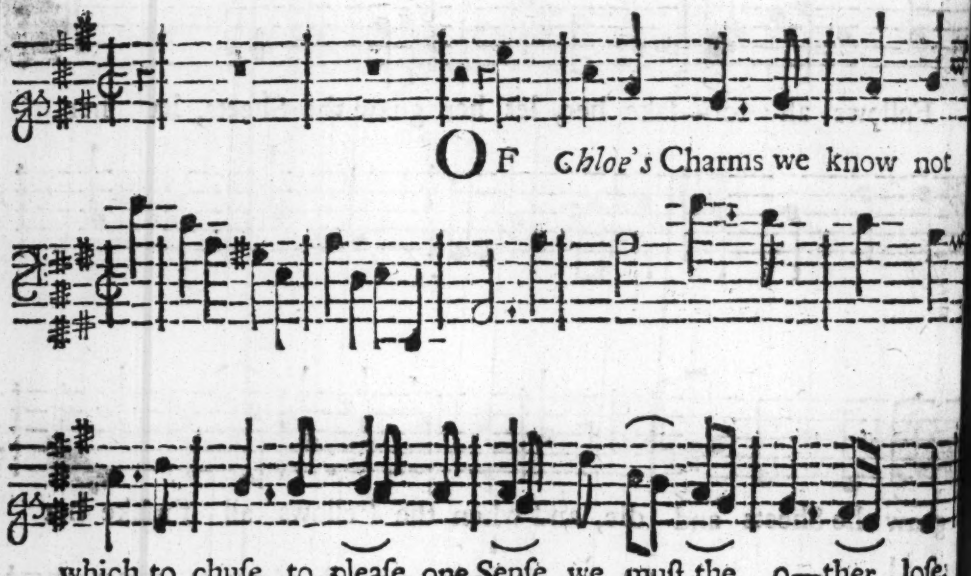
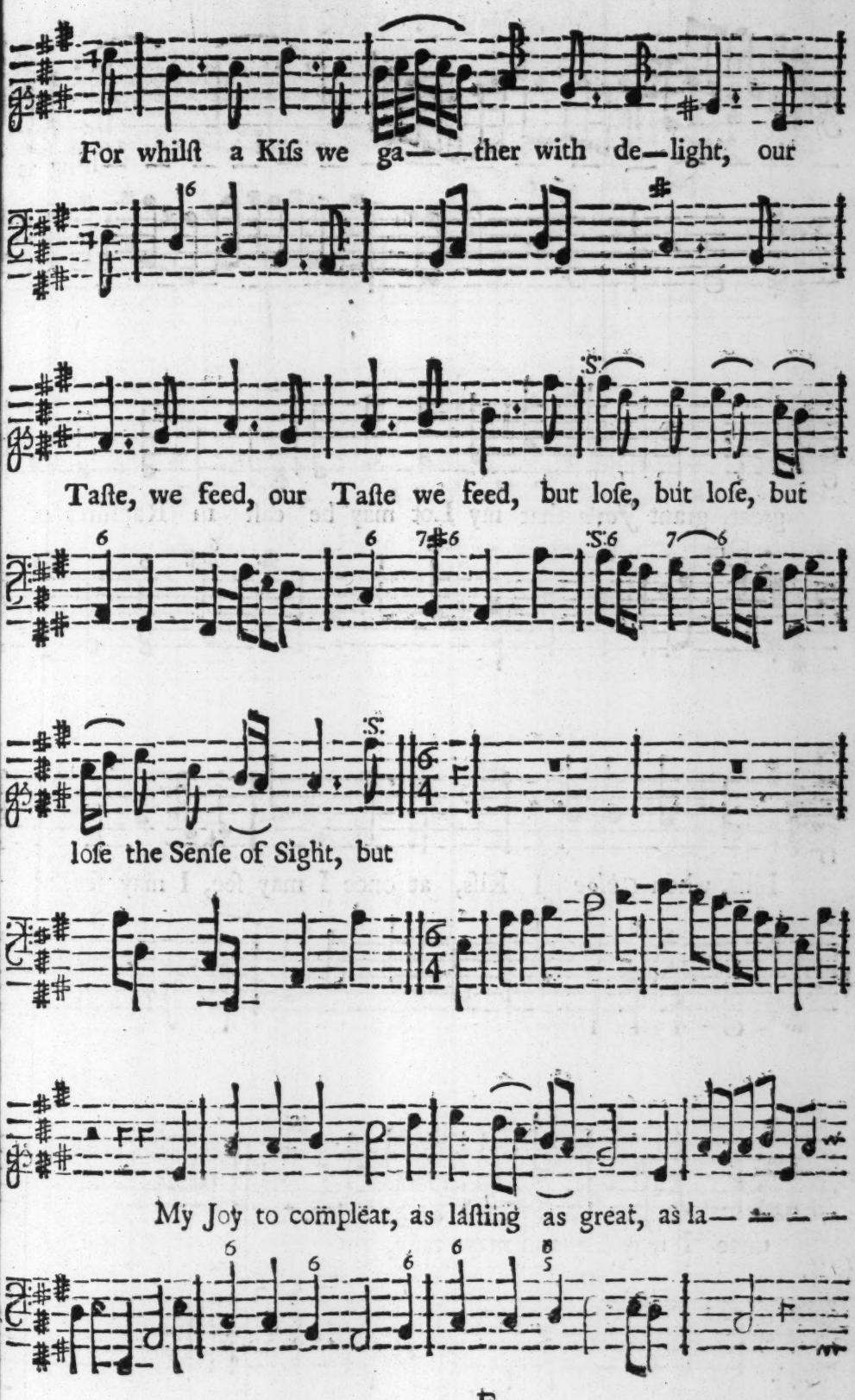

A—wake, a—
AWake, a-wake, a-wake drow-zy Roger,
—wake, a-wake drowzy Roger, come o—pen thine Eyes;
a-wake drowzy Roger, come o—pen thine Eyes, this
this heavy dull Fellow, this hea--vy dull
heavy dull Fellow, this hea-vy dull Fel--low,

Fellow how ſleeping he lies, how ſleeping, how
this hea-vy dull Fellow, how ſleeping, how
ſleeping he lies: I love a full Bowl, I
ſleeping he lies, I hate a dull ſoul I hate
love, I love a full Bowl, I love a full Bowl.
I hate a dull ſoul, I love a full Bowl. A-wake, a-

A--wake, a-wake, a--wake drowzy
-wake, awake drowzy Roger, a-wake drowzy
Roger, come open thine Eyes, we will drink all the
Roger, come open thine Eyes, we will drink all the
Liquor, we will drink all the Liquor, we will drink all the
Liquor, we will drink all the Liquor, we will drink all the

Slow.
Liquor if Ro--ger don't riſe: So, ſo, Hi--ow, I'll be with
Roge.
Liquor if Roger don't riſe.
you a——non: Roger's ſure of his Share before the Bowl's
done. I will Ben, come, Tom here's to thee; he's a
make haſt then,

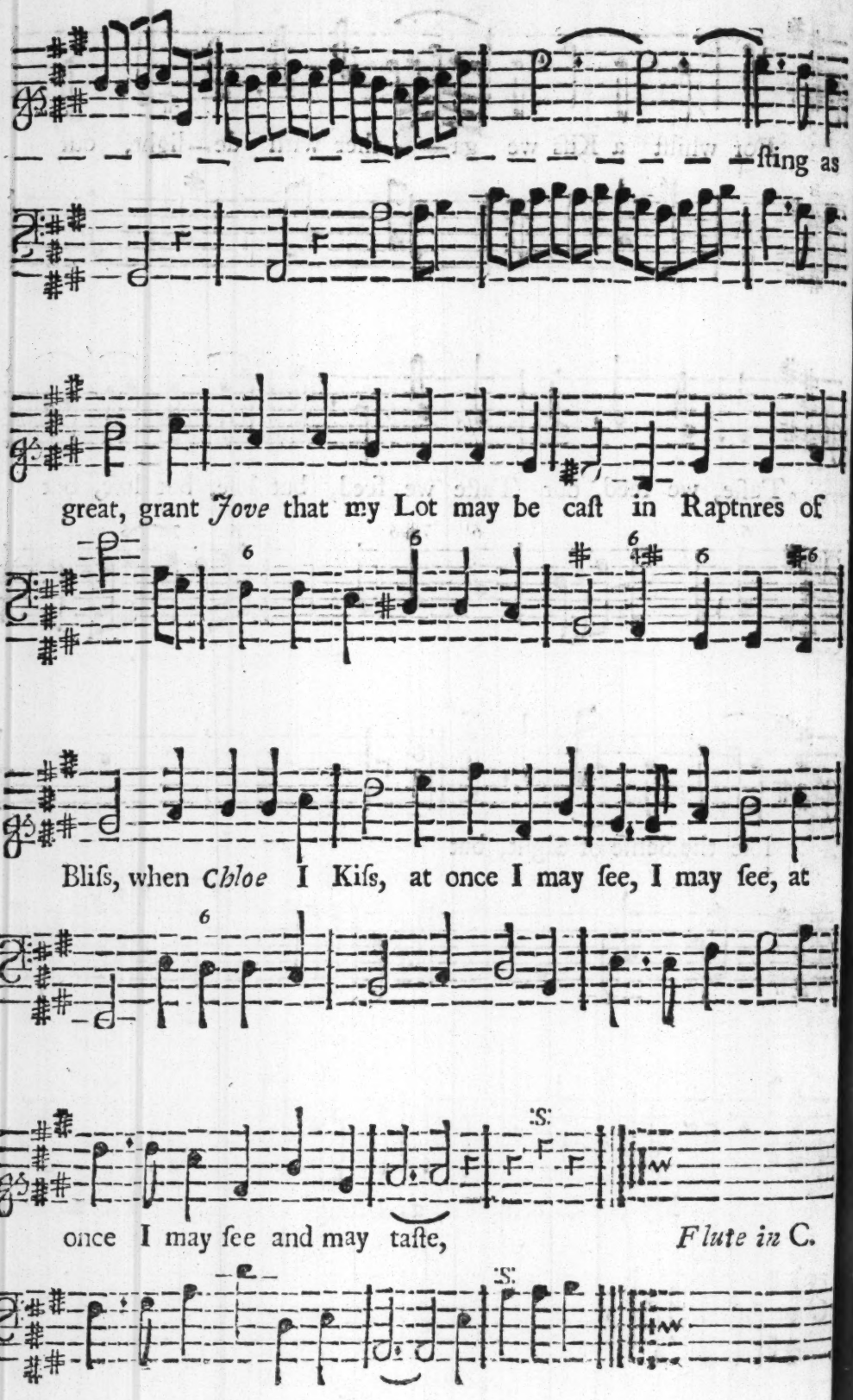
Fool that can ſleep, he's a Fool that can ſleep, he's a fool that can

ſleep, he's a Fool that can ſleep in ſuch good Com-pa—ny.

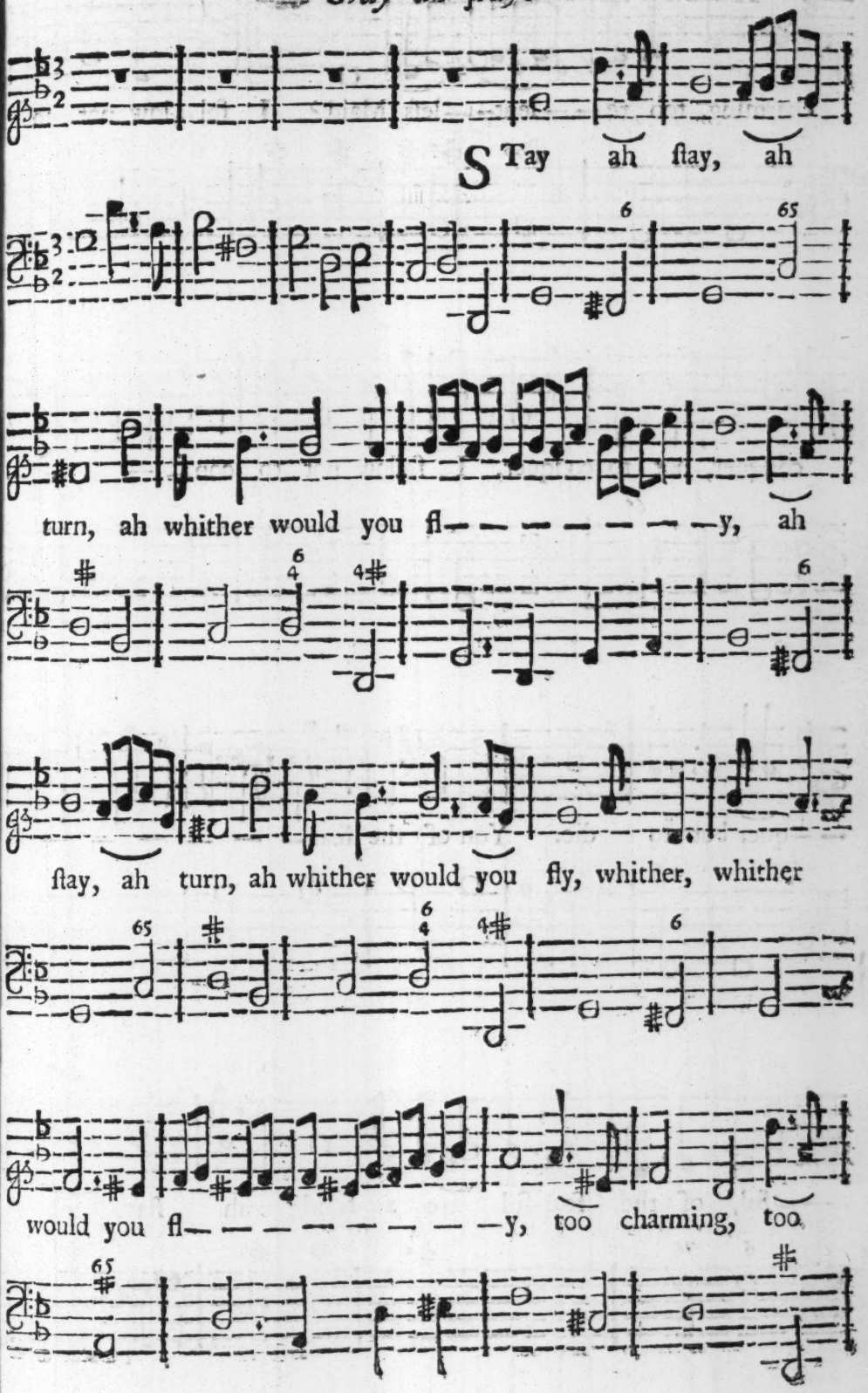
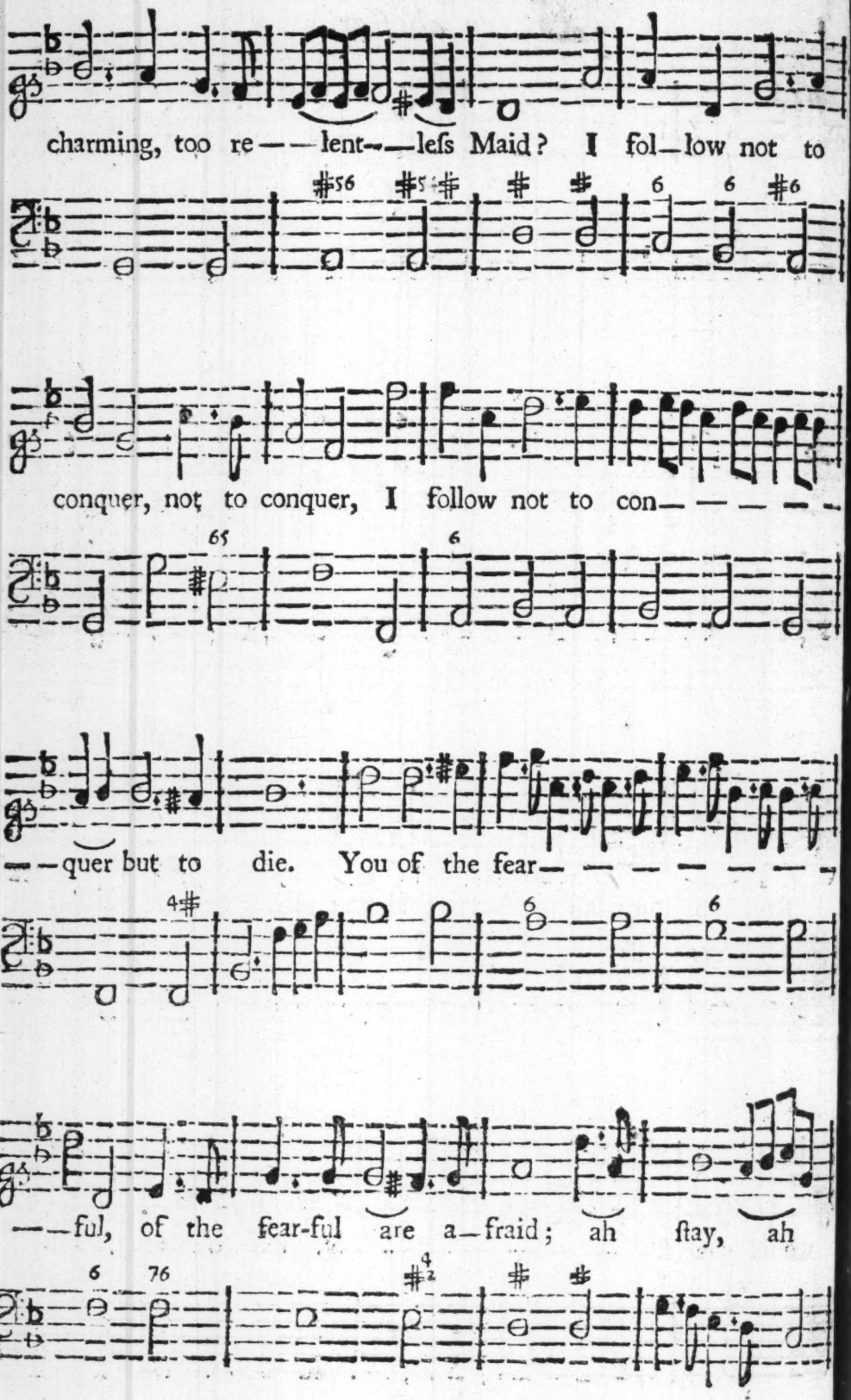
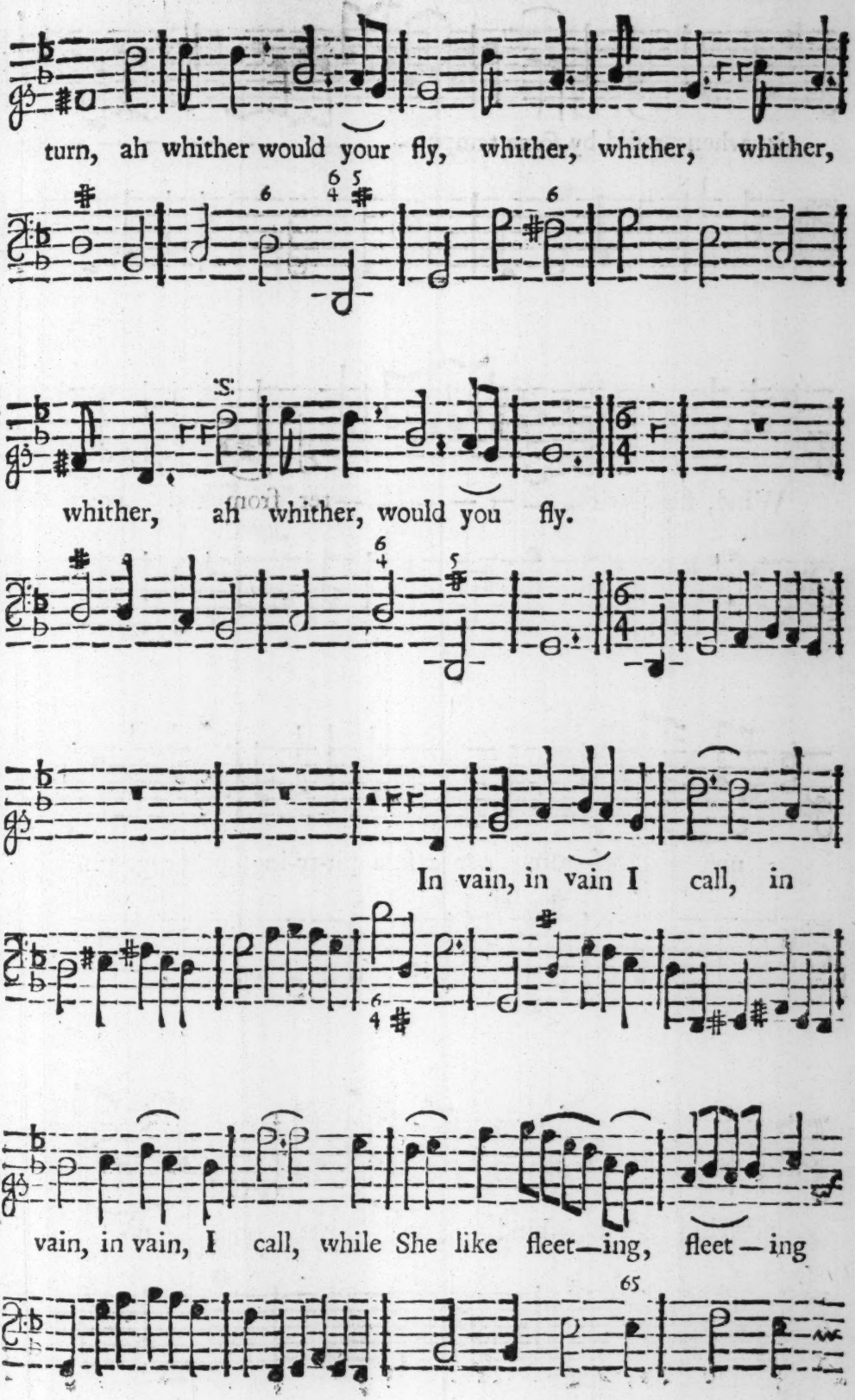
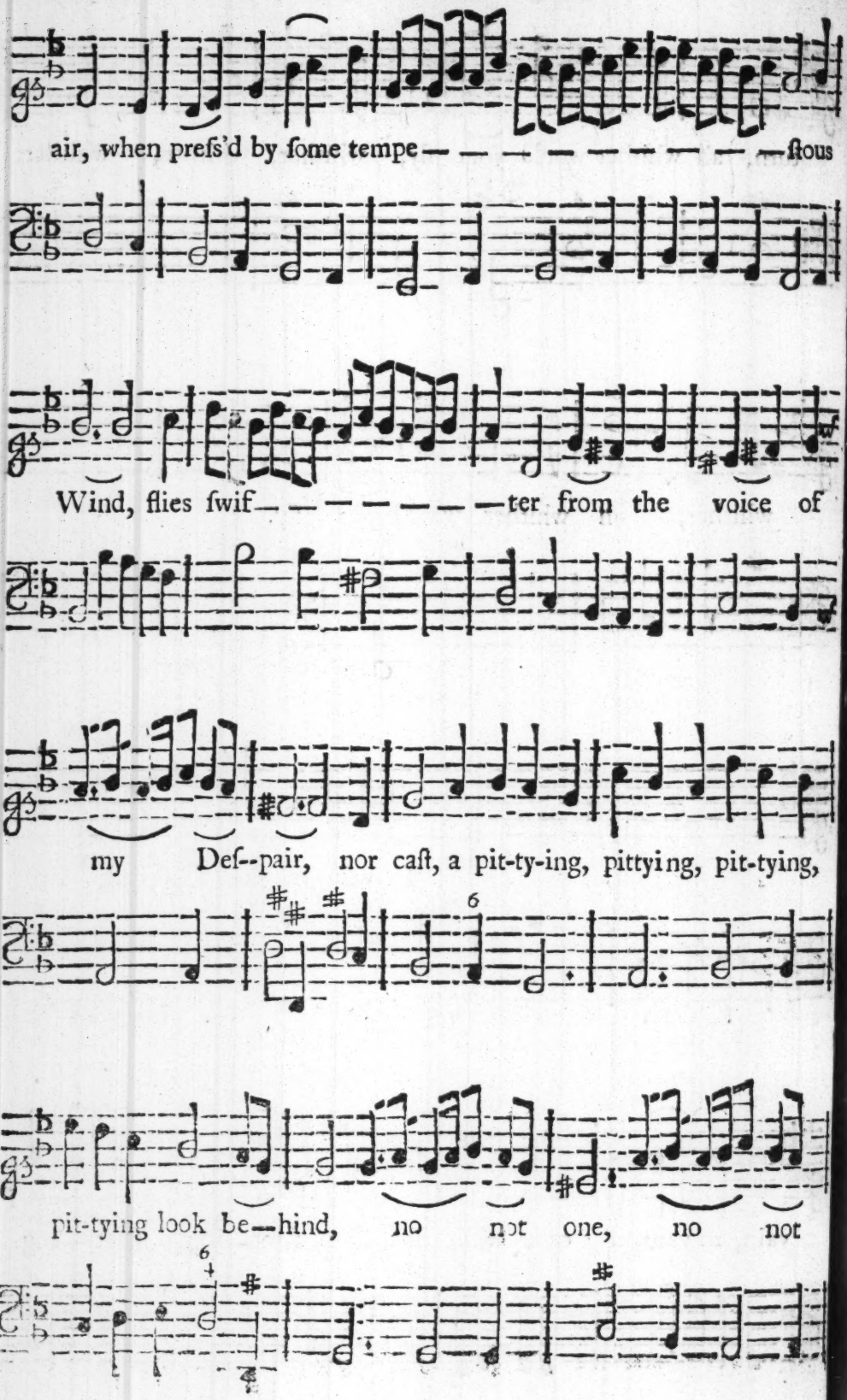
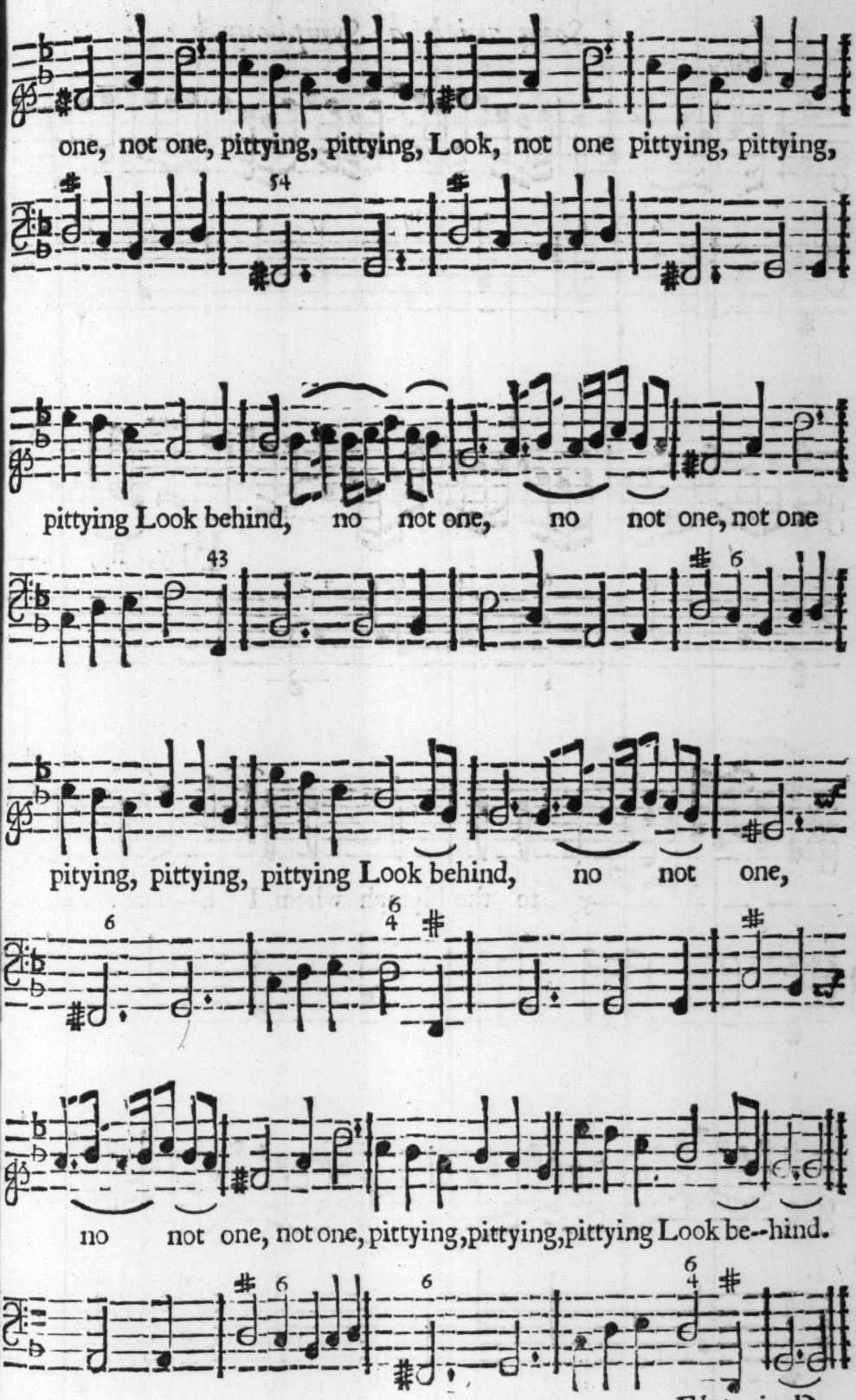


CHORUS.

He's a Fool that can ſleep, he's a Fool that can ſleep, he's a

He's a Fool that can ſleep, he's a Fool that can

He's a Fool that can ſleep, he's a

Fool that can ſleep, in ſuch good Compa——ny, he's a
ſleep, can ſleep in ſuch good Compa——ny,
Fool that can ſleep in ſuch good Compa——ny,
Fool that can ſleep, he's a Fool that can ſleep, he's a
he's a Fool that can ſleep, he's a
he's a Fool that can ſleep, can ſleep, he's a

Fool that can ſleep, he's a Fool that can ſleep, he's a
Fool, &c.
Fool that can ſleep, he's a Fool that can ſleep, he's a
Fool that can ſleep in ſuch good Compa——ny.
Fool. &c.
Fool that can ſleep in ſuch good Campa——ny.

Flute in F.

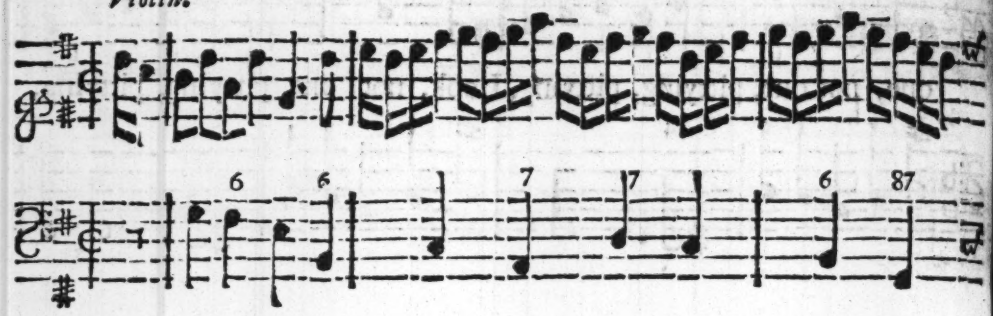
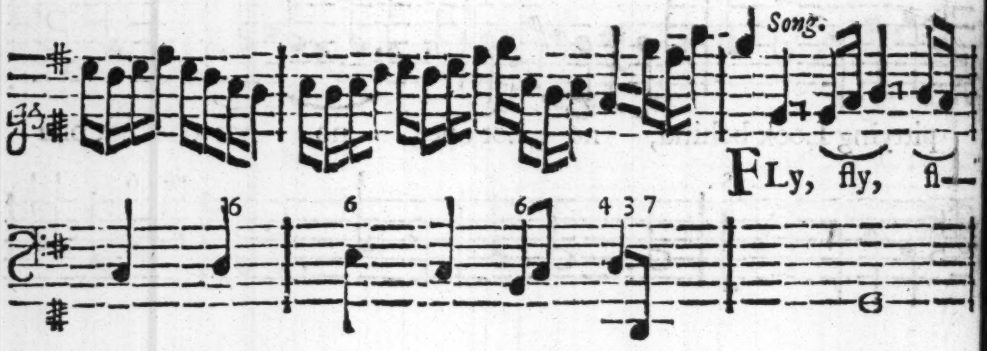
Set by Mr. D. Purcell.

SA—bina with an Angel's Face, by Love or—dain'd for
Joy, ſeems of the Syrens cru-el Race to char— — — — — —
— — — — — —m and then deſtroy, to char— — — — — — —
— — — — —m and then deſtroy.

With all the Arts of Look and Dreſs, ſhe fan— — — — — — — —
6 76 7 6
—s the fa—tal Fire; thro' Pride mi—ſtaken oft for
Grace, ſhe bids the Swain ex—pire, thro' Pride mi—ſtaken oft for
Grace, ſhe bids the Swain, ſhe bids the Swain ex——pire.
43

The God of
Love en—rag'd, the God of Love en——rag'd, to ſee the
Nymph de—fie his Flame, pronounc'd this mer--cileſs De--cree a—
—gainſt the haughty Dame, pronounc'd this merci-leſs De-cree a—

gainſt the haughty Dame. Let Age with dou--ble ſpeed o're—
take her, let Love the room of Pride ſupply, and when the
Fellows all for—ſake her, let her gnaw the Sheets, let her
gnaw the Sheets and die, and when the Fellows all forſake her

Set by Mr. *Franciſco.*

For whilſt a Kiſs we ga——ther with de—light, our
Taſte, we feed, our Taſte we feed, but loſe, but loſe, but
loſe the Senſe of Sight, but
My Joy to compleat, as laſting as great, as la—

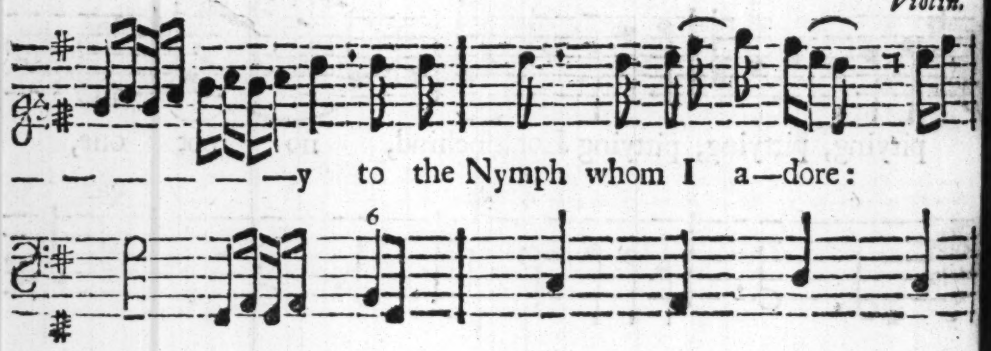
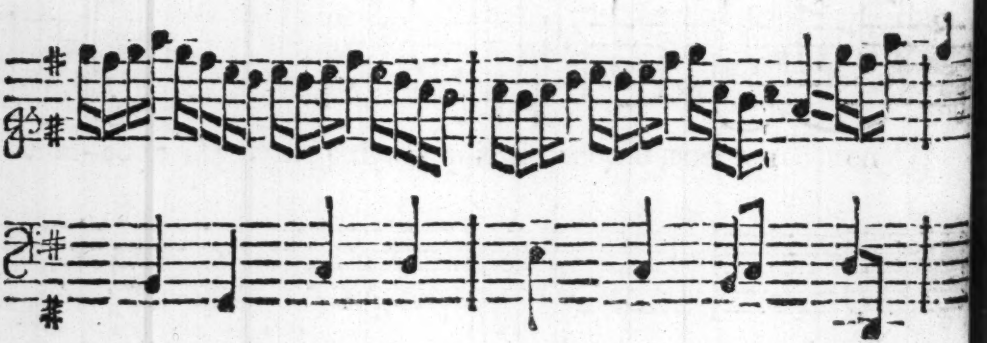

sting as
great, grant *Jove* that my Lot may be cast in Raptnres of
Bliss, when *Chloe* I Kiss, at once I may see, I may see, at
once I may see and may taste,
Flute in C.

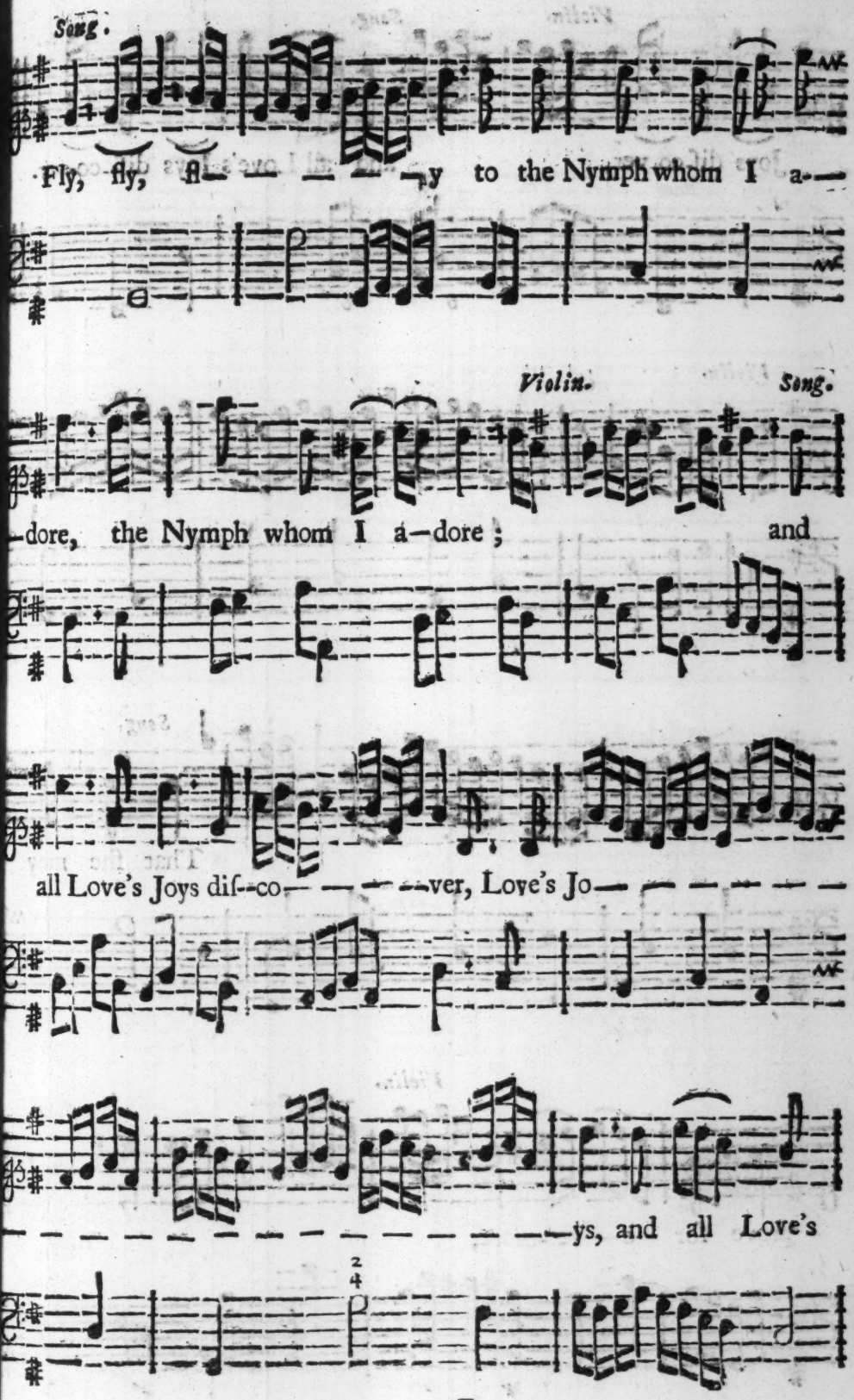
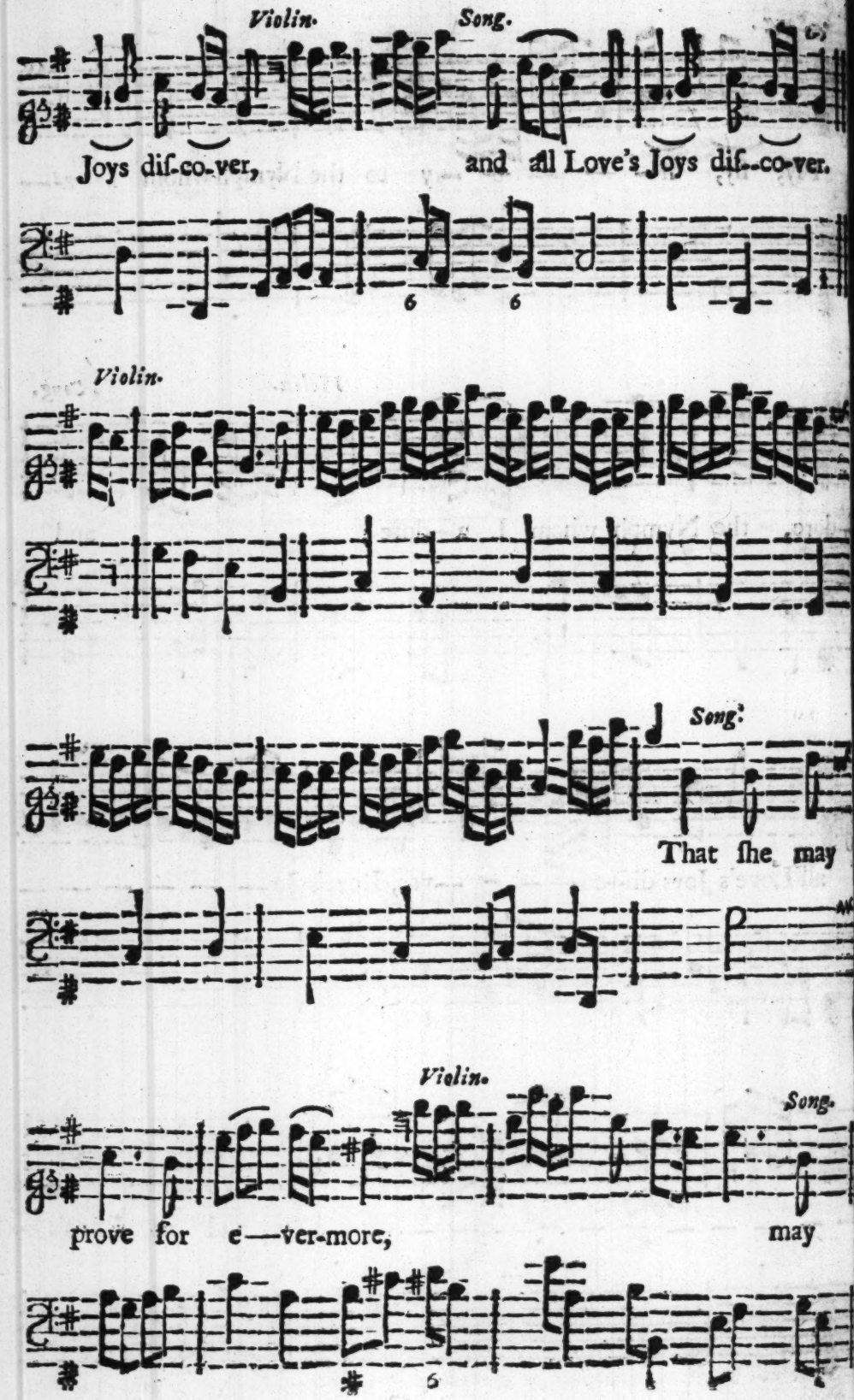
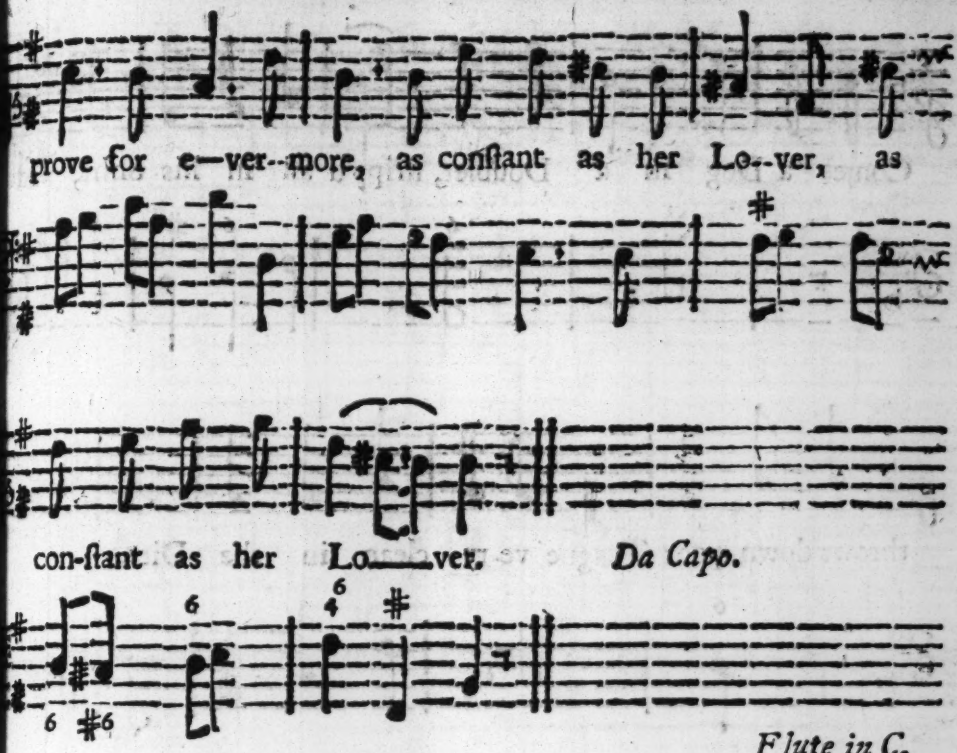
Stay ah ſtay.

STay ah ſtay, ah
turn, ah whither would you fl— — — — — — —y, ah
ſtay, ah turn, ah whither would you fly, whither, whither
would you fl— — — — — — — —y, too charming, too

charming, too re——lent——leſs Maid? I fol—low not to
conquer, not to conquer, I follow not to con— — — — —
——quer but to die. You of the fear— — — — — — —
——ful, of the fear-ful are a—fraid; ah ſtay, ah

turn, ah whither would your fly, whither, whither, whither,
whither, ah whither, would you fly.
In vain, in vain I call, in
vain, in vain, I call, while She like fleet—ing, fleet—ing

air, when preſs'd by ſome tempe — — — — — — — — — — ſtous
Wind, flies ſwif — — — — — — — ter from the voice of
my Deſ--pair, nor caſt, a pit-ty-ing, pittying, pit-tying,
pit-tying look be—hind, no not one, no not

one, not one, pittying, pittying, Look, not one pittying, pittying,
pittying Look behind, no not one, no not one, not one
pitying, pittying, pittying Look behind, no not one,
no not one, not one, pittying, pittying, pittying Look be--hind.

Flute in D.

A Song with a Symphony.

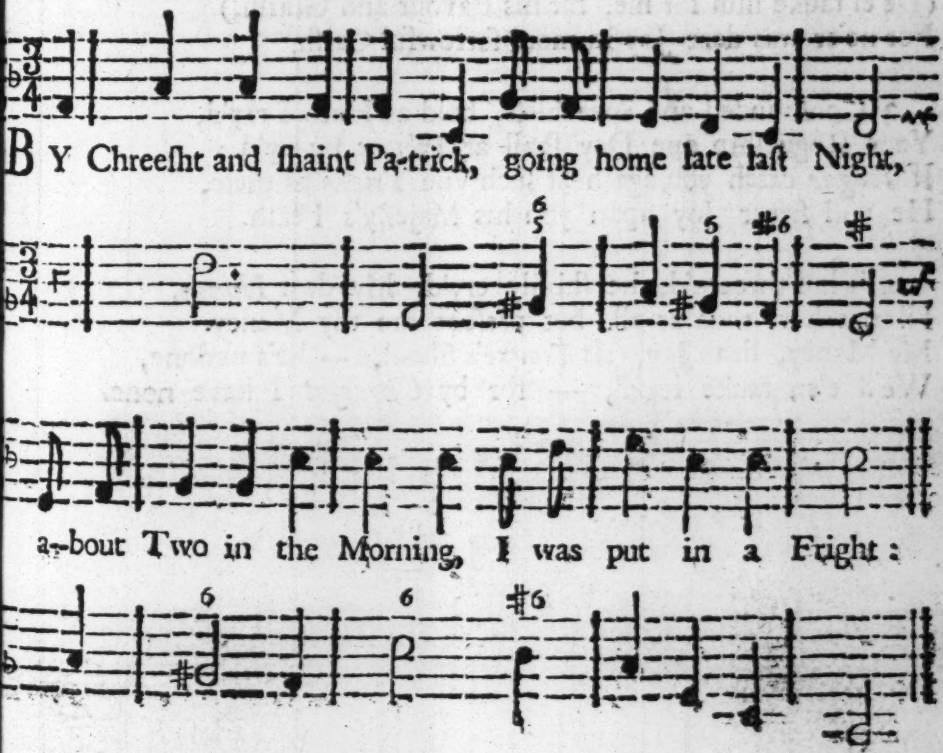
Violin.

Song.

Violin.

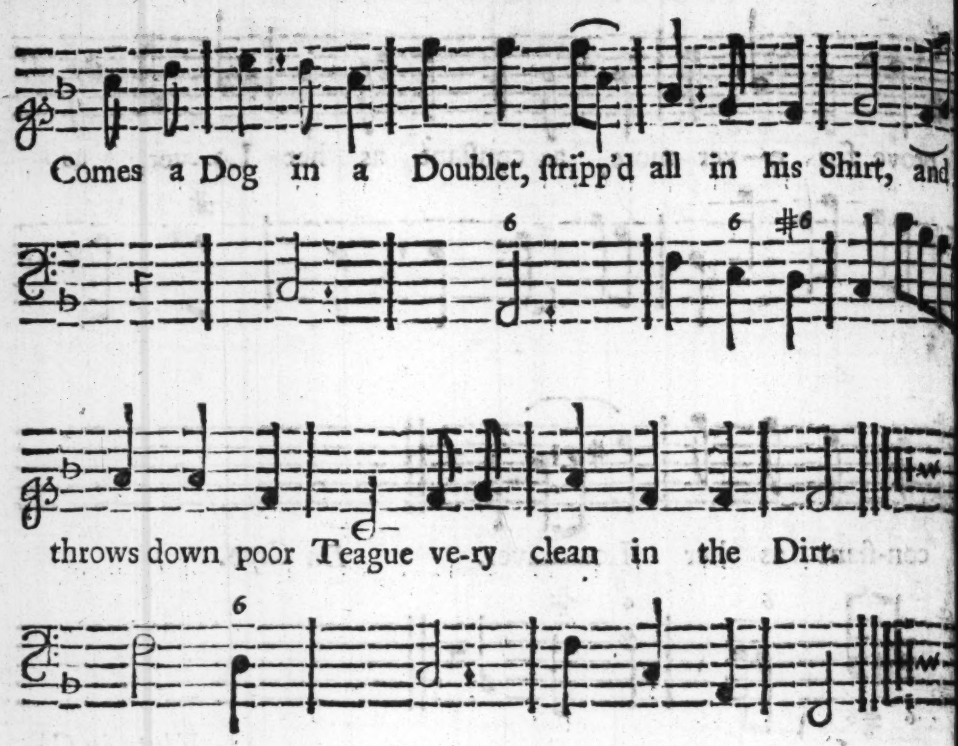



Song.
Fly, fly, fl— —y to the Nymph whom I a—
Violin.
Song.
—dore, the Nymph whom I a—dore; and
all Love's Joys dif--co— —ver, Love's Jo— —
—ys, and all Love's

Violin.
Song.
Joys diſ-co-ver,
and all Love's Joys diſ-co-ver.
Violin.
Song.
That ſhe may
Violin.
Song.
prove for e—ver-more,
may

Flute in C.

Teague's Complaint; Or, The *Iriſh* Robbery.

Set by Mr. *W. Markham.*

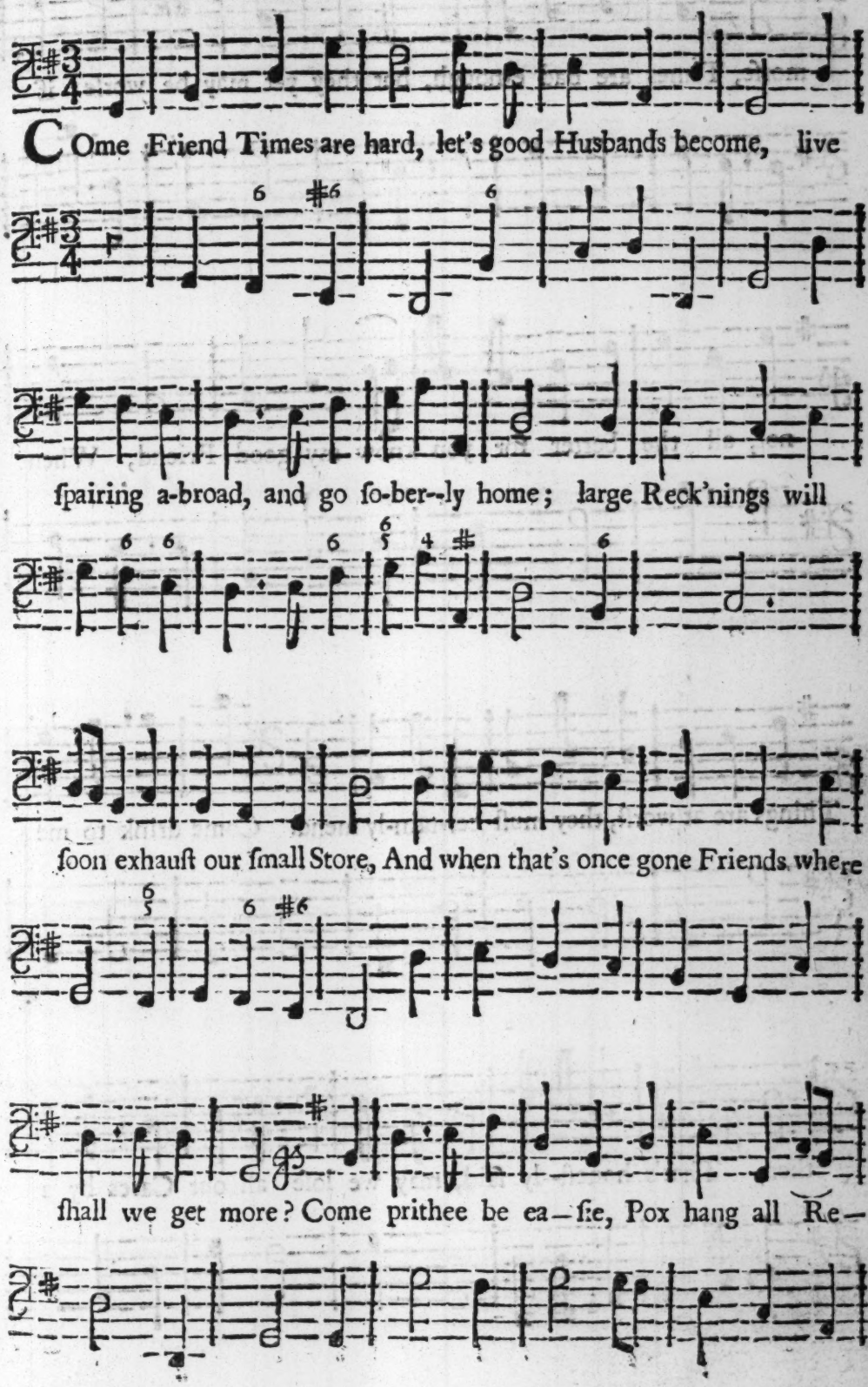
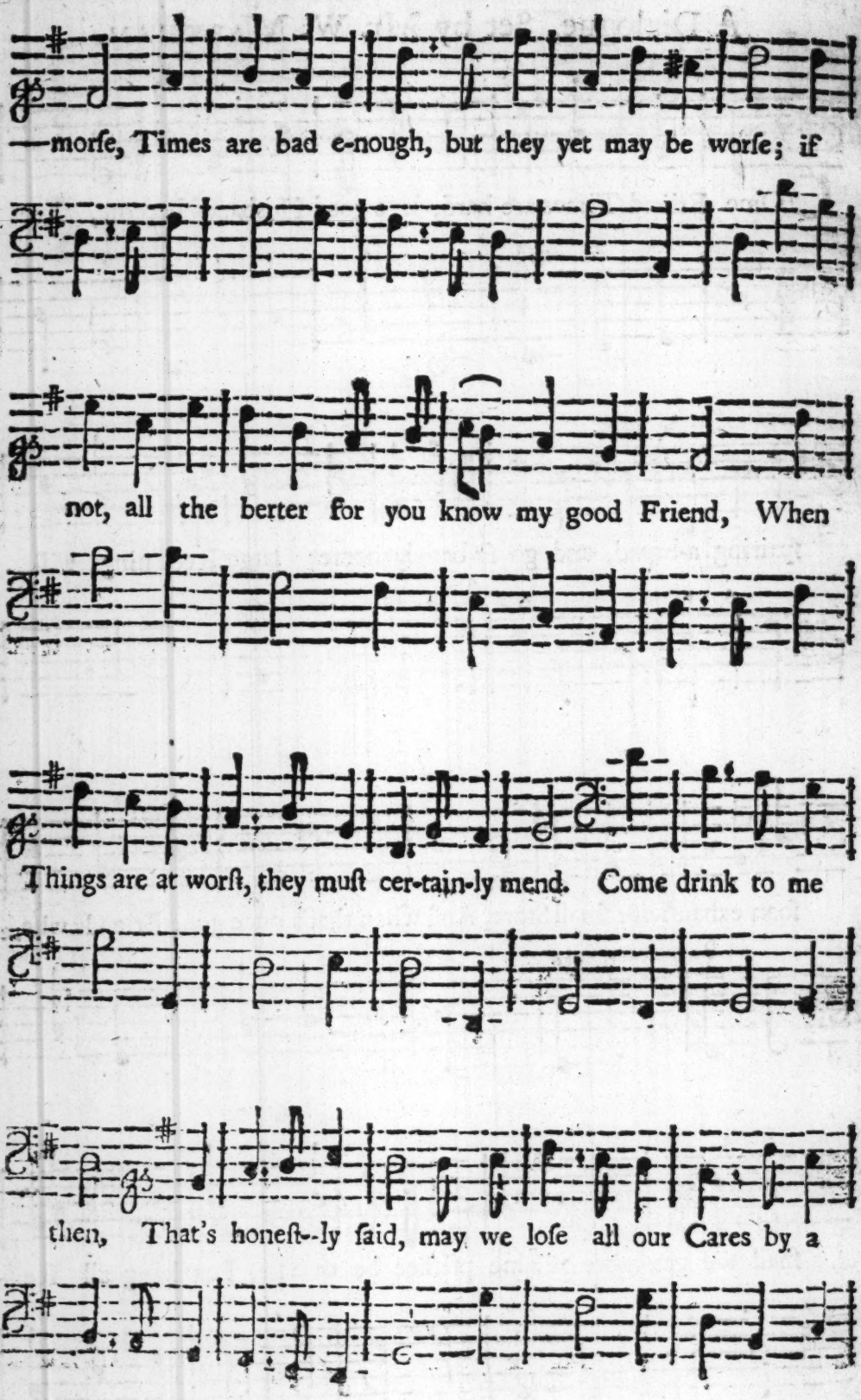
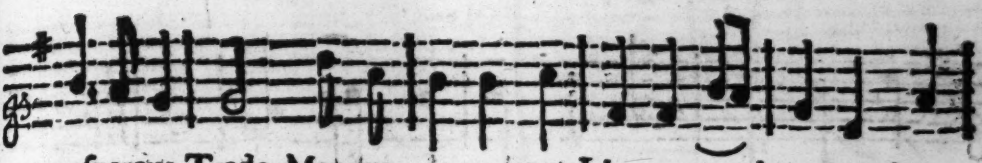
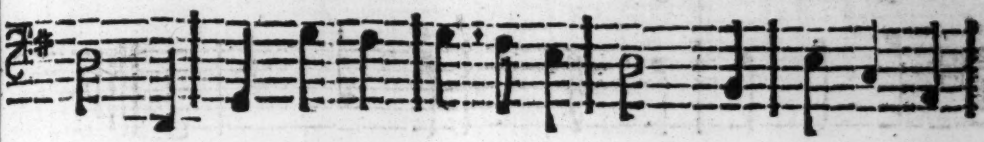
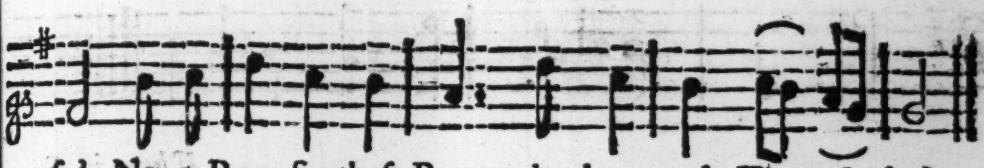




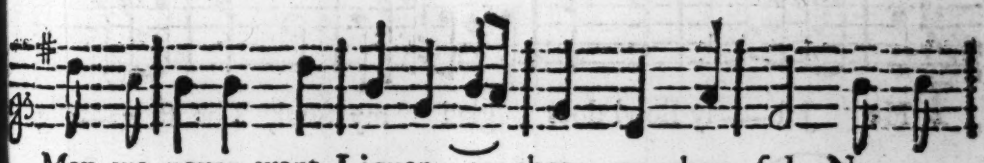
2 Then firing his Piſhtol direct on my Faiſh,
Stand ſtill you dam Dog, or your'e dead on the Plaiſh.
(De'el tauke him for me, for his Favour and Graiſh,)
For ne'er was dear Joy in more ſorrowful Caiſh.

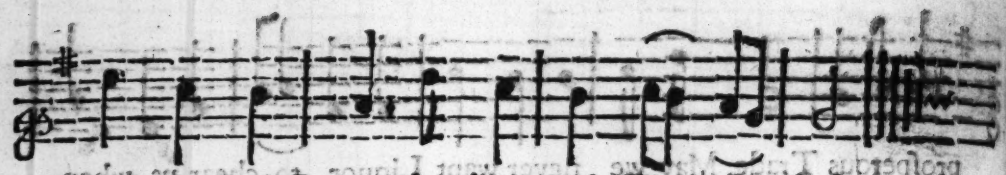
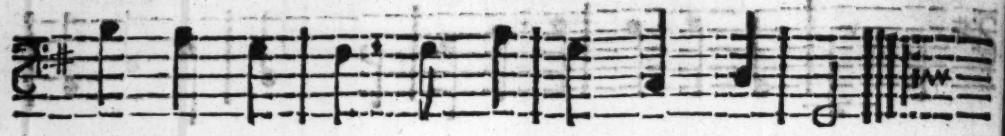
3 Confounded and Speechleſs, bold as Hero I cry'd,
Your Rogueſhip one Day ſhall at *Tyburn* be try'd;
If *Teague* catch you again at ſuch vile Tricks as theſe,
He will ſwear Joy upon you his Majeſty's Peaſh.

4 Thus threatn'd, he ſhivily cry'd, My dear *Honey*,
I'll not hurt thee at all, but preſent me thy Money.
My Money, dear Joy, 'tis *Teague*'s Shoul, — he's undone,
We'll e'en tauke it all, — for by *Chreeſht* I have none.

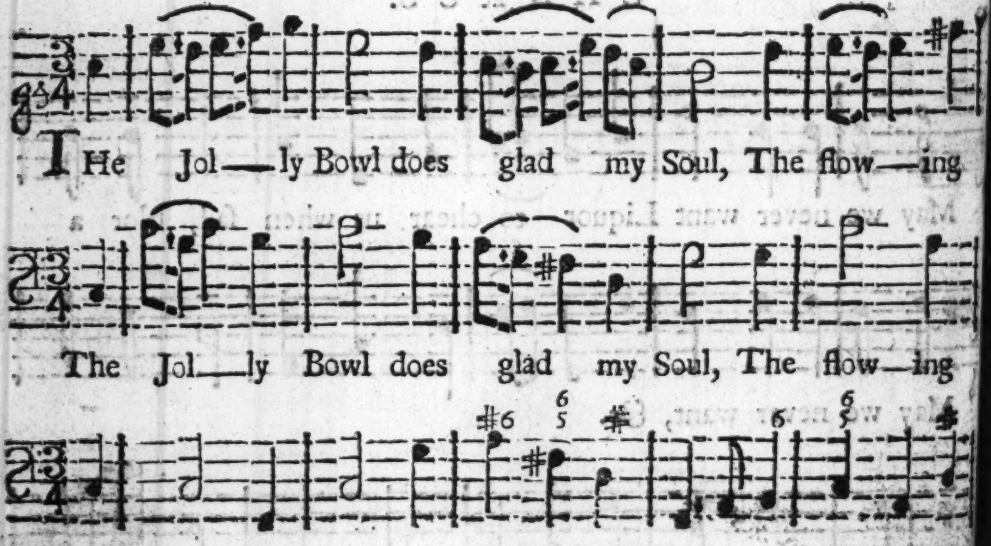
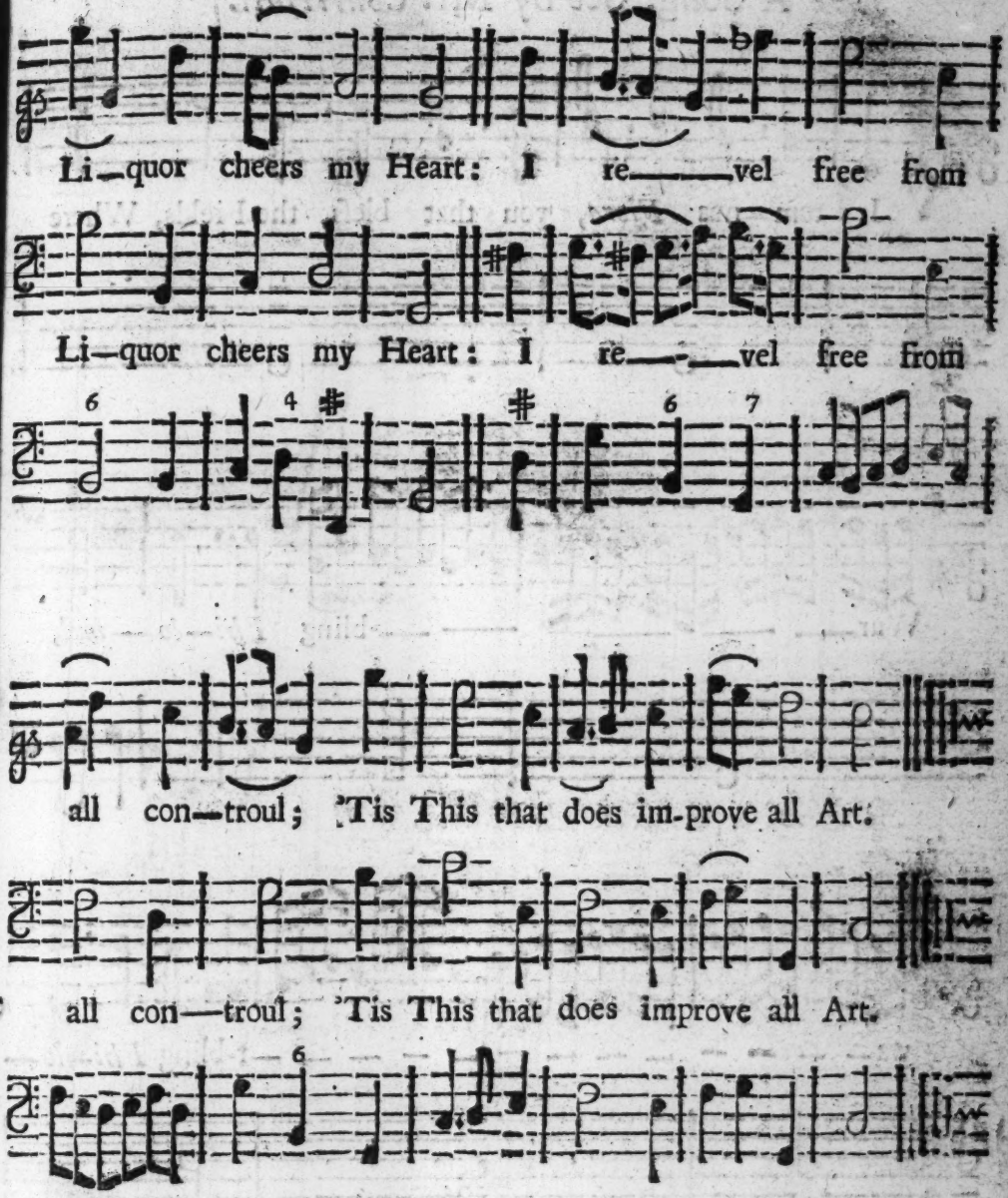
A Dialogue, Set by Mr. W. Markham.

Come Friend Times are hard, let's good Husbands become, live
ſpairing a-broad, and go ſo-ber--ly home; large Reck'nings will
ſoon exhauſt our ſmall Store, And when that's once gone Friends where
ſhall we get more? Come prithee be ea—ſie, Pox hang all Re—

—morſe, Times are bad e-nough, but they yet may be worſe; if
not, all the berter for you know my good Friend, When
Things are at worſt, they muſt cer-tain-ly mend. Come drink to me
then, That's honeſt--ly ſaid, may we loſe all our Cares by a

prosperous Trade, May we never want Liquor to chear us when



sad, Nor a Rope for those Rogues that have made Times so bad.

CHORUS.

May we never want Liquor to chear us when sad, Nor a

May we never want, *&c.*



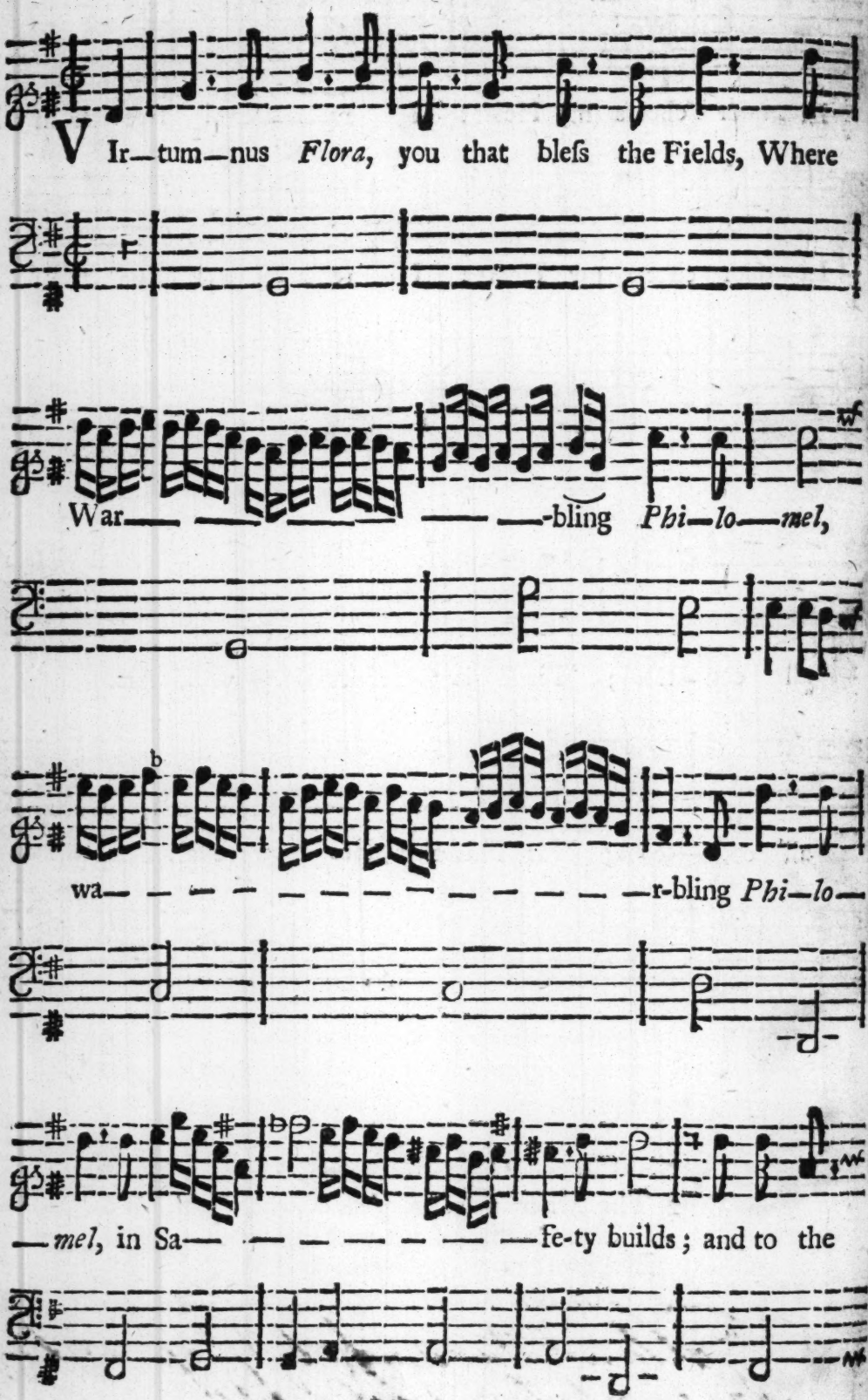
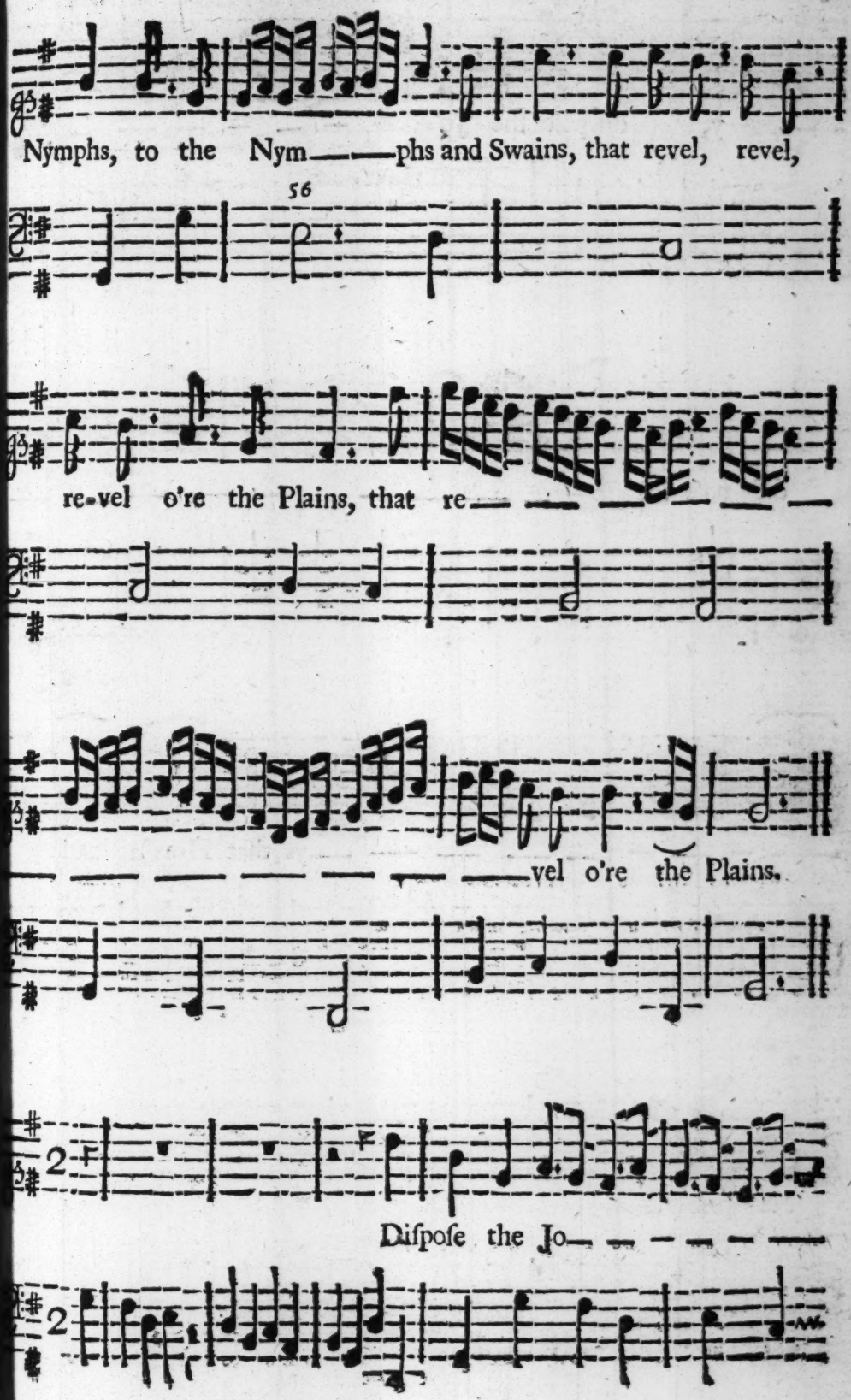
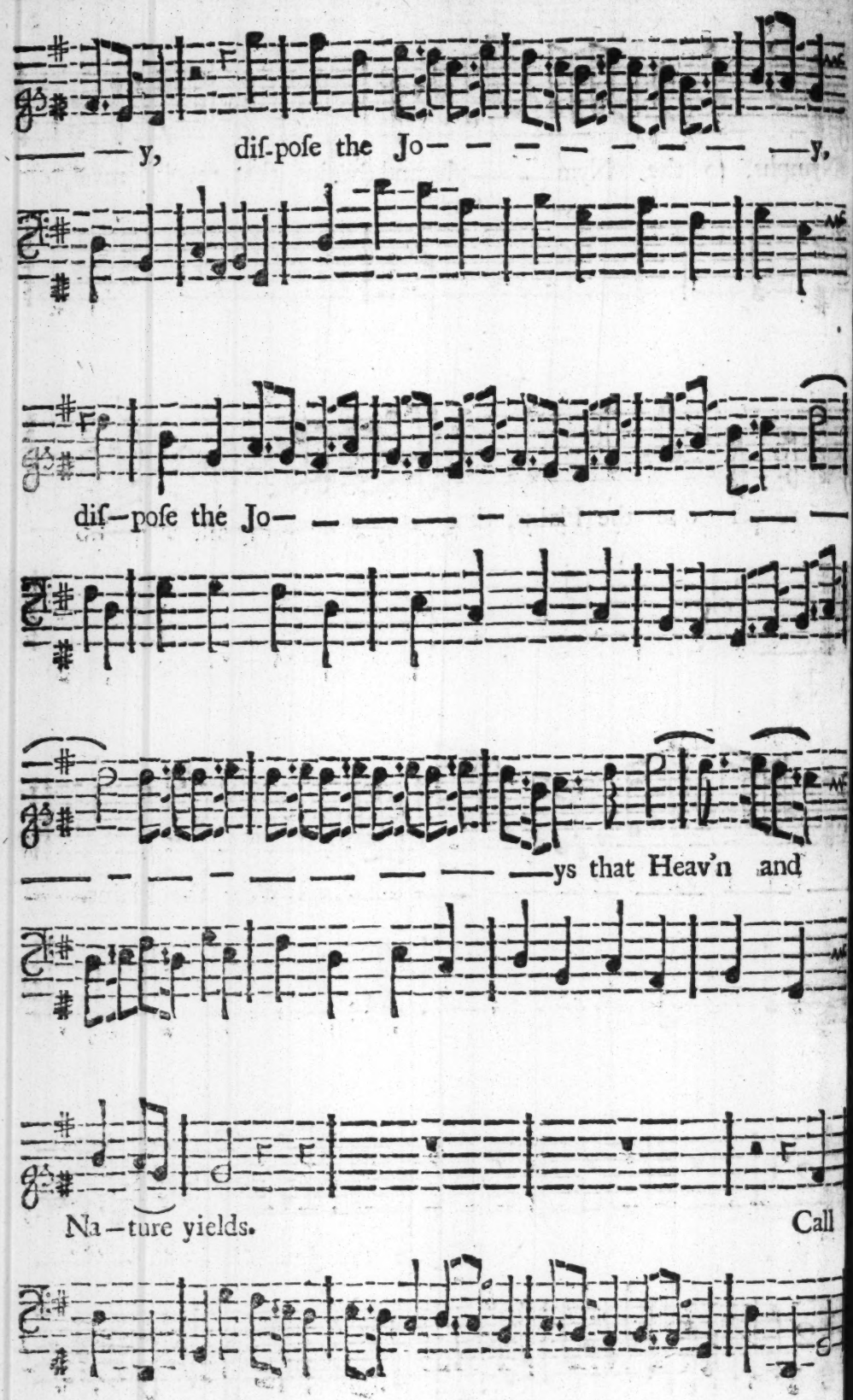
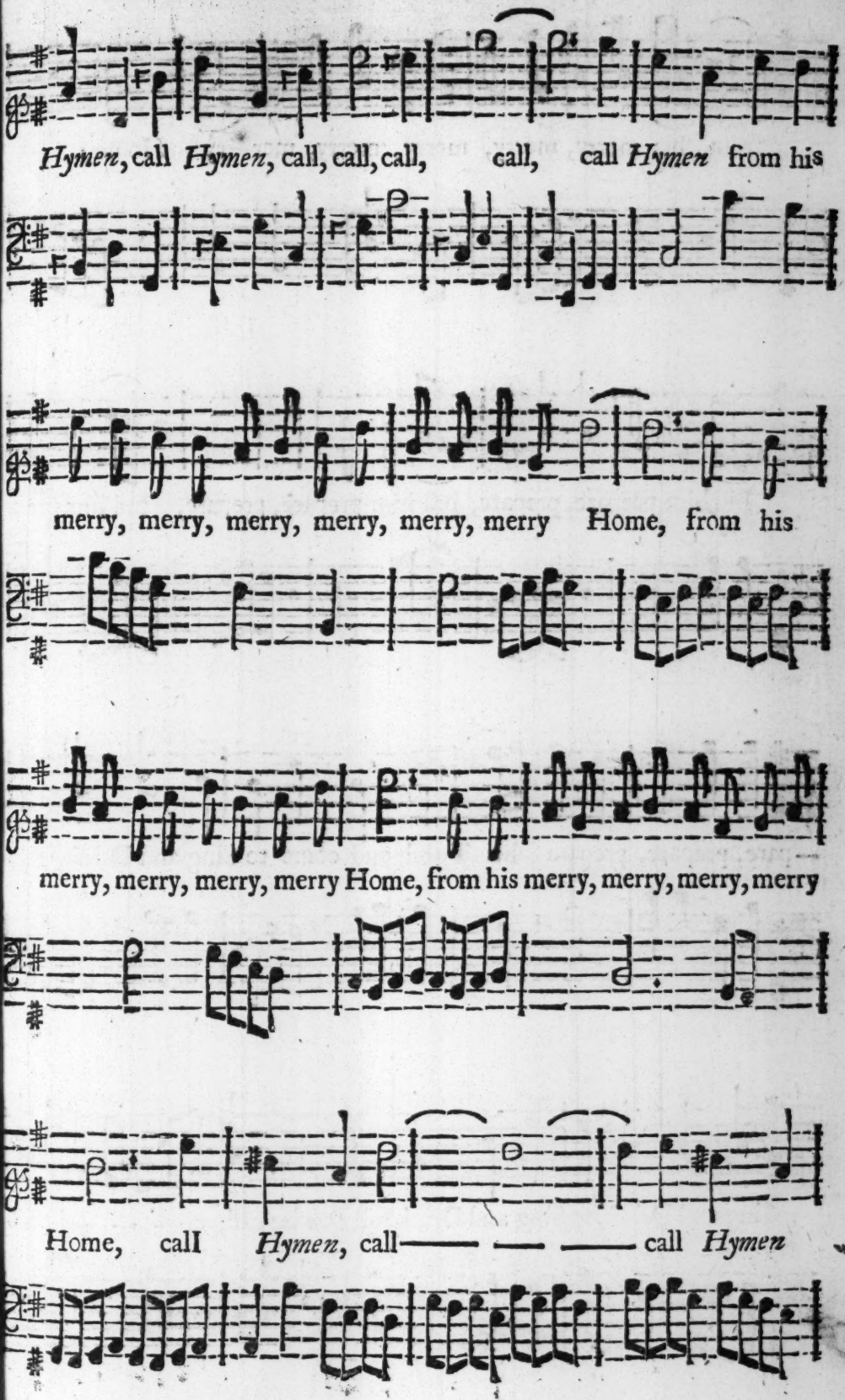
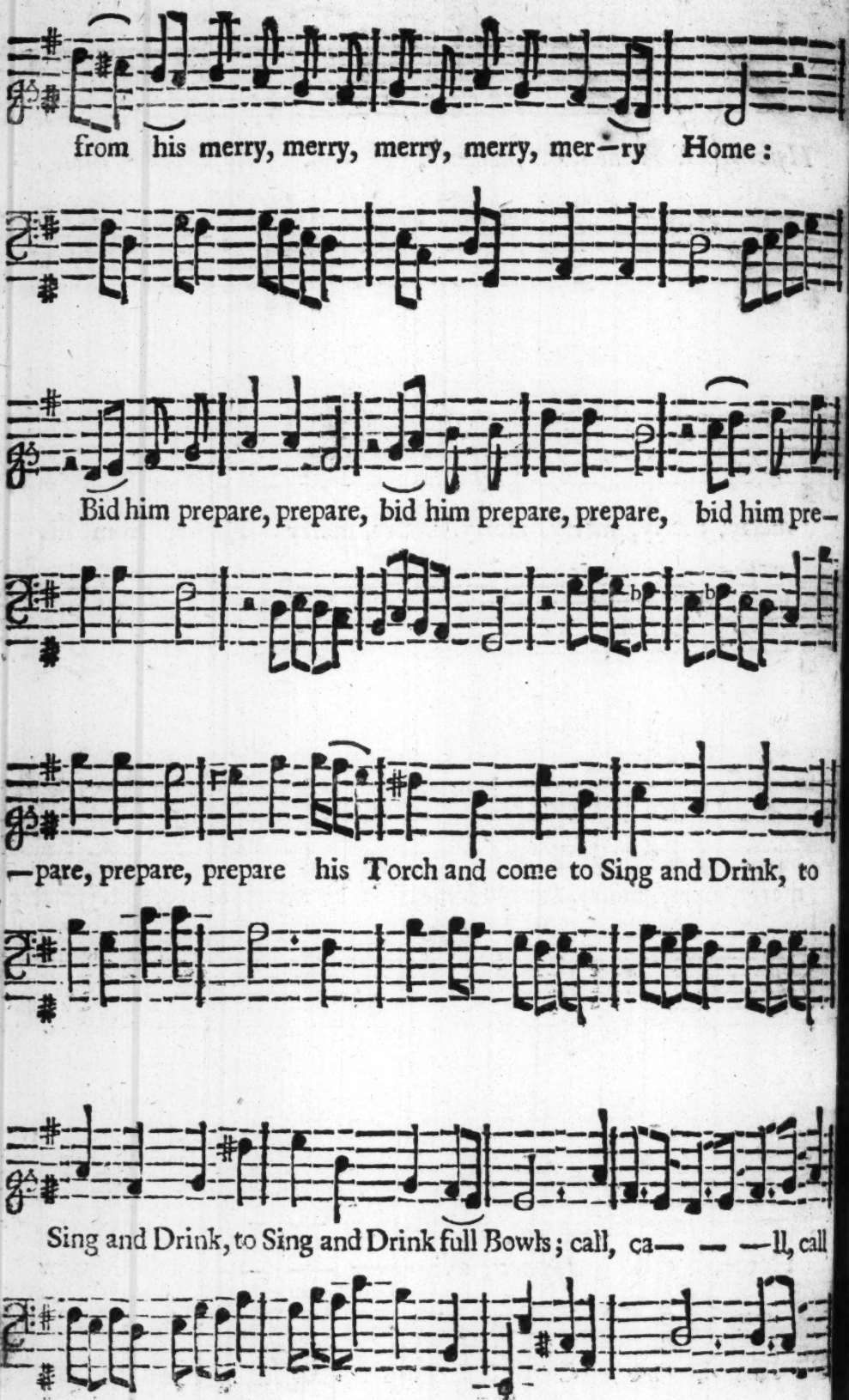
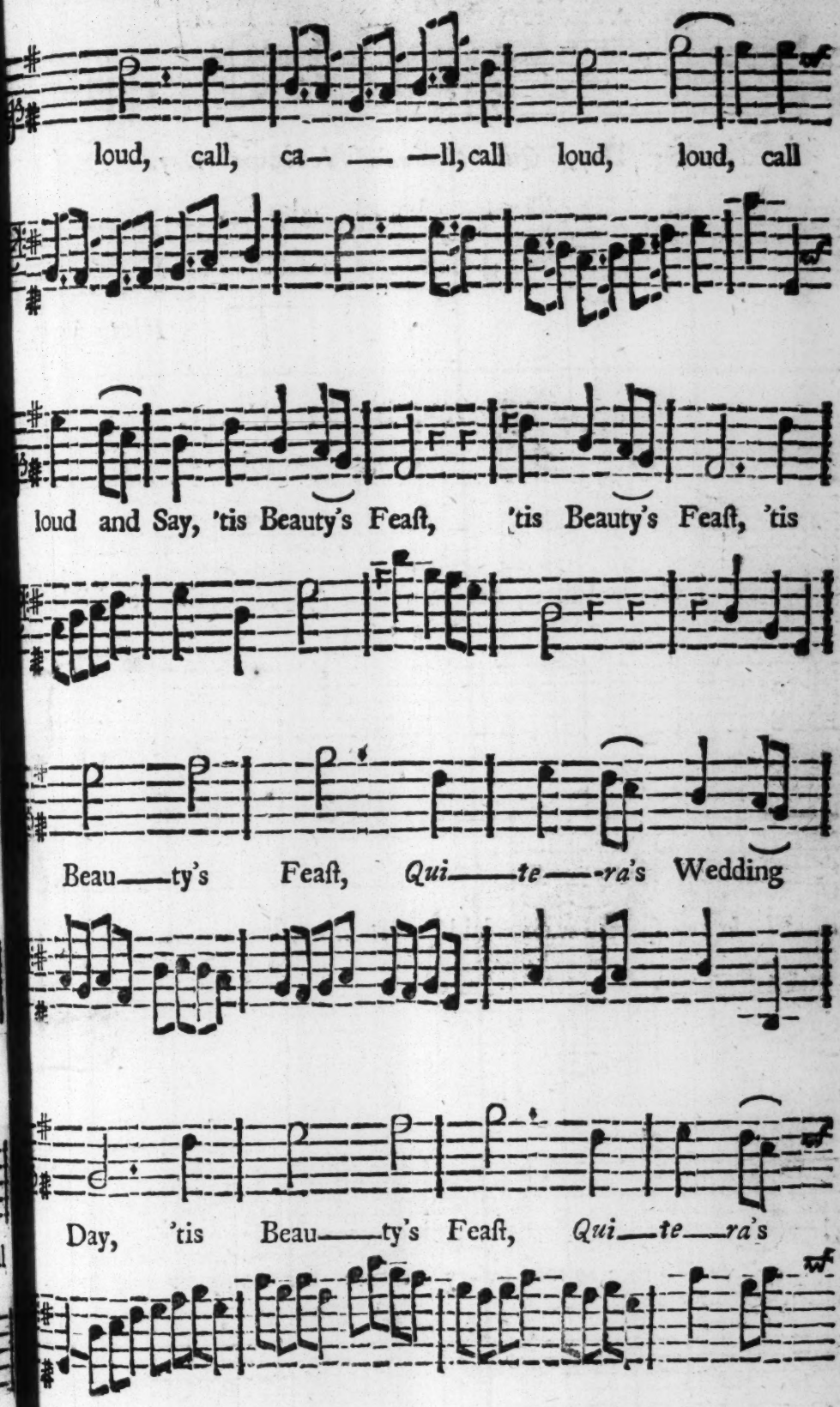
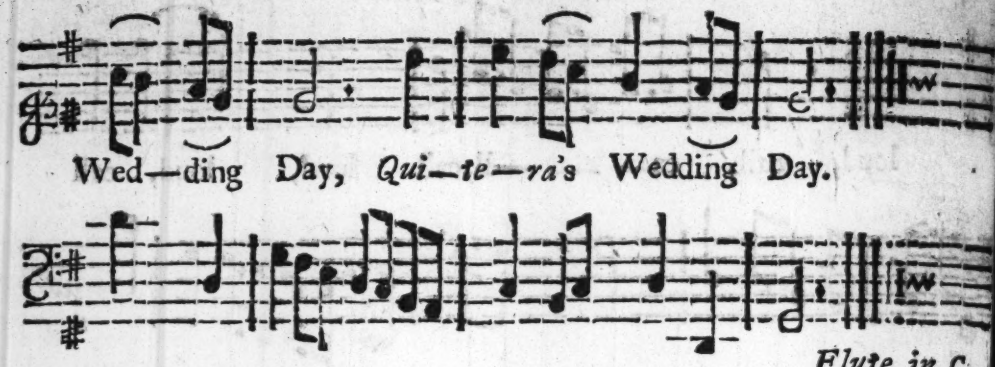
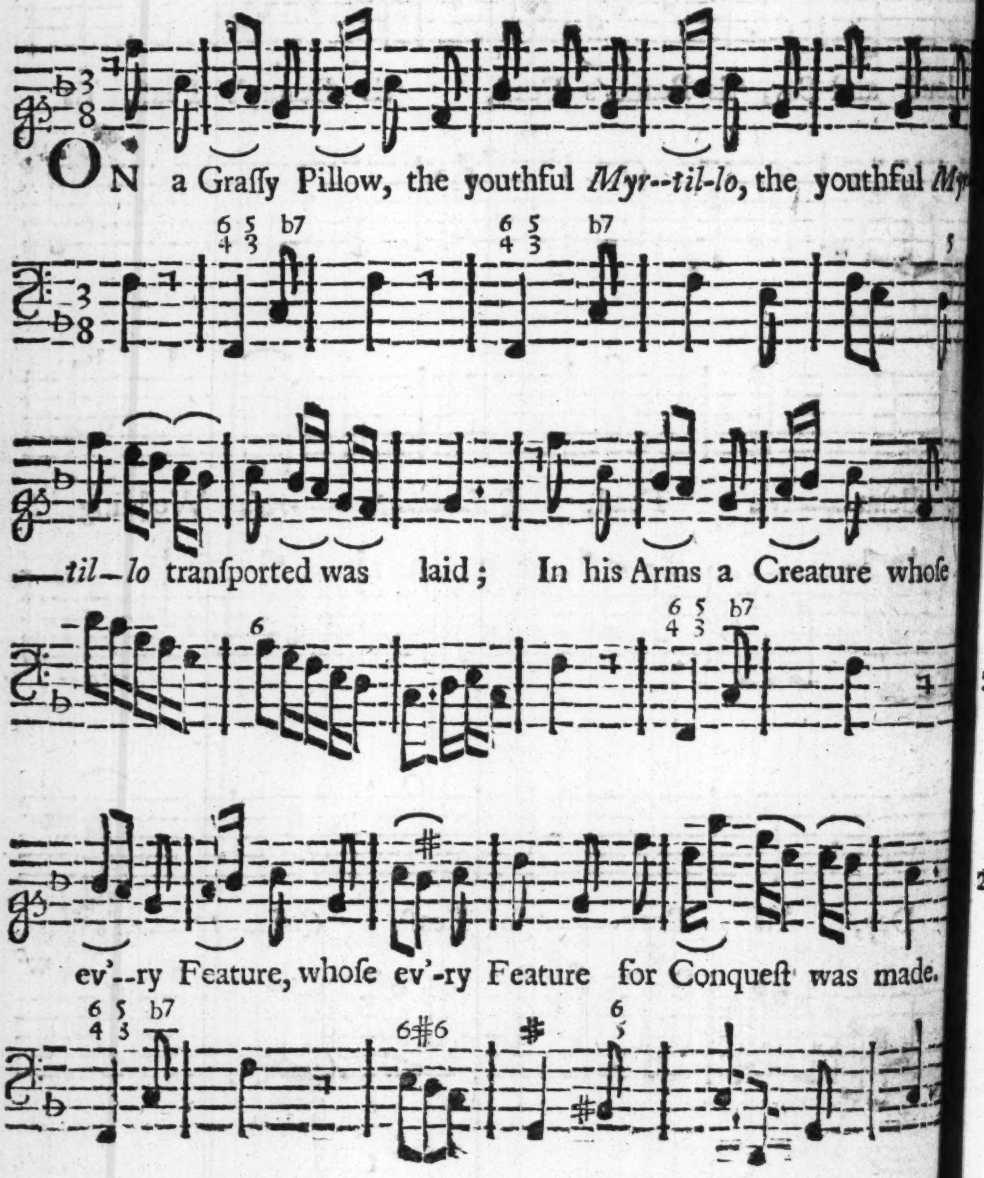
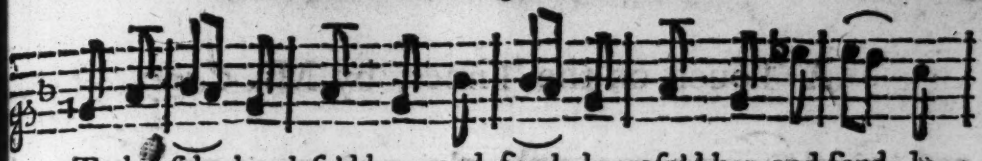
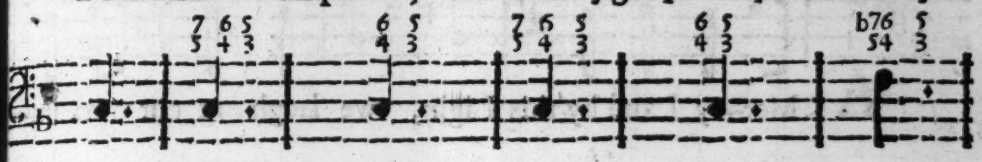
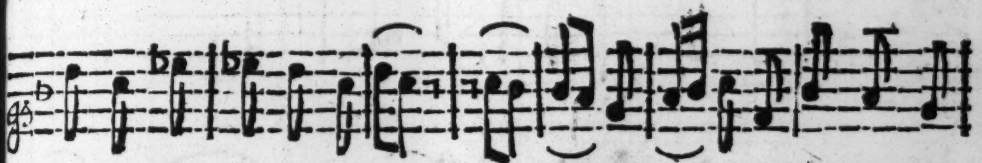
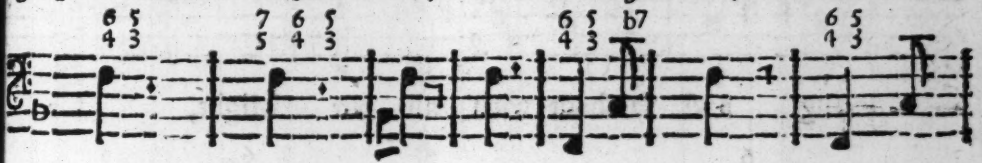
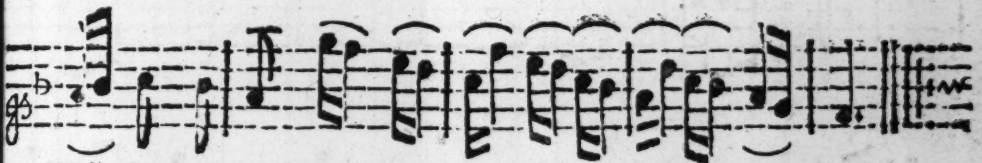
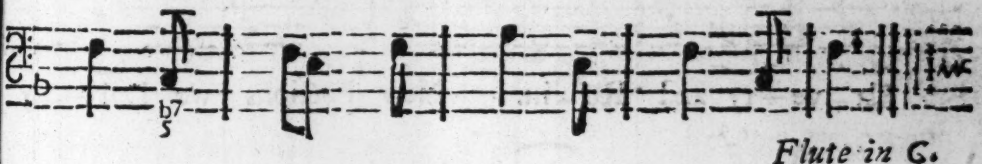
A Two Part SONG on a Bowl of PUNCH.

Set by Mr. W. MARKHAM.

Li—quor cheers my Heart: I re——vel free from
Li—quor cheers my Heart: I re——vel free from
all con—troul; 'Tis This that does im-prove all Art.
all con—troul; 'Tis This that does improve all Art.

Flute in C.

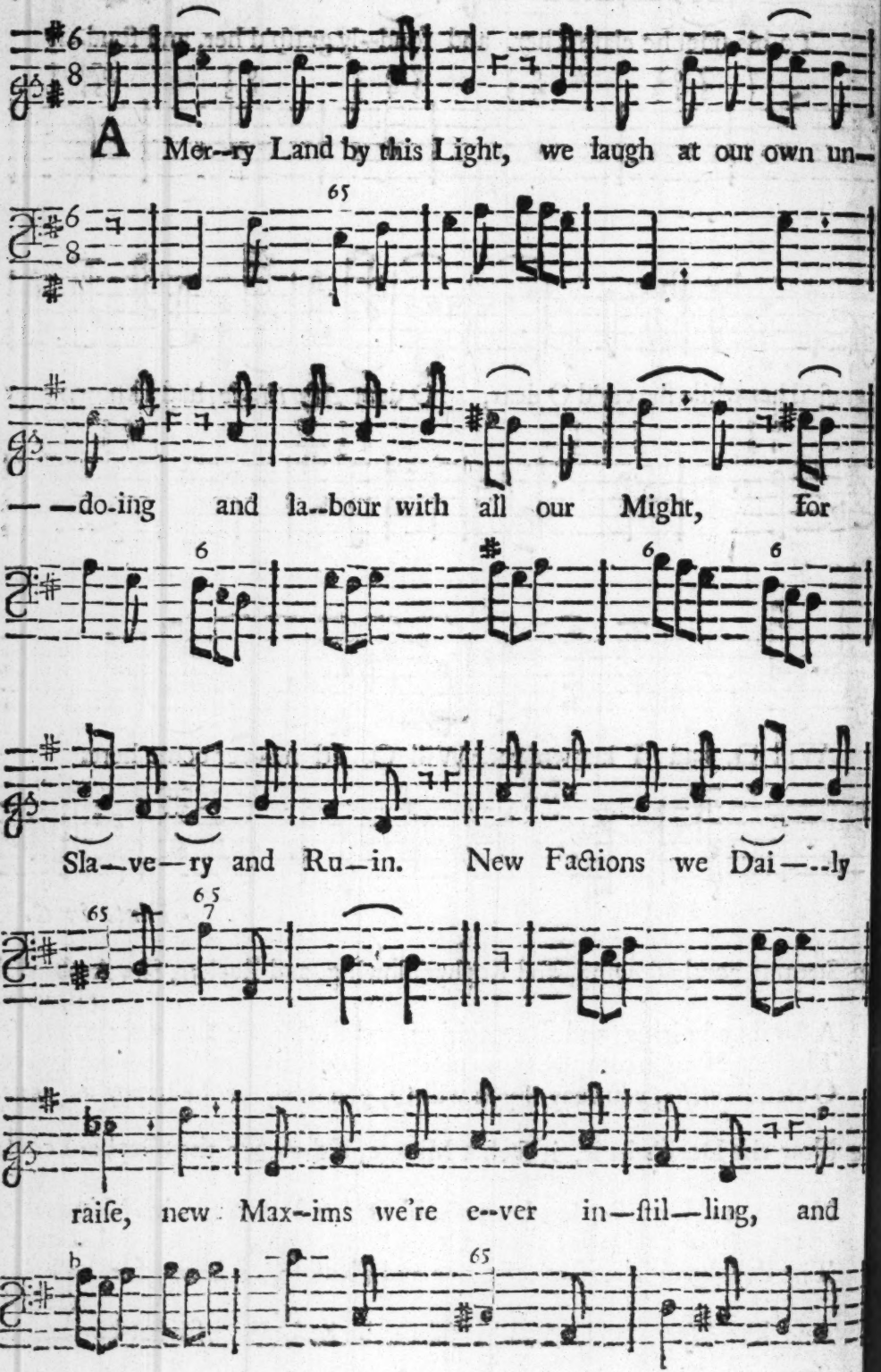
2 The Miſer may be pleas'd with Gold,
The ſporting Beau with pretty Laſs;
But I'm beſt pleas'd when I behold,
The Nectar Sparkling in the Glaſs.

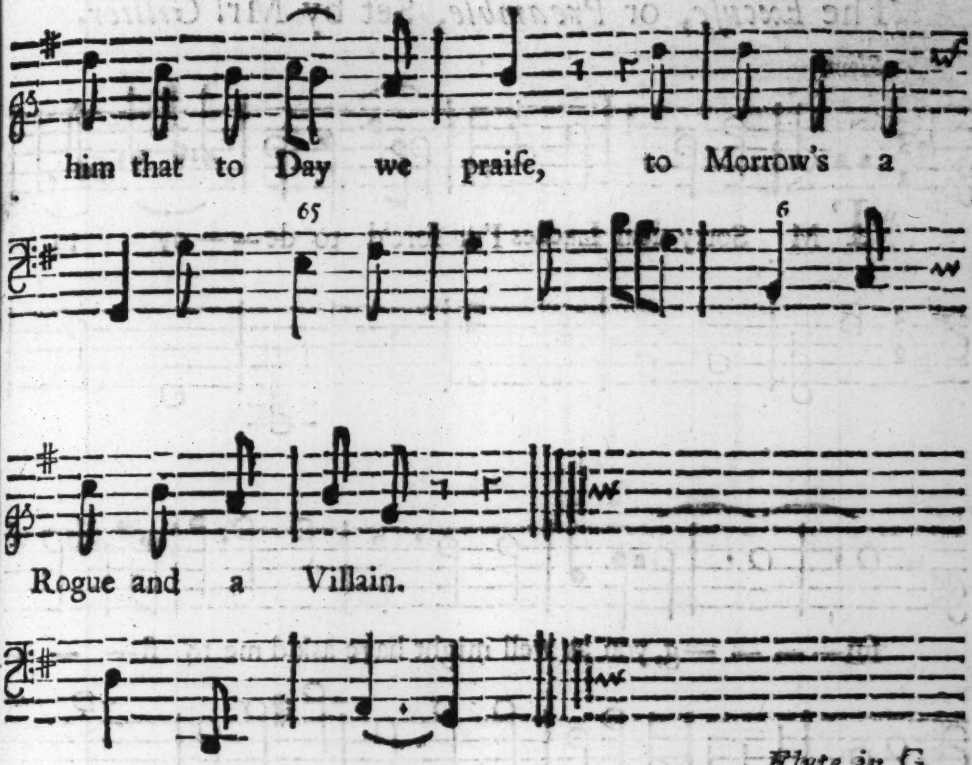
Then let us drink to George our King
And Every Britiſh Loyal Soul;
Then let your tuneful Voices ſing
Huzza, Huzza, without Controul

A Song, Set by Mr. *Courtivill.*

Nymphs, to the Nym——phs and Swains, that revel, revel,
56
re-vel o're the Plains, that re——
——vel o're the Plains.
2
Diſpoſe the Jo——
2

—— —y, dif-poſe the Jo— — — — — — — —y,
dif—poſe the Jo— — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — —ys that Heav'n and
Na—ture yields. Call

Hymen, call *Hymen*, call, call, call, call *Hymen* from his
merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry Home, from his
merry, merry, merry, merry Home, from his merry, merry, merry, merry
Home, call *Hymen*, call—— —— —— call *Hymen*

from his merry, merry, merry, merry, mer—ry Home:
Bid him prepare, prepare, bid him prepare, prepare, bid him pre—
—pare, prepare, prepare his Torch and come to Sing and Drink, to
Sing and Drink, to Sing and Drink full Bowls; call, ca— — —ll, call

loud, call, ca— — —ll, call loud, loud, call
loud and Say, 'tis Beauty's Feaſt, 'tis Beauty's Feaſt, 'tis
Beau—ty's Feaſt, *Qui—te—ra's* Wedding
Day, 'tis Beau—ty's Feaſt, *Qui—te—ra's*

Happy *Myrtillo*, by Mr. *Carey*.

ON a Graſſy Pillow, the youthful *Myr--til-lo*, the youthful *My*
—til—lo tranſported was laid; In his Arms a Creature whoſe
ev'--ry Feature, whoſe ev'-ry Feature for Conqueſt was made.

To his ſide he claſp'd her, and fond--ly graſp'd her, and fond--ly

graſp'd her while ſhe cry'd O dear, O dear *Myrtil--lo*, had I known your

Will O, had I known your Will O, I'd ne--ver come here.

Flute in C.

2 Streams gently flowing, and Zephyr blowing, and Zephyr, &c. Ambroſial (Breeze;
A Swain admiring, and all conſpiring, and all, &c. the Charmer to pleaſe.
The dear Nymph complying, no more denying, no more, &c. a ſilent Grove;
O bleſt *Mytillo*, you may if you will O, you may, &c. be happy as *Jove*.

2 Now the Devil's in it, if ſuch a Minute, if ſuch, &c. the Shepherd could (loſe;
No, no, no *Myrtillo*, has better Skill O, has better, &c. his Moments to (chooſe.
The delightful Treaſure, of Love and Pleaſure, of Love, &c. he boldly (ſeiz'd;
And like *Myrtillo*, he had his fill O, he had, &c. of what he pleas'd.

A Touch on the Times, by Mr. *Carey*.

A Mer--ry Land by this Light, we laugh at our own un--
——do-ing and la--bour with all our Might, for
Sla—ve—ry and Ru—in. New Factions we Dai—--ly
raiſe, new Max--ims we're e--ver in—ſtil—ling, and

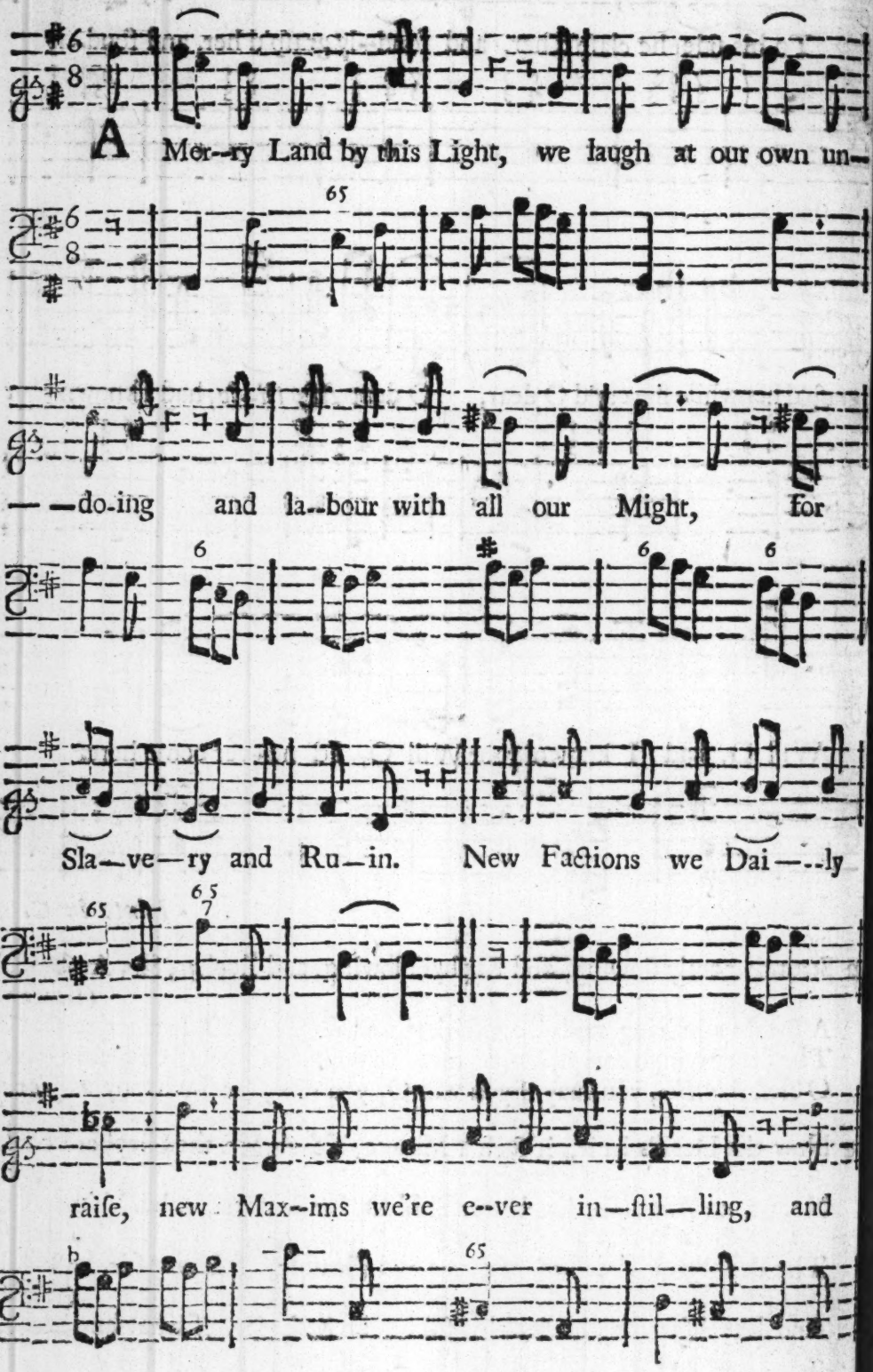


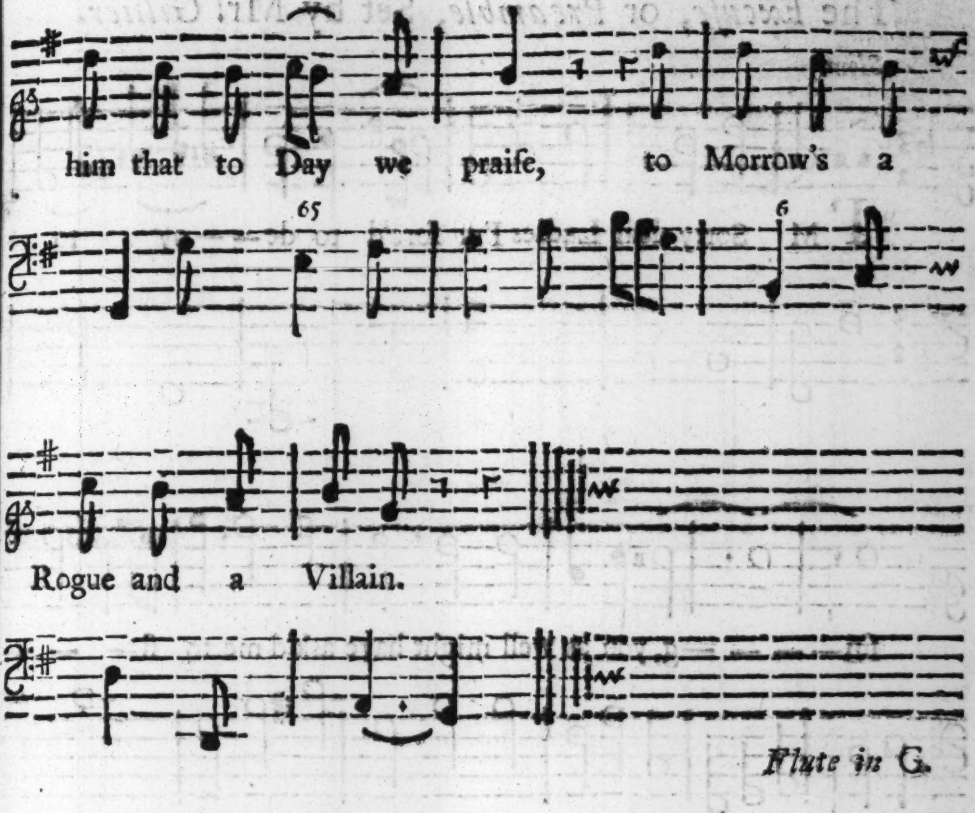
2 The cunning Politician, whoſe Aim is to gull the People,
Begins his Cant of Sedition, with Folks have a Care of the Steeple.
The Populous this alarms, they bluſter, they bounce and they vapour
The Nation's up in Arms, and the Devil begins to Caper.

3 The States-Men rail at each other, and tickle the Mob with a Story,
And make a moſt damnable Pother, of National Intereſt and Glory:
Their Hearts they are bitter as Gall, tho' their Tongues are ſweeter than (Honey;
They don't care a Fig for us all, but only to finger our Money.

4 If my Friend be an honeſt Lad, I never ask his Religion;
Diſtinctions make us all Mad, and ought to be had in deriſion.
They Chriſten us Torys and Whigs, when the beſt of 'em both is an Evil;
But we'll be no Party Prigs, let ſuch God-fathers go to the Devil.

5 Too long have they had their Ends, in ſetting us one againſt to'ther,
And ſowing ſuch Strife among Friends, that Brother hateth Brother:
But we'll for the future be wiſe, grow ſociable, honeſt and hearty;
We'll all their Arts deſpiſe, and laugh at the Name of a Party.

A Touch on the Times, by Mr. *Carey*.

A Mer--ry Land by this Light, we laugh at our own un--
—do-ing and la--bour with all our Might, for
Sla—ve—ry and Ru—in. New Factions we Dai—--ly
raiſe, new Max--ims we're e--ver in—ſtil—ling, and



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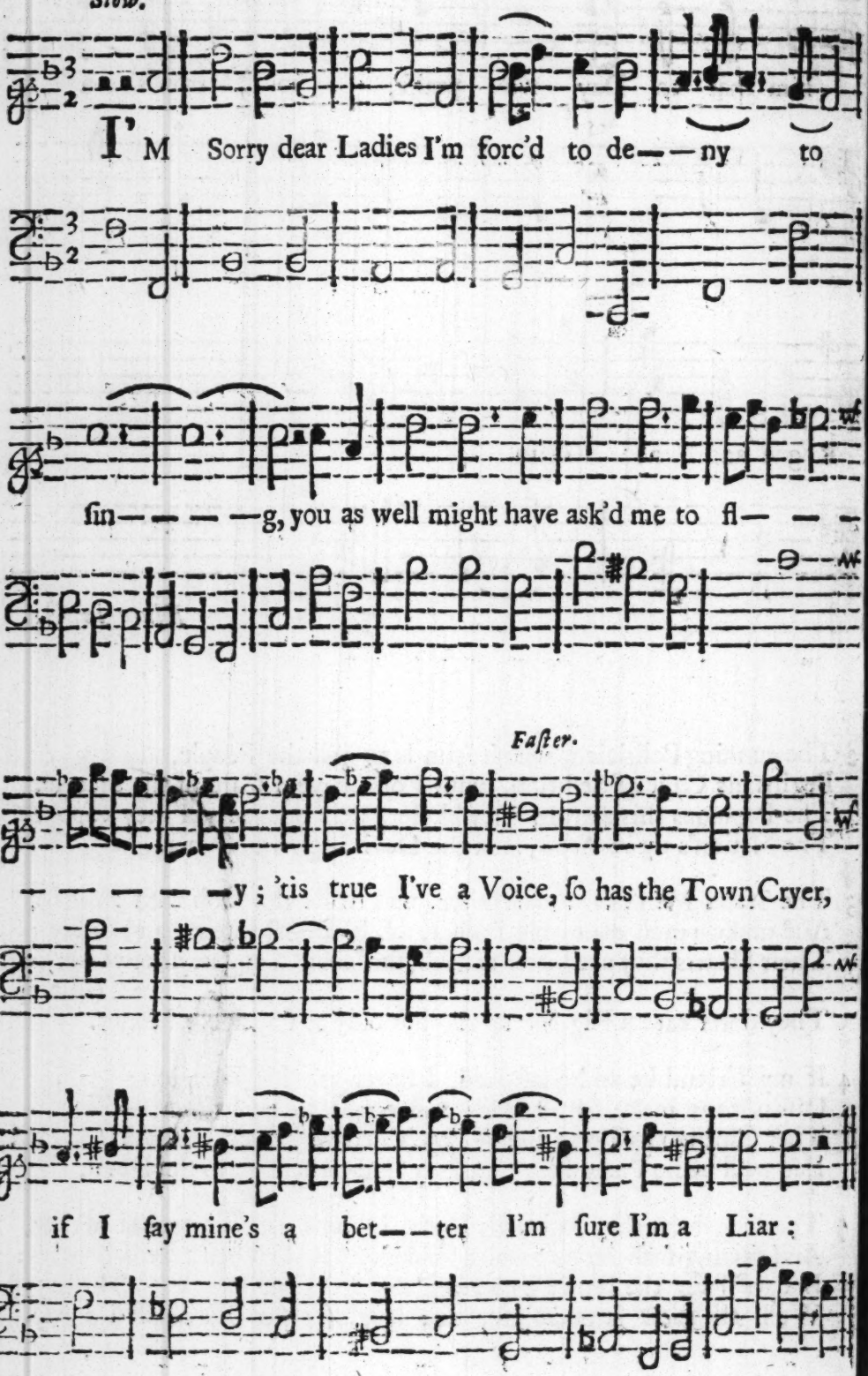
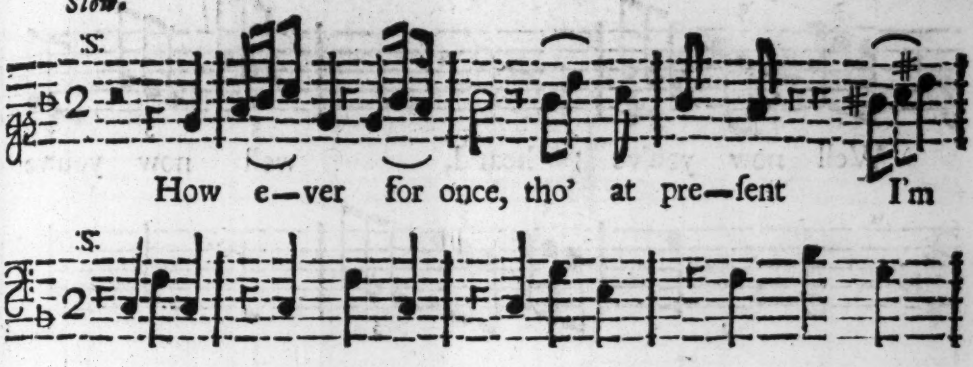
And ſowing ſuch Strife among Friends, that Brother hateth Brother:
But we'll for the future be wiſe, grow ſociable, honeſt and hearty;
We'll all their Arts deſpiſe, and laugh at the Name of a Party.

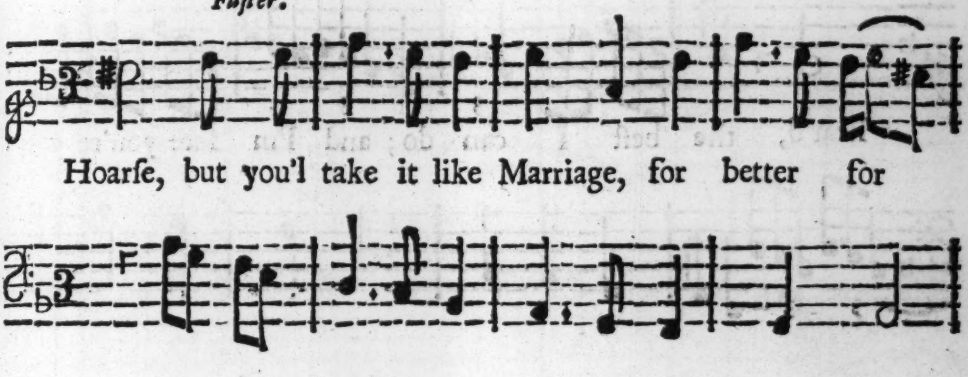
The *Excuſe*, or *Preamble*, Set by Mr. *Gillier*.

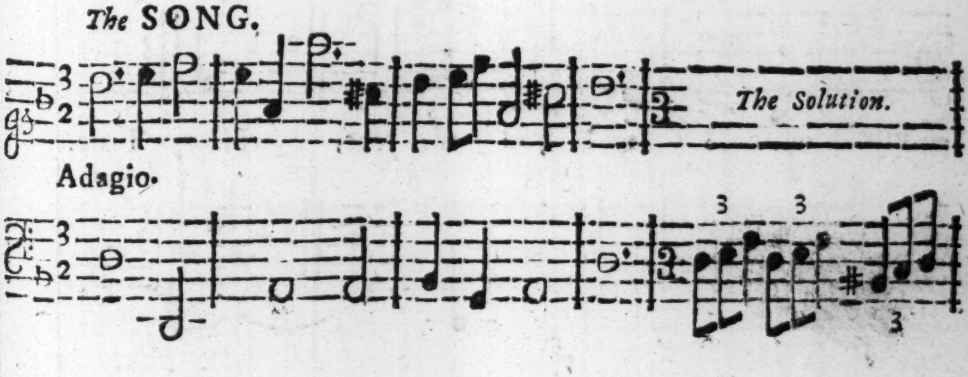
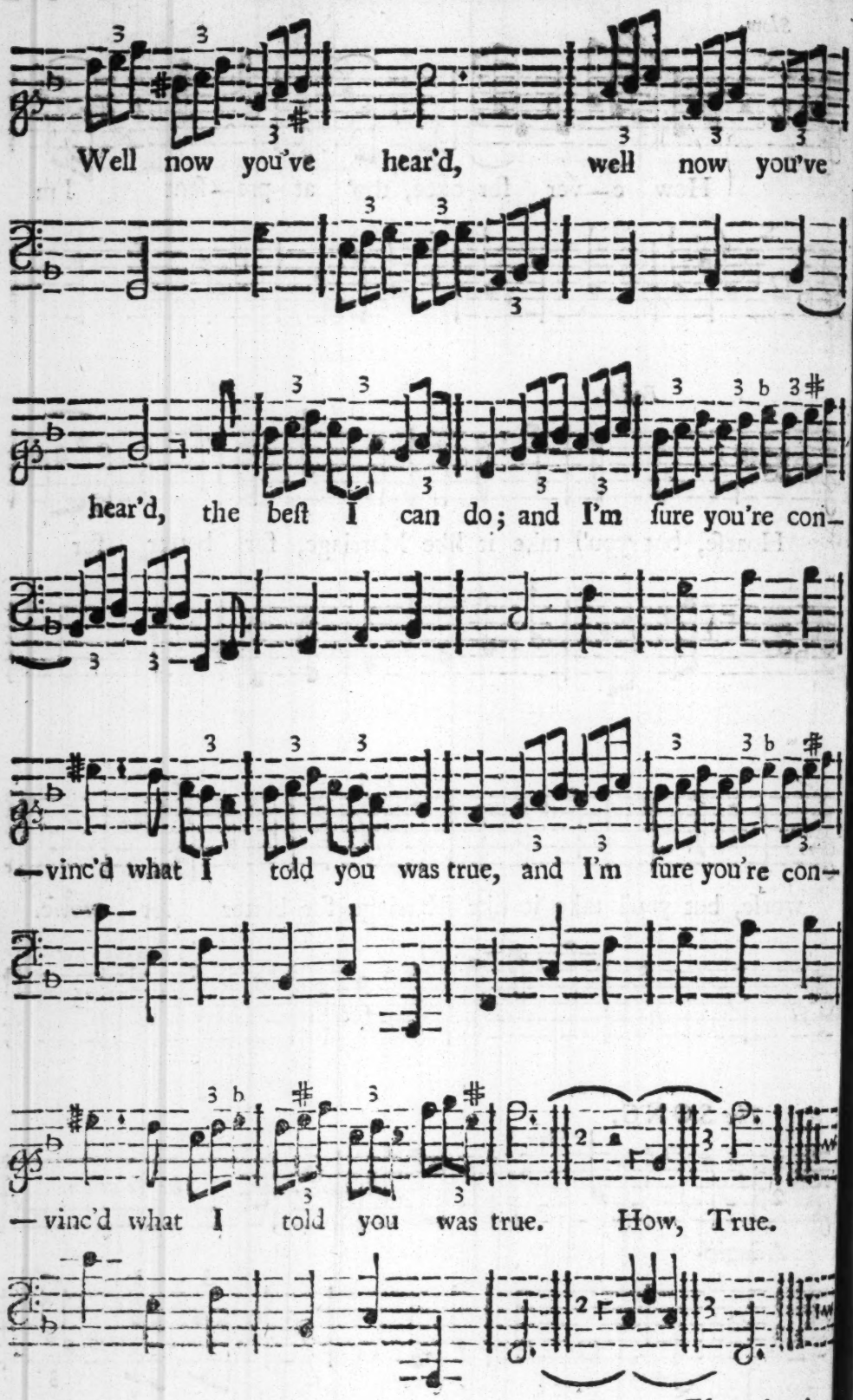
Slow.

I'M Sorry dear Ladies I'm forc'd to de——ny to
ſin————g, you as well might have ask'd me to fi———
Faſter.
——————y; 'tis true I've a Voice, ſo has the Town Cryer,
if I ſay mine's a bet——ter I'm ſure I'm a Liar:

Slow.

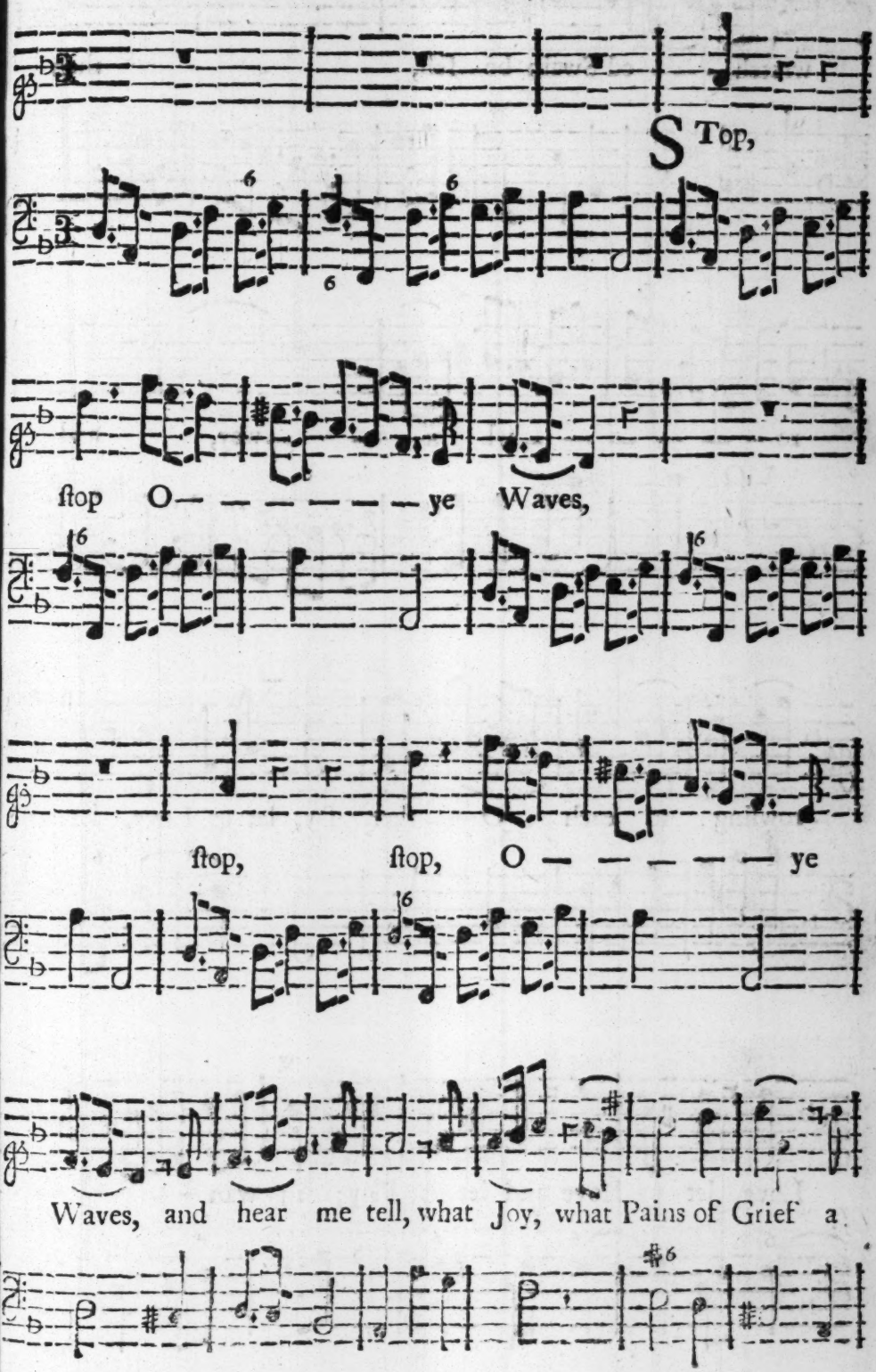
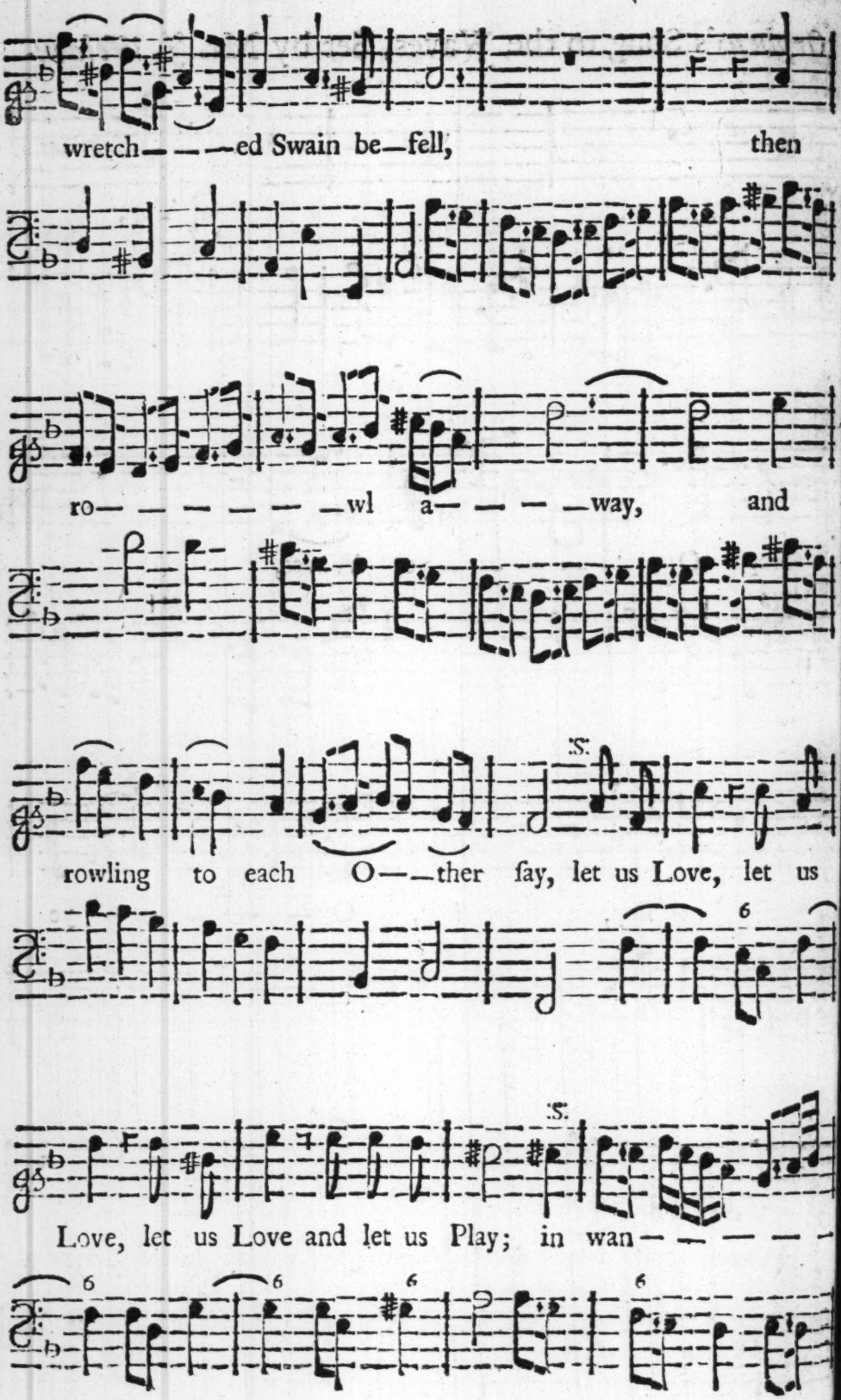
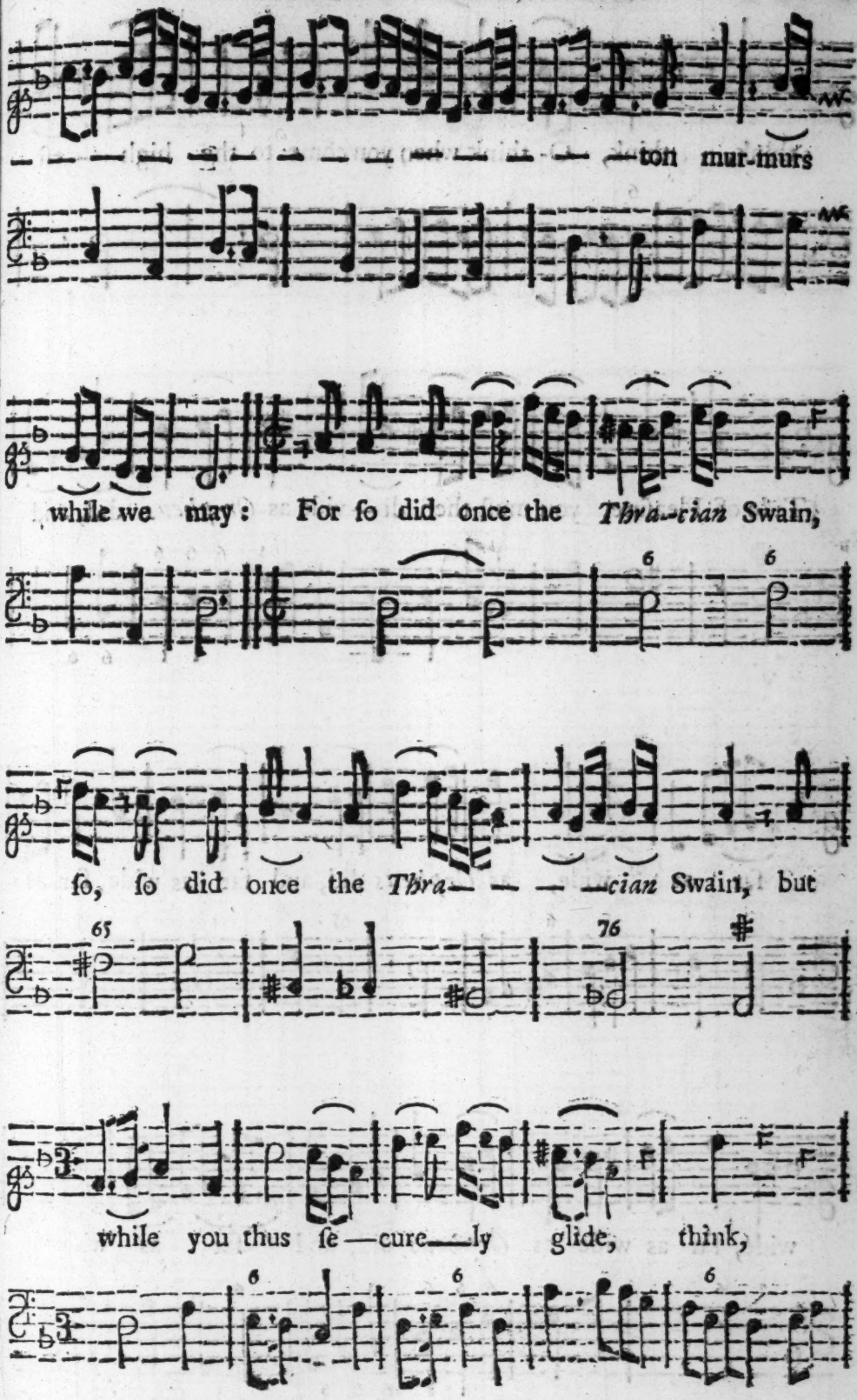
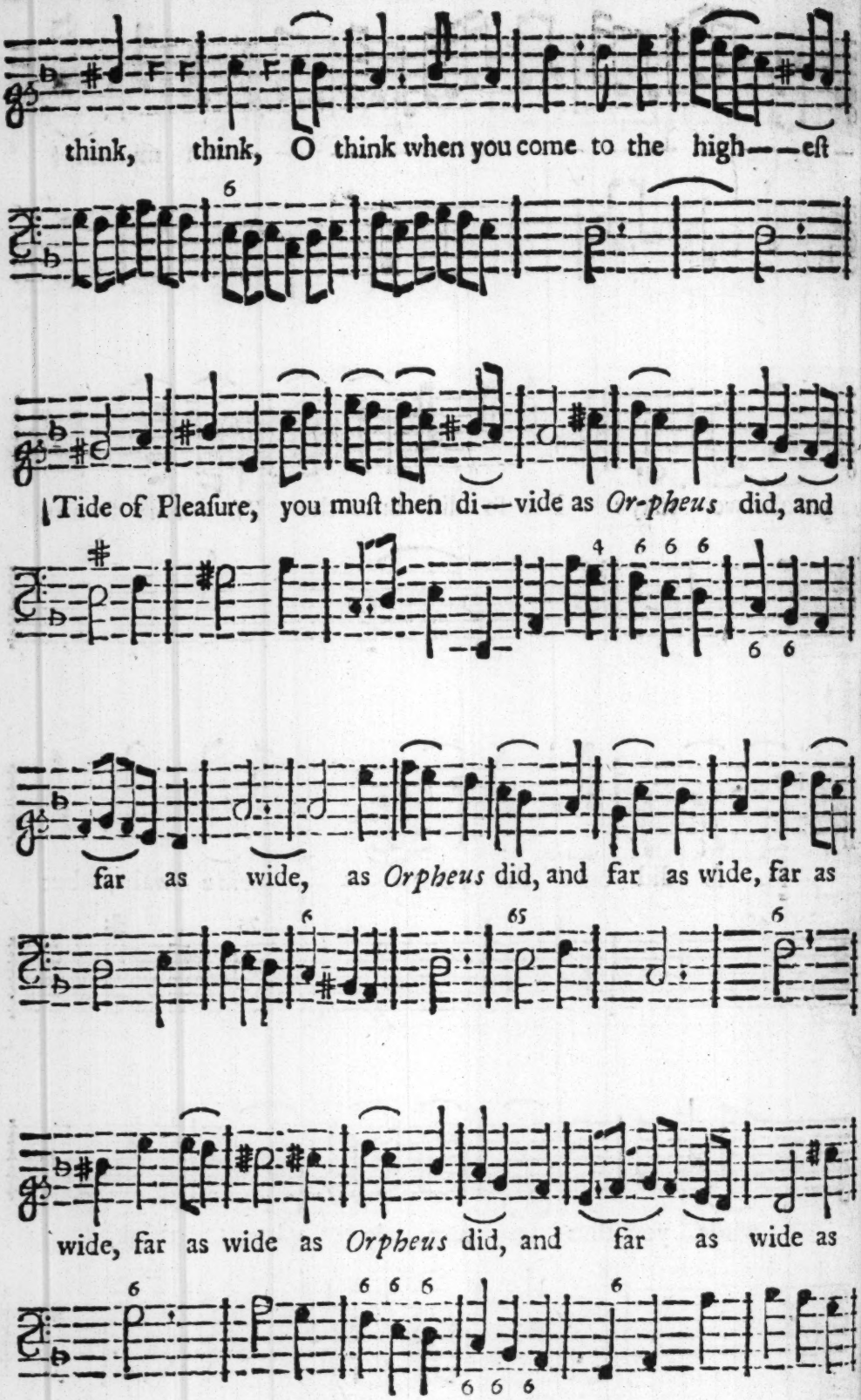
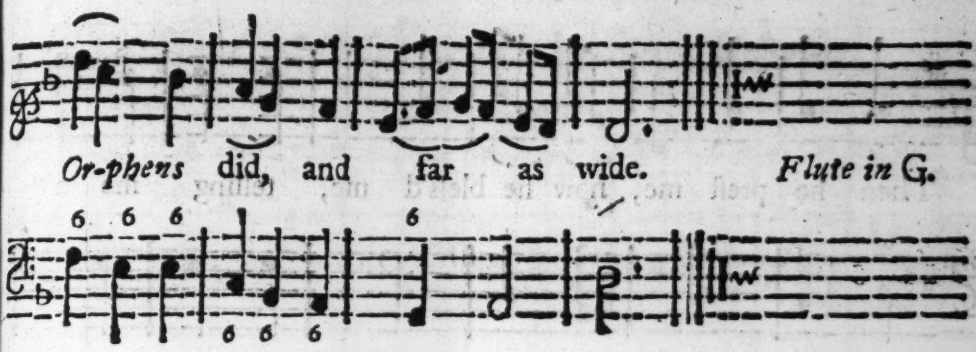


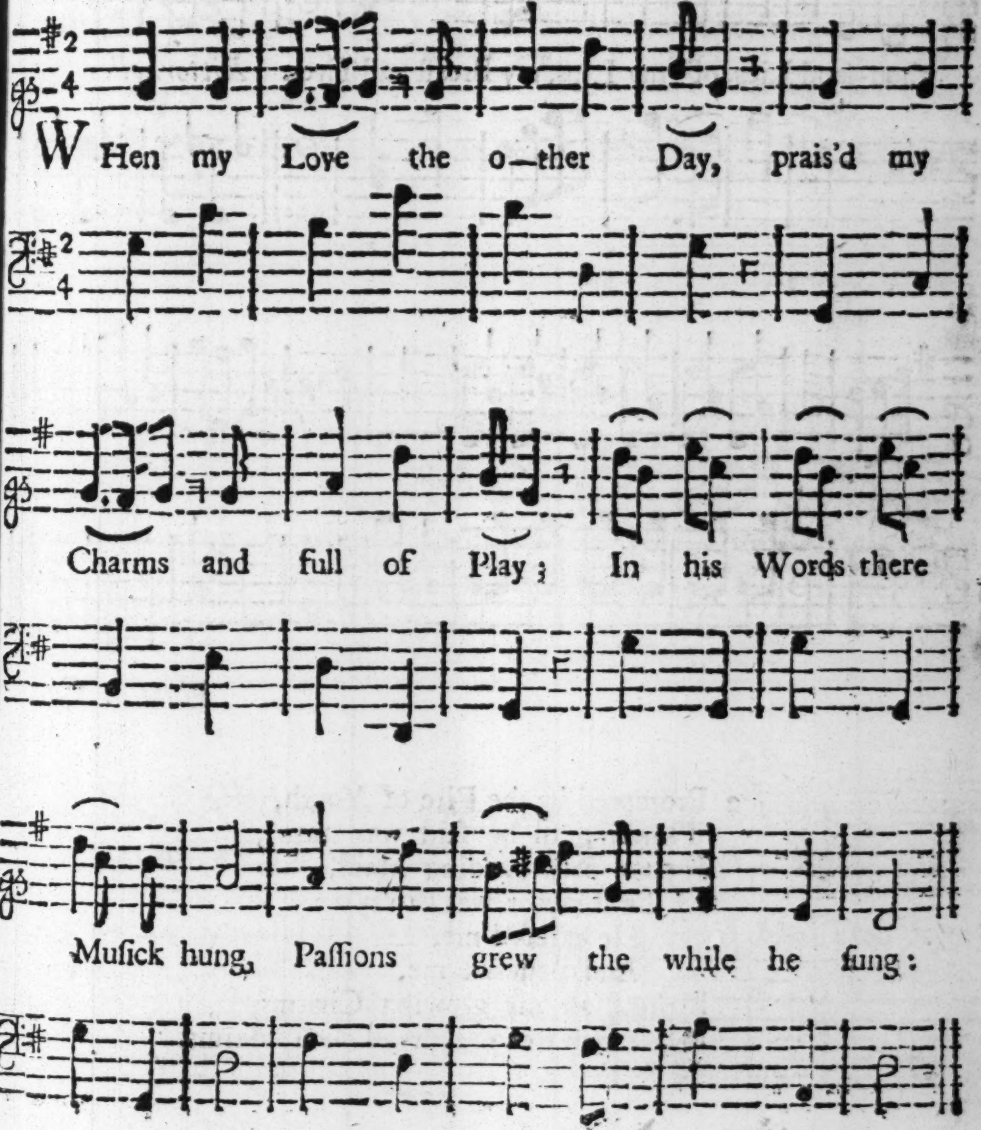
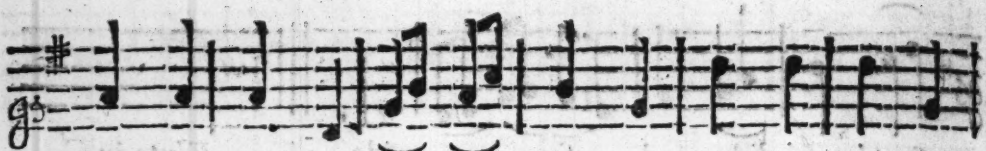
Faſter.

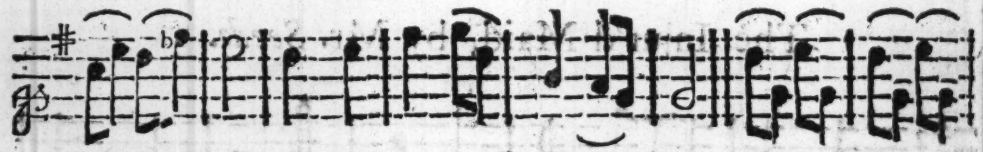


The SONG.

Well now you've hear'd, well now you've
hear'd, the beſt I can do; and I'm ſure you're con-
—vinc'd what I told you was true, and I'm ſure you're con-
—vinc'd what I told you was true. How, True.

Flute in A.

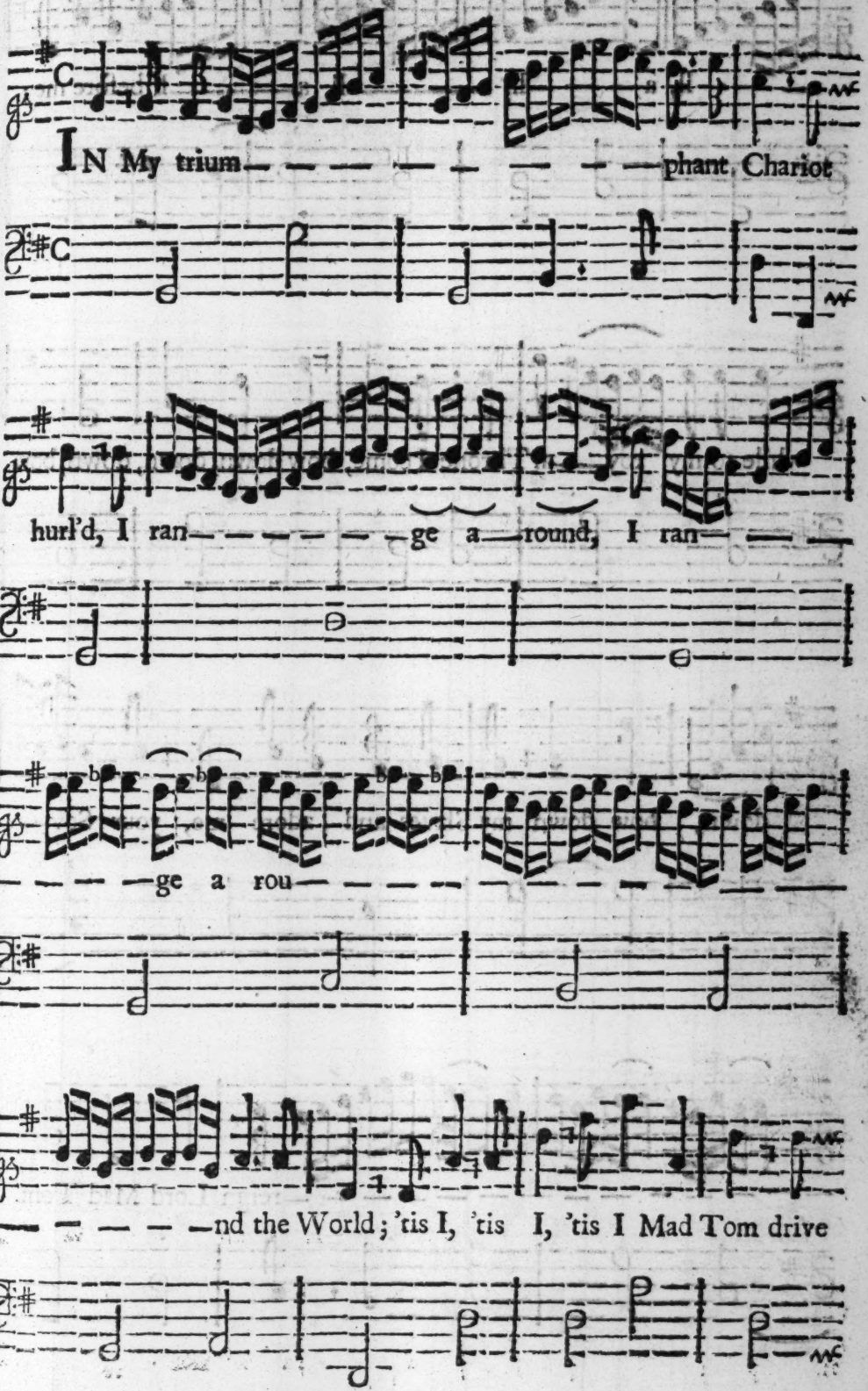
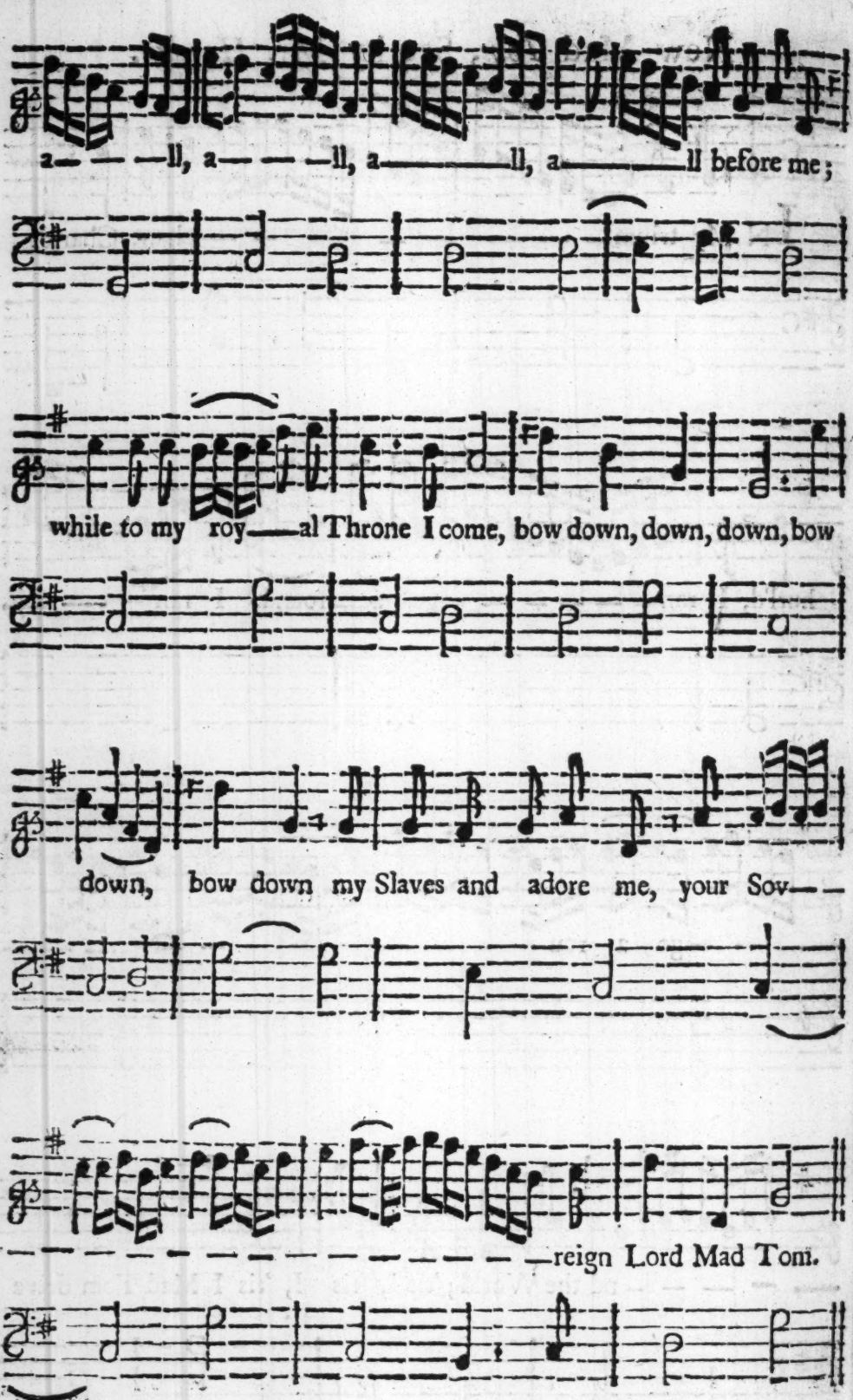
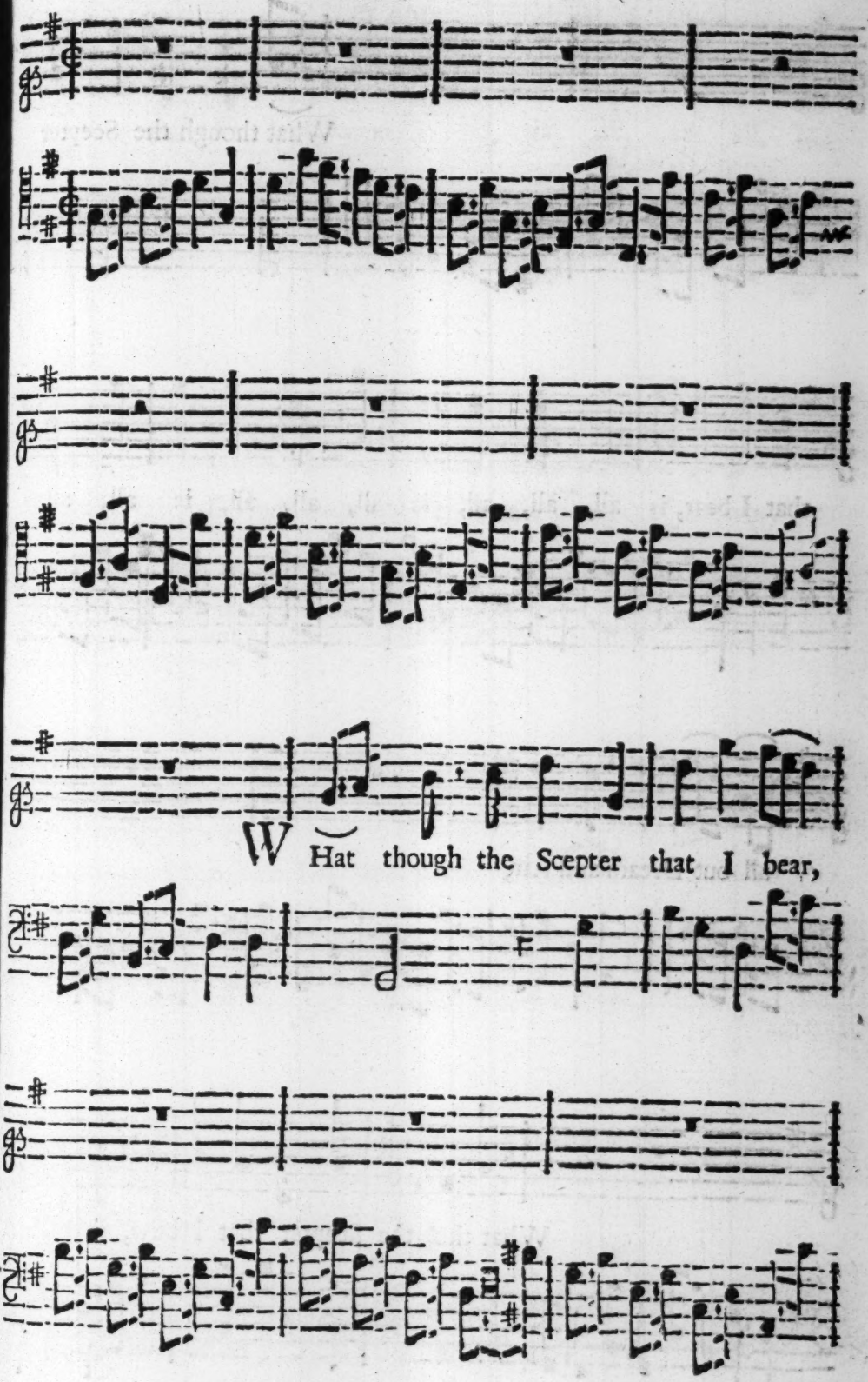
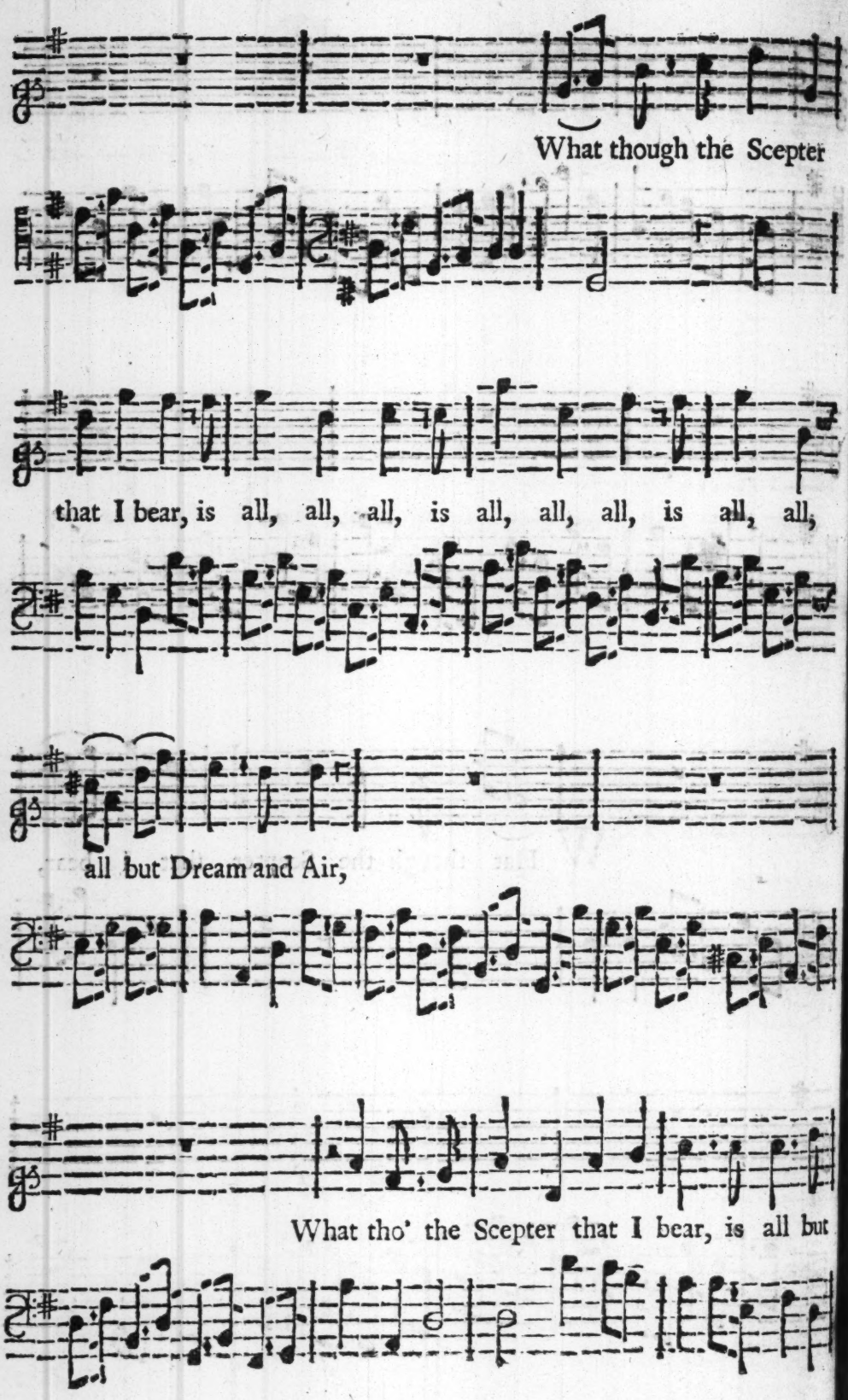
Orpheus's Song to the Waves, Set by Mr. *J. Weldon.*

wretch———ed Swain be—fell, then
ro———wl a———way, and
rowling to each O——ther ſay, let us Love, let us
Love, let us Love and let us Play; in wan———

ton mur-murs
while we may: For ſo did once the *Thra-cian* Swain,
ſo, ſo did once the *Thra— — — —cian* Swain, but
while you thus ſe—cure—ly glide, think,

think, think, O think when you come to the high——eſt
Tide of Pleaſure, you muſt then di—vide as *Or-pheus* did, and
far as wide, as *Orpheus* did, and far as wide, far as
wide, far as wide as *Orpheus* did, and far as wide as

The Injur'd Maid, by Mr. *Seedo.*

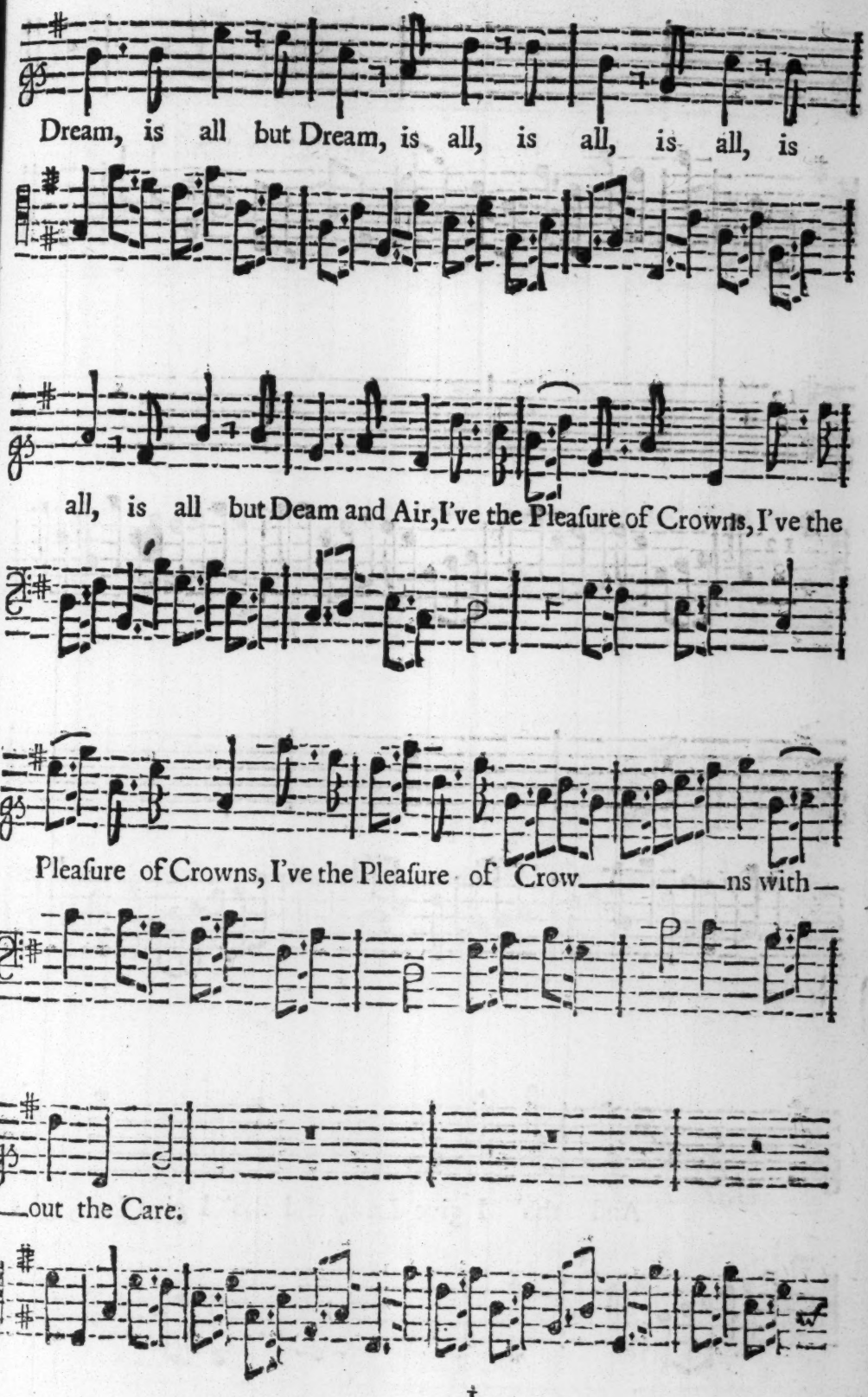
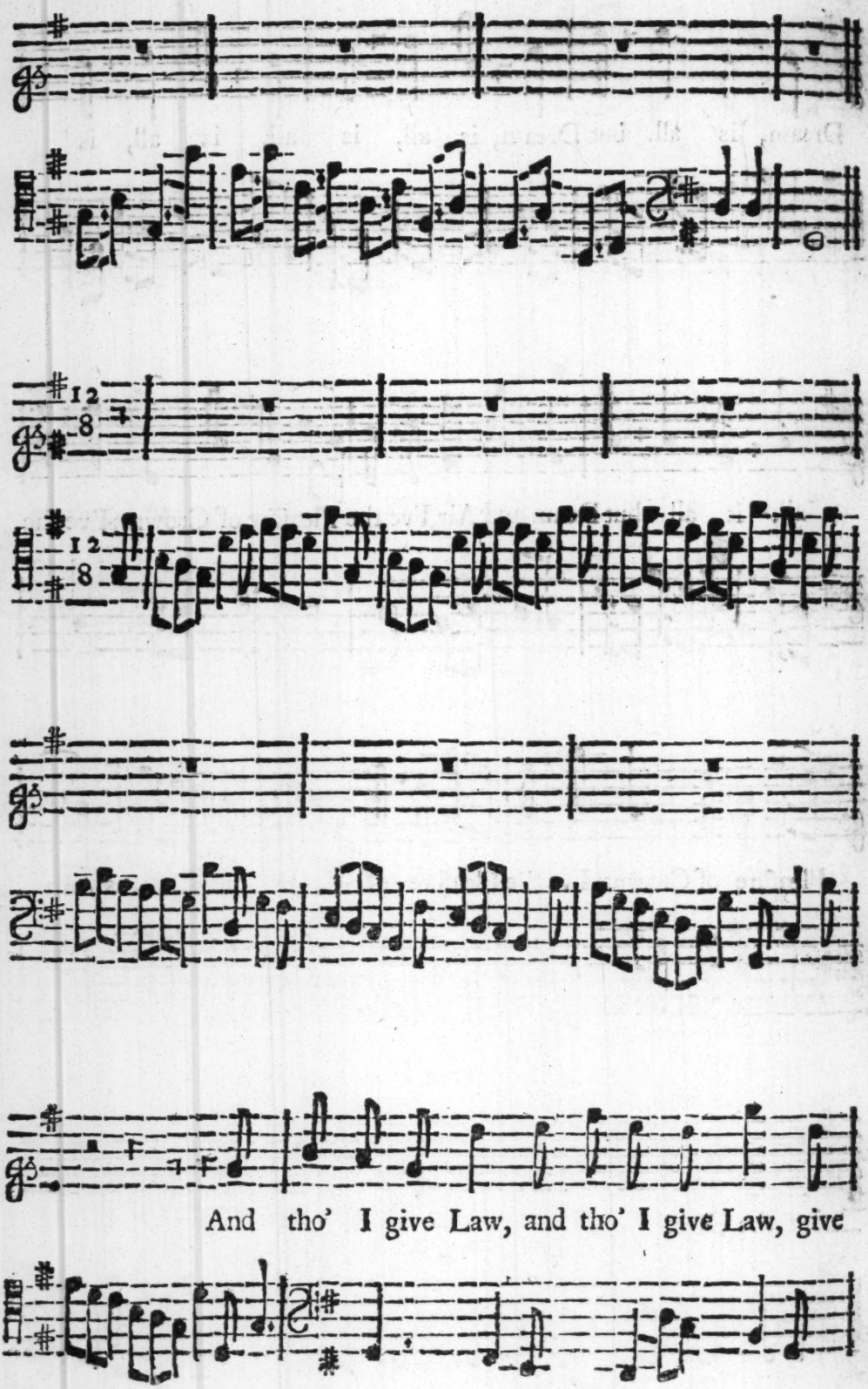
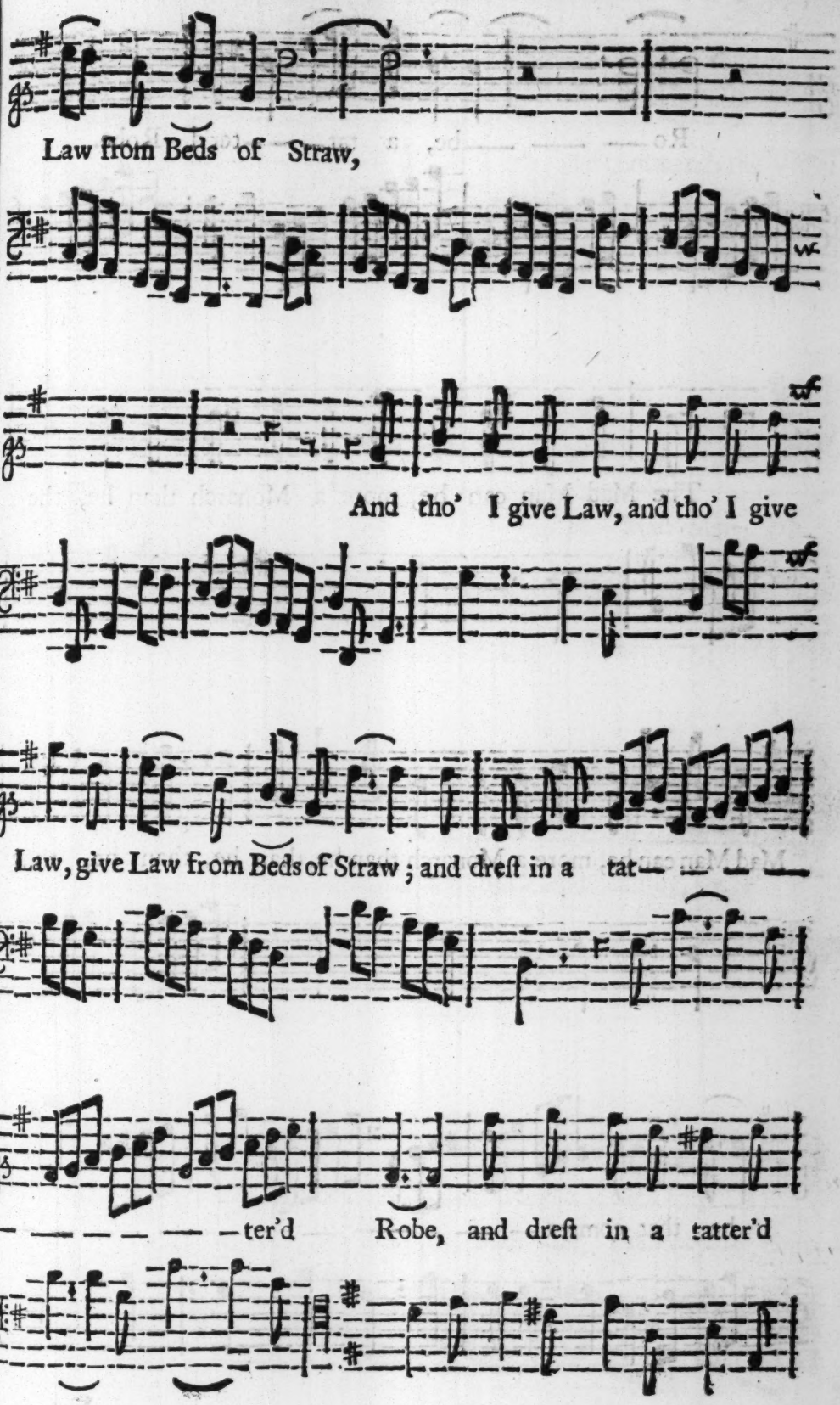
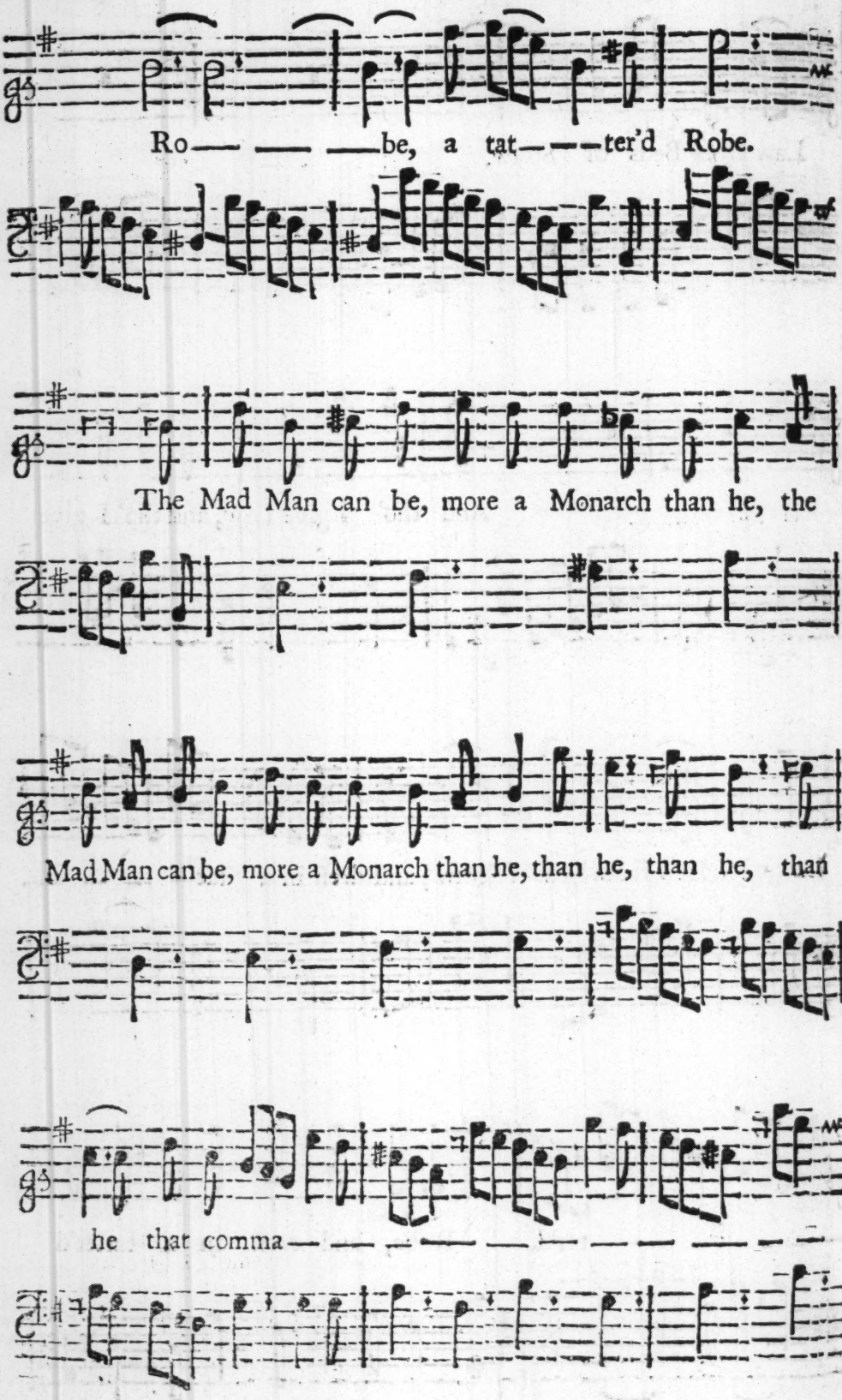
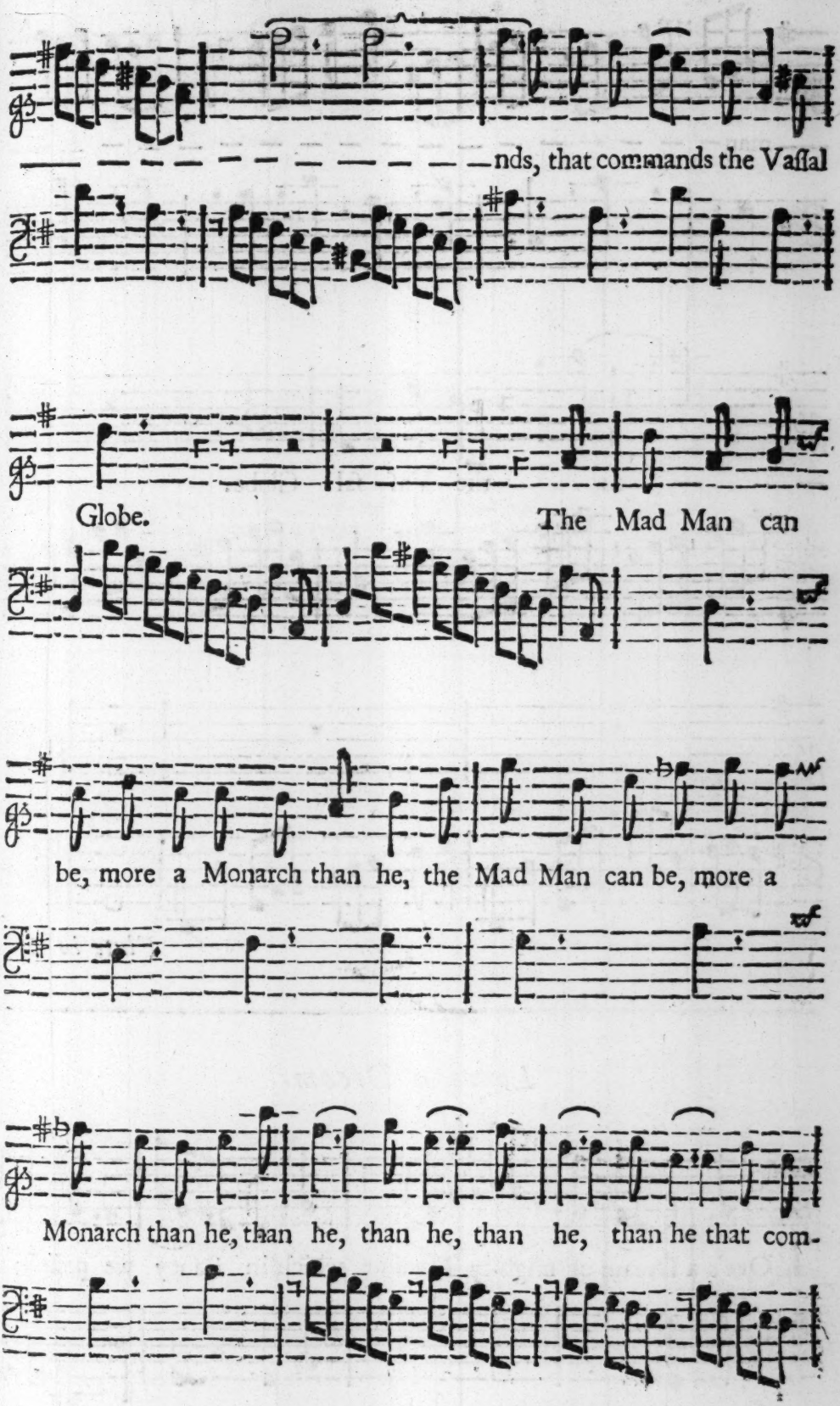
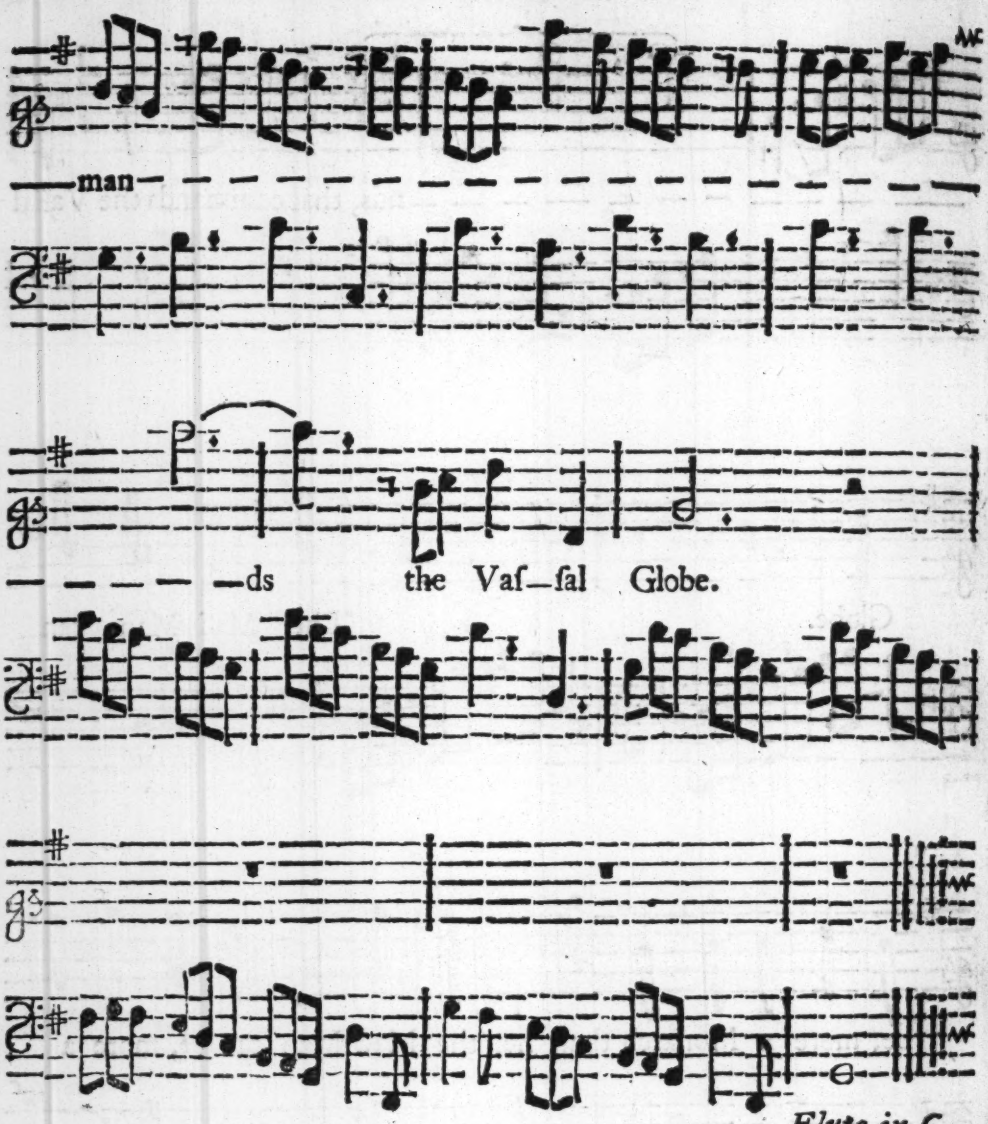


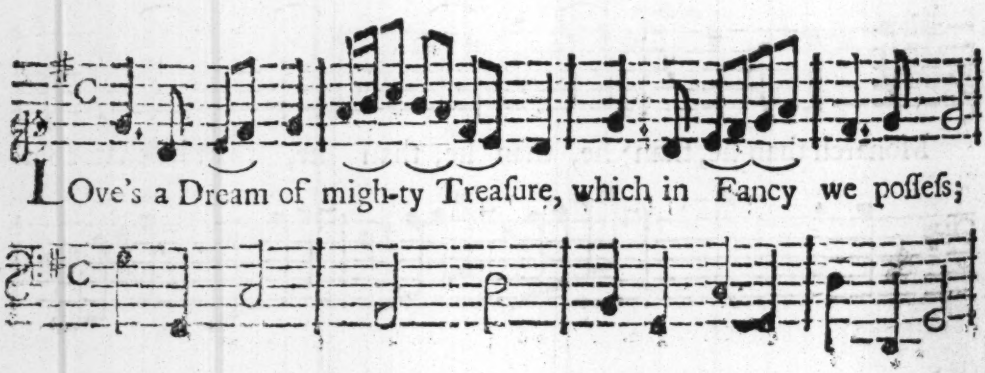
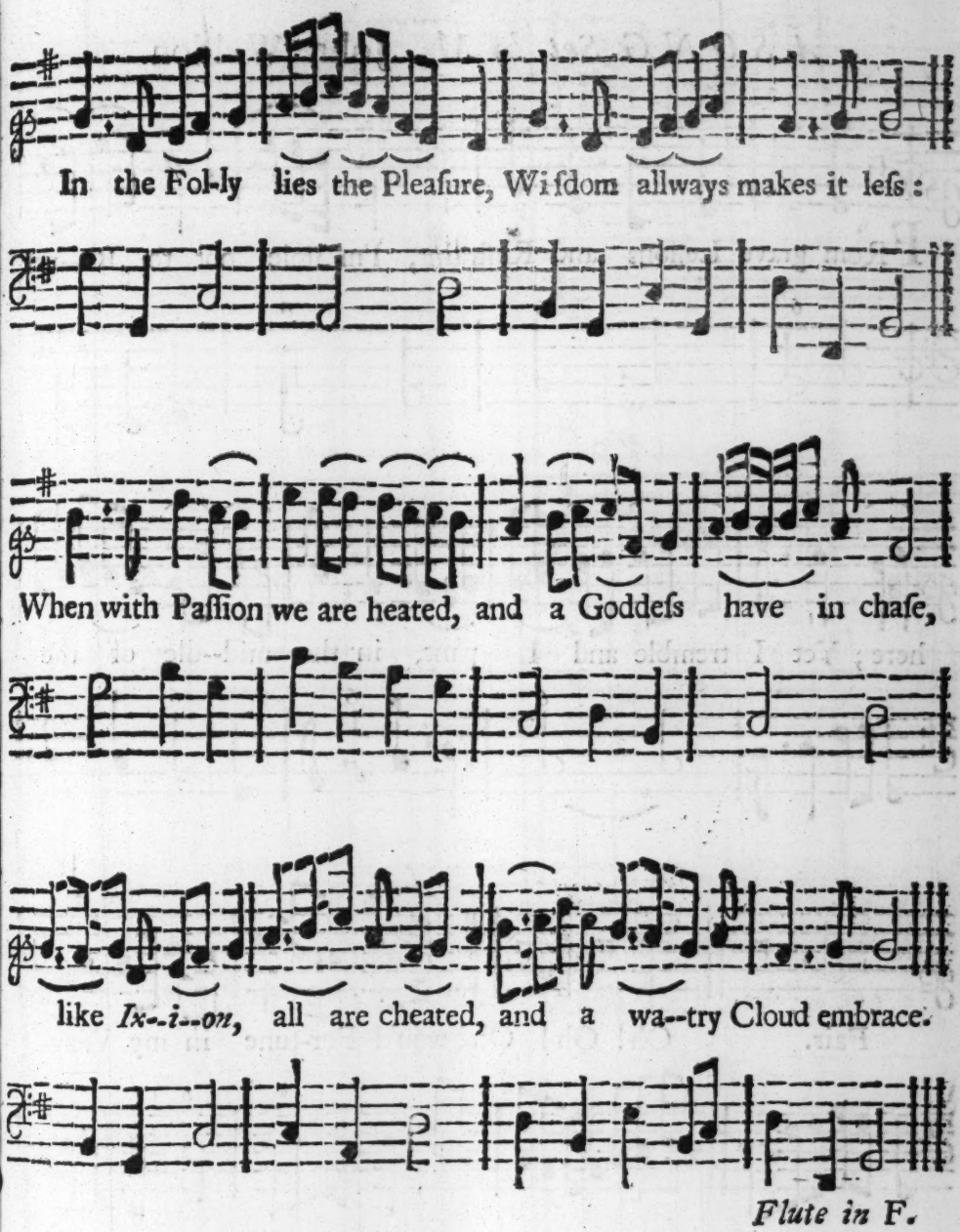
Then he preſt me, how he bleſs'd me, telling me a

thou-ſand Lies, of my Lips, my Breaſt and Eyes. *Rittornello.*

Flute in C.

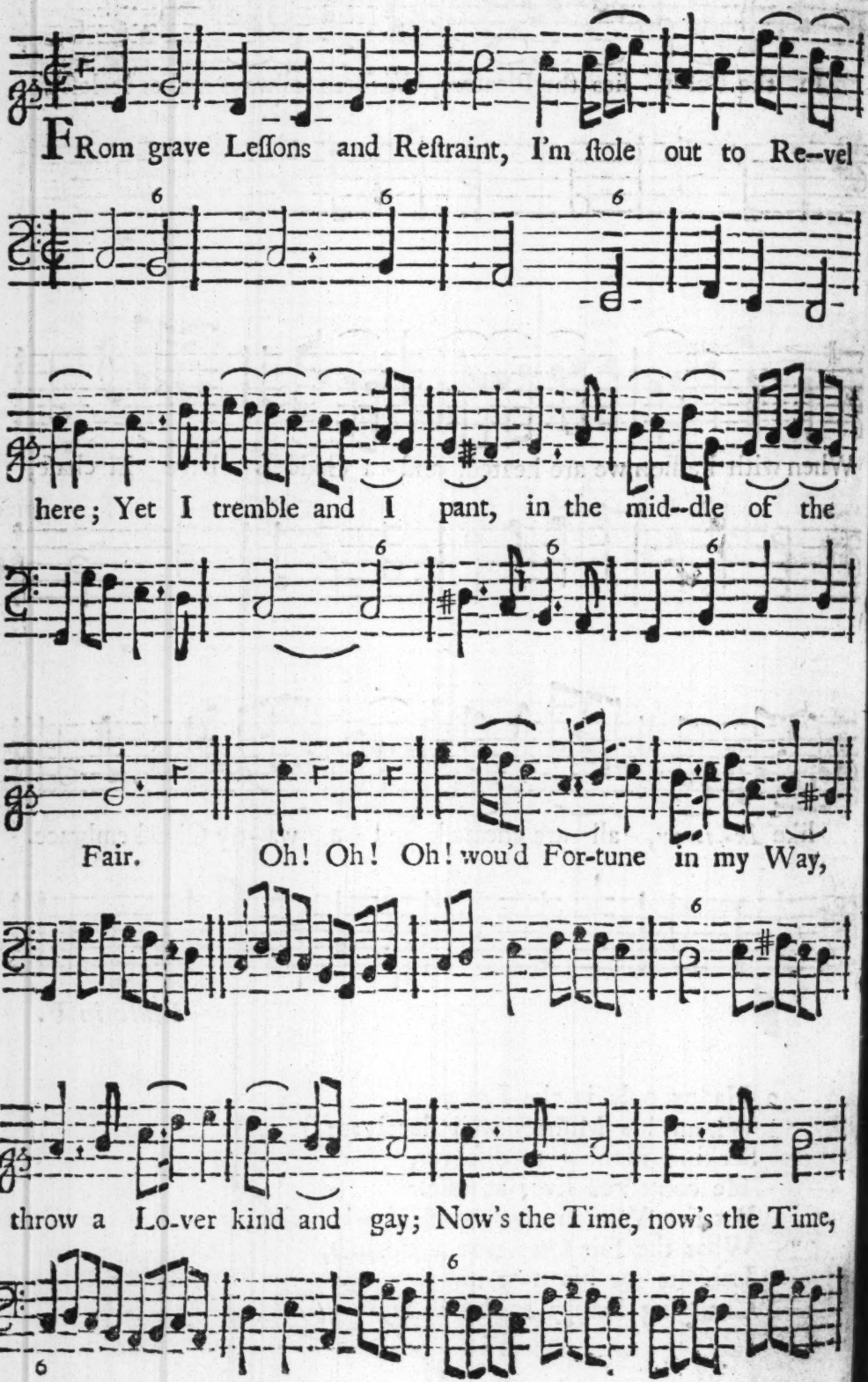
2 Prompted by the Fire of Youth,
Thinking all he ſaid was truth;
I poor eaſy yielding Maid,
By the Traytor was betray'd:
He careſs'd me,
And poſſeſs'd me,
Blaſting all my growing Charms,
Maids beware and dread ſuch Harms.

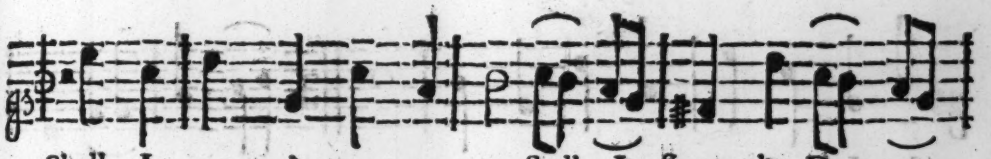
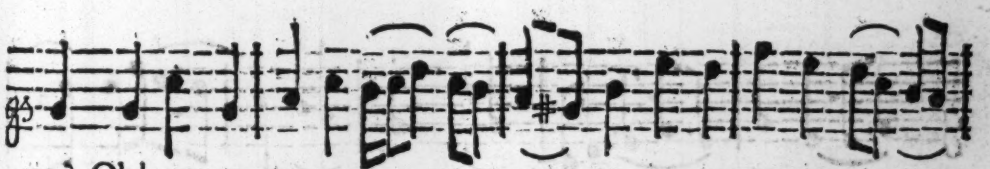
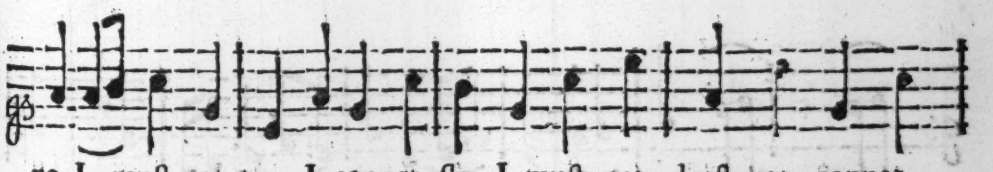
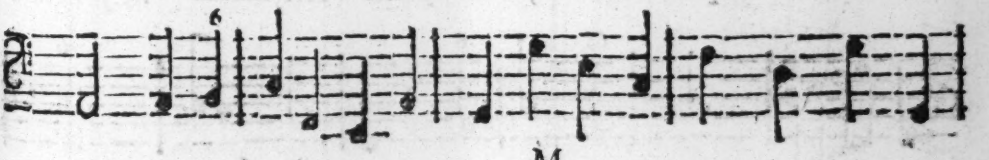
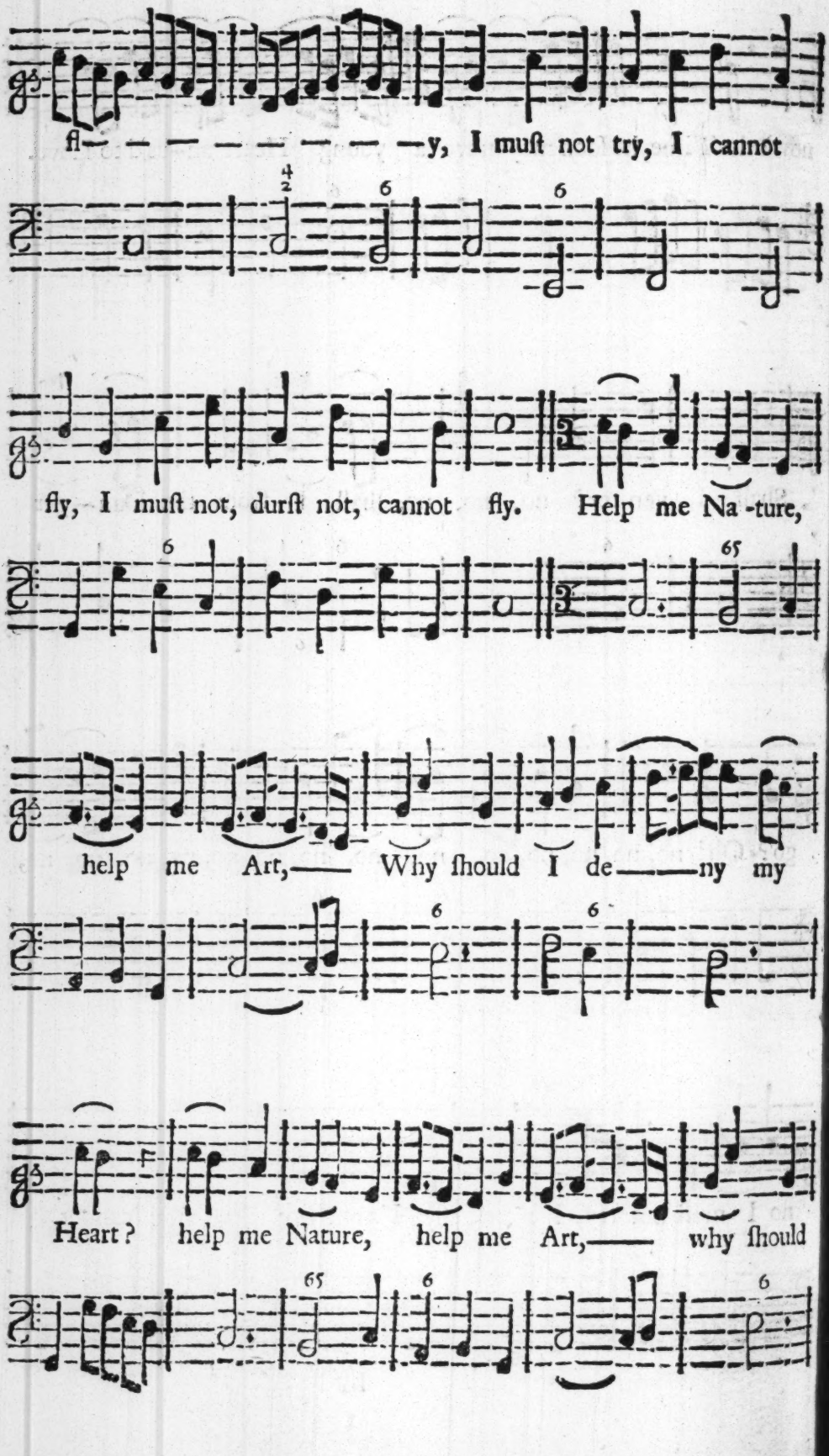
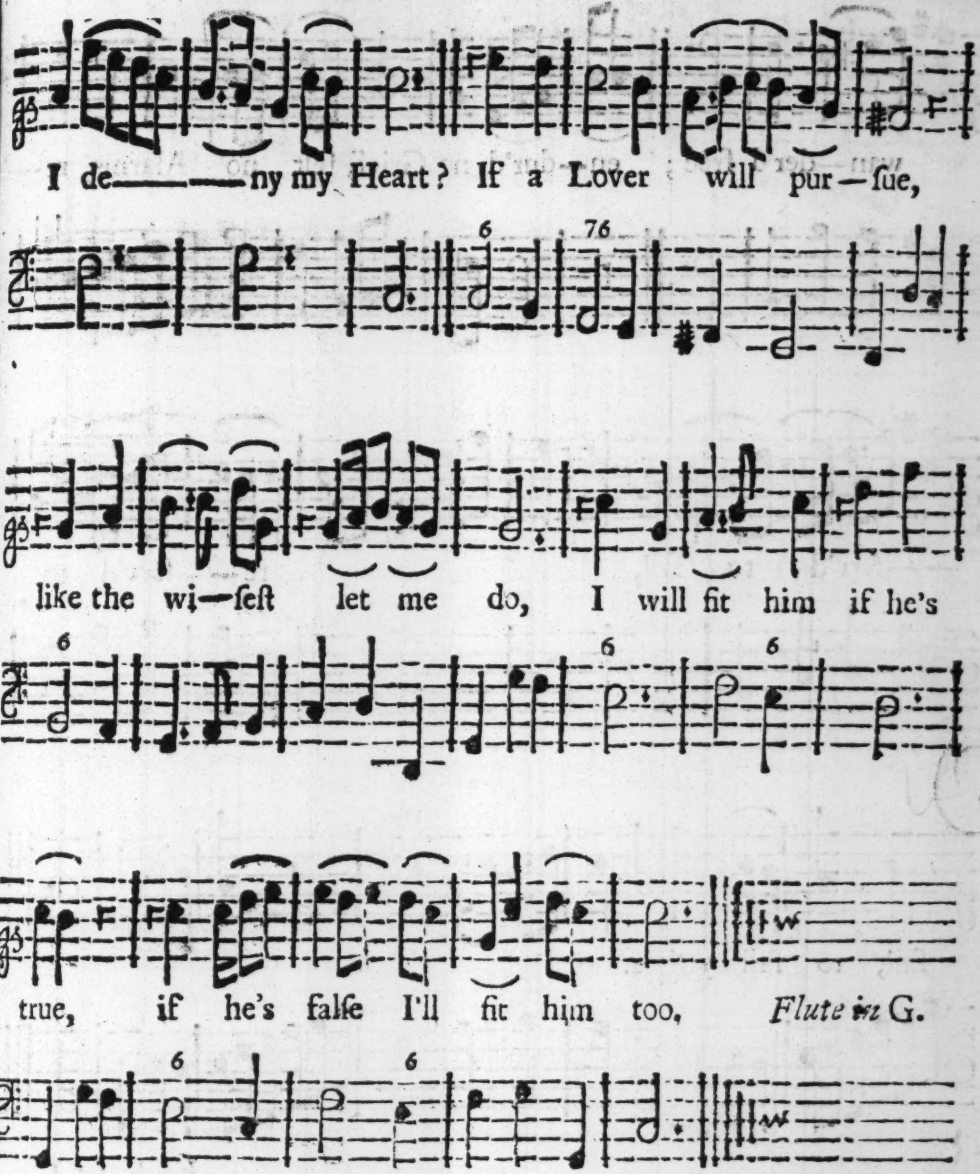
New Mad *Tom*, Set by Mr. *Hayden.*

a——ll, a——ll, a——ll, a——ll before me;
while to my roy——al Throne I come, bow down, down, down, bow
down, bow down my Slaves and adore me, your Sov——
——reign Lord Mad Tom.

WHat though the Scepter that I bear,

What though the Scepter
that I bear, is all, all, all, is all, all, all, is all, all,
all but Dream and Air,
What tho' the Scepter that I bear, is all but

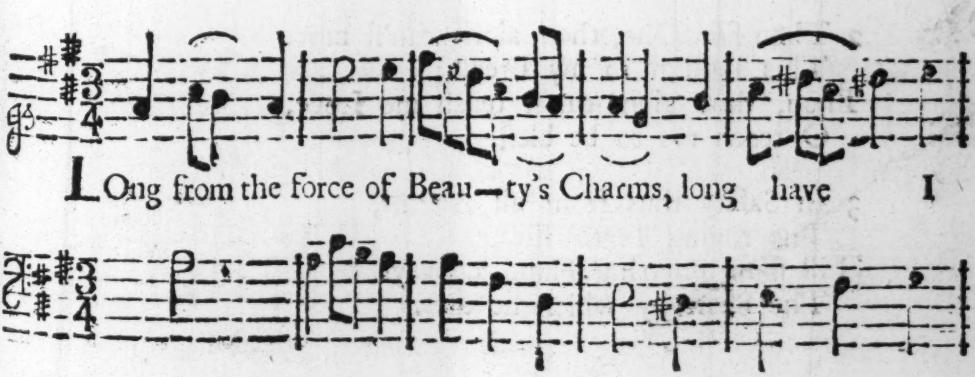
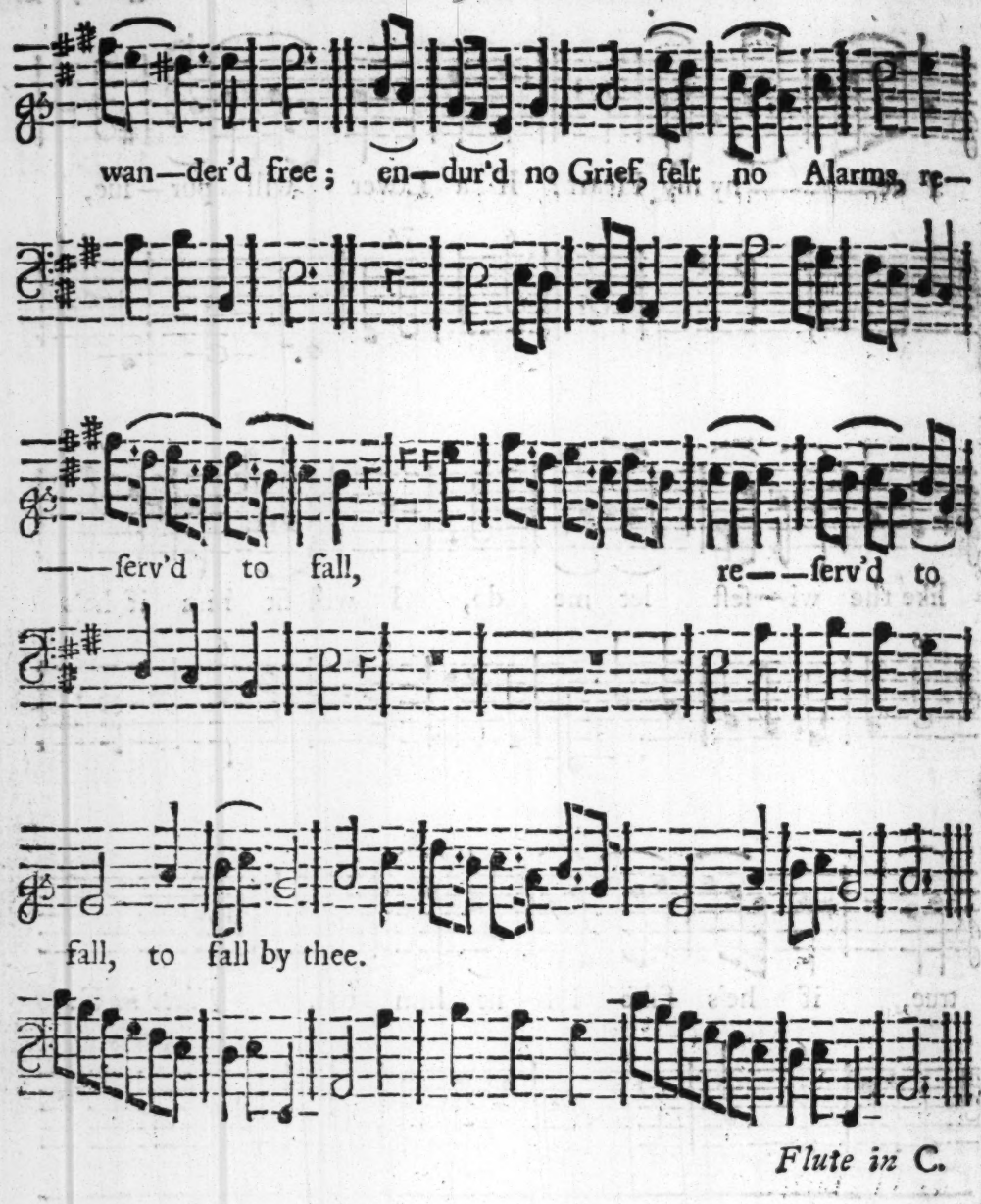

Dream, is all but Dream, is all, is all, is all, is
all, is all but Deam and Air, I've the Pleaſure of Crowns, I've the
Pleaſure of Crowns, I've the Pleaſure of Crow ns with
out the Care.

And tho' I give Law, and tho' I give Law, give

Law from Beds of Straw,
And tho' I give Law, and tho' I give
Law, give Law from Beds of Straw; and dreſt in a tat— — — —
— — — — — — ter'd Robe, and dreſt in a tatter'd

Ro— — — —be, a tat— — —ter'd Robe.
The Mad Man can be, more a Monarch than he, the
Mad Man can be, more a Monarch than he, than he, than he, than
he that comma— — — — — — — — — — —

nds, that commands the Vaſſal
Globe.
The Mad Man can
be, more a Monarch than he, the Mad Man can be, more a
Monarch than he, than he, than he, than he, than he that com-

Flute in C.

Loves a Dream.

In the Fol-ly lies the Pleaſure, Wiſdom allways makes it leſs:
When with Paſſion we are heated, and a Goddeſs have in chaſe,
like *Ix--i--on,* all are cheated, and a wa--try Cloud embrace.
Flute in F.

2 Happy only is the Lover,
Whom his Miſtreſs well deceives;
Seeking nothing to diſcover,
He contented lives at eaſe.
But the Wretch that would be knowing,
What the fair One would diſguiſe,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing Happy to be Wiſe.

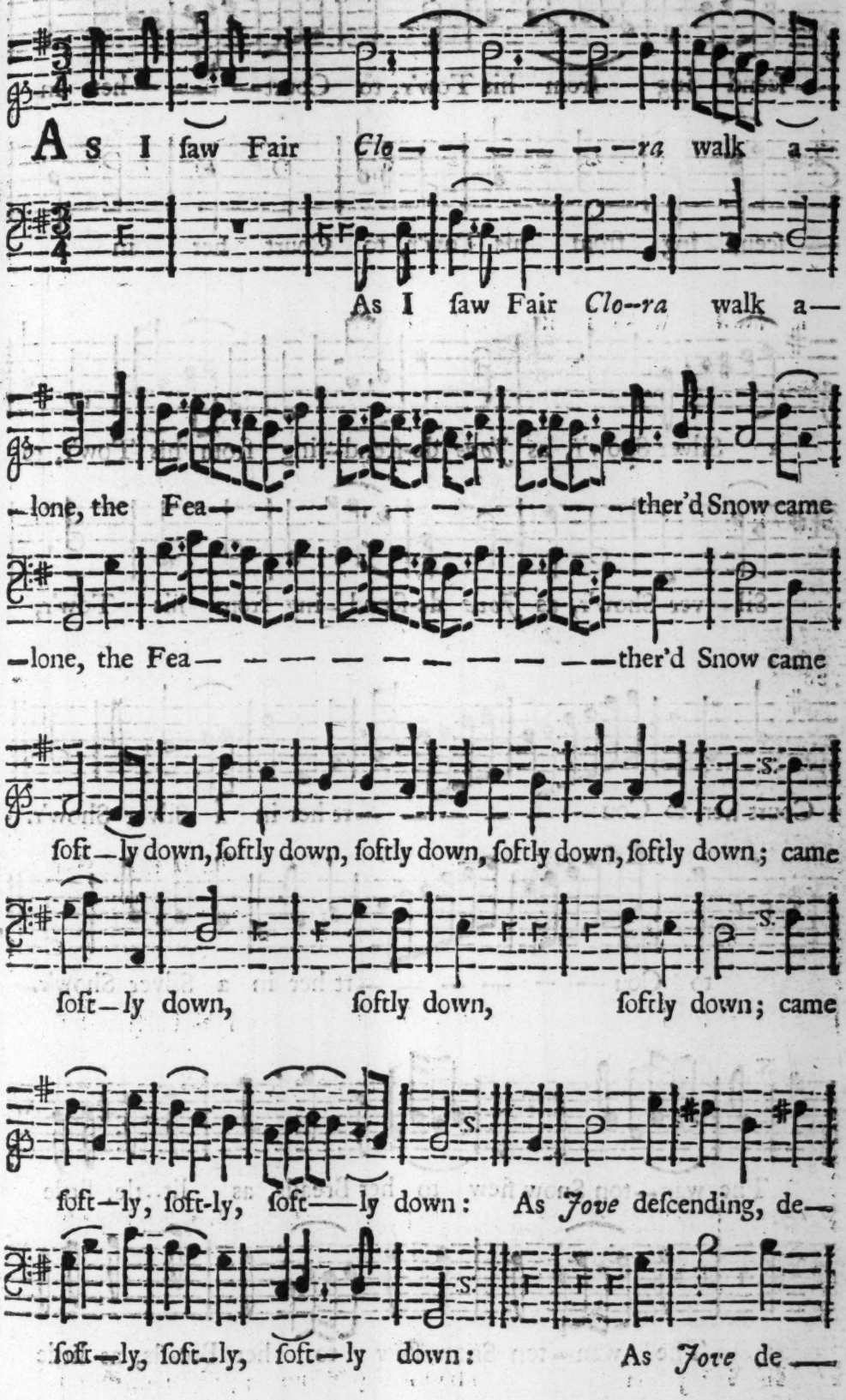
A SONG Set by Mr. John Weldon.

FRom grave Leſſons and Reſtraint, I'm ſtole out to Re--vel
here; Yet I tremble and I pant, in the mid--dle of the
Fair. Oh! Oh! Oh! wou'd For-tune in my Way,
throw a Lo-ver kind and gay; Now's the Time, now's the Time,

now's the Time, he ſoon may move a young Heart un-us'd to Love.

Shall I ven-ter? no, no, no, ſhall I from the Dan-ger

go? Oh! no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no I muſt not try, I cannot fly, I muſt not, durſt not, cannot

fl— — — — — — — —y, I muſt not try, I cannot
fly, I muſt not, durſt not, cannot fly. Help me Na-ture,
help me Art,—— Why ſhould I de——ny my
Heart? help me Nature, help me Art,—— why ſhould

I de——ny my Heart? If a Lover will pur—ſue,
like the wi—ſeſt let me do, I will fit him if he's
true, if he's falſe I'll fit him too, *Flute in* G.

A New SONG.

LOng from the force of Beau—ty's Charms, long have I

Flute in C.

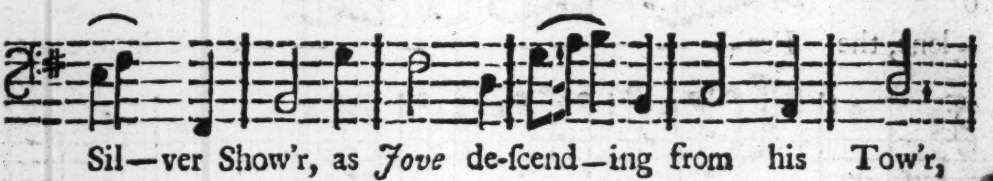
2 Thou fair One, thou alone can'ſt move
This Paſſion in my Breaſt;
Thou, thou alone can'ſt teach me Love,
O teach me to be bleſt.

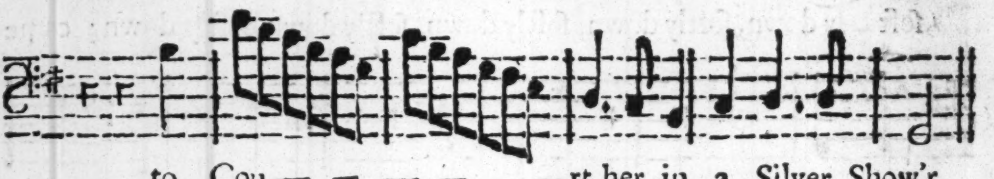
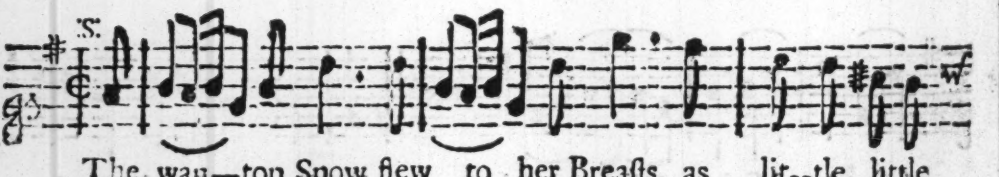
3 In Safety thus from all Alarms,
The roving *Turtle* flies,
'Till ſome unerring Hand conveys
The Shaft by which he dies.

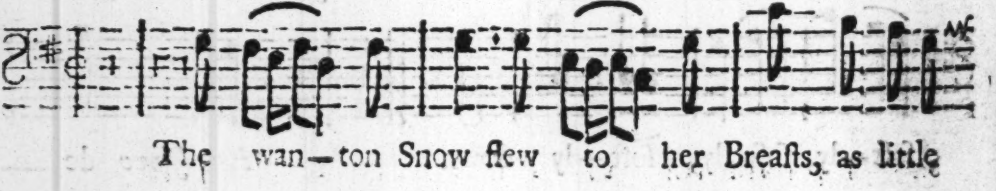
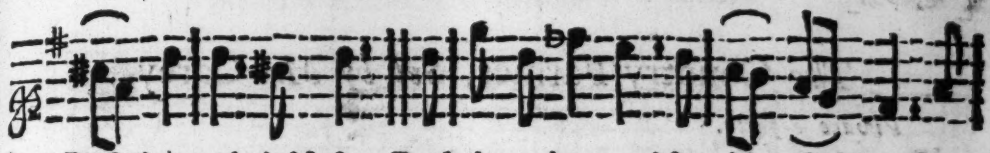
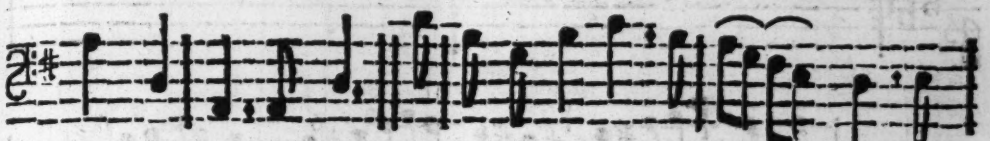
A Two Part SONG, *Set by Mr.* Hayden.

As I ſaw Fair *Clo*—*ra* walk a—
As I ſaw Fair *Clo*–*ra* walk a—
—lone, the Fea— —ther'd Snow came
—lone, the Fea— —ther'd Snow came
ſoft—ly down, ſoftly down, ſoftly down, ſoftly down, ſoftly down; came
ſoft—ly down, ſoftly down, ſoftly down; came
ſoft—ly, ſoft-ly, ſoft—ly down: As *Jove* deſcending, de—
ſoft—ly, ſoft-ly, ſoft—ly down: As *Jove* de—

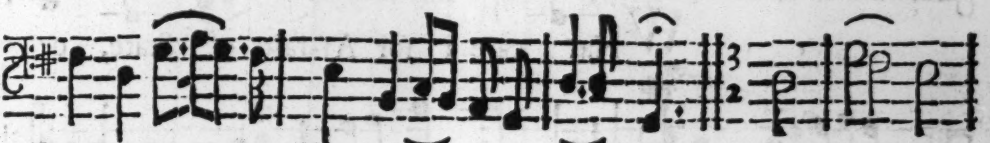
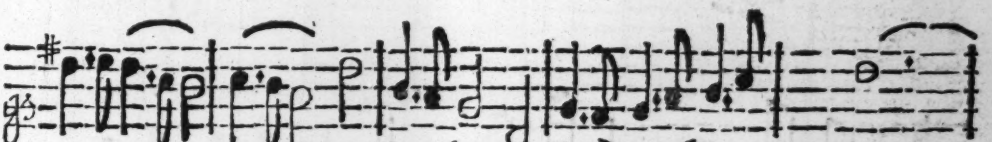
—ſcend—ing from his Tow'r, to Court— —her in

—ſcend—ing from his Tow'r, to Court her in a

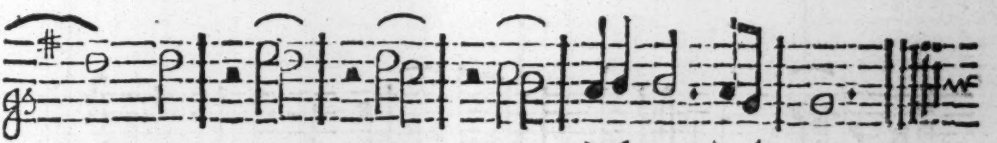
a Silver Show'r, as *Jove* de-ſcend—ing from his Tow'r, to

Sil—ver Show'r, as *Jove* de-ſcend—ing from his Tow'r,

Court her, to Cou— — — — — —rt her in a Silver Show'r.

to Cou— — — — — —rt her in a Silver Show'r.

The wan—ton Snow flew to her Breaſts, as lit--tle, little


The wan—ton Snow flew to her Breaſts, as little

Birds in--to their Nests; But being or'come with whitness there, for

Birds in—to their Nests; But being or'come wit h whitness there, for

Grief dissolv'd, for Grief dissolv'd in-to a Tear. Thence fal--ling

Grief dissolv'd, for, *&c.*

on her Gar-ments Hem, to Deck— — — — — — —

on her Garments Hem, to Deck— —

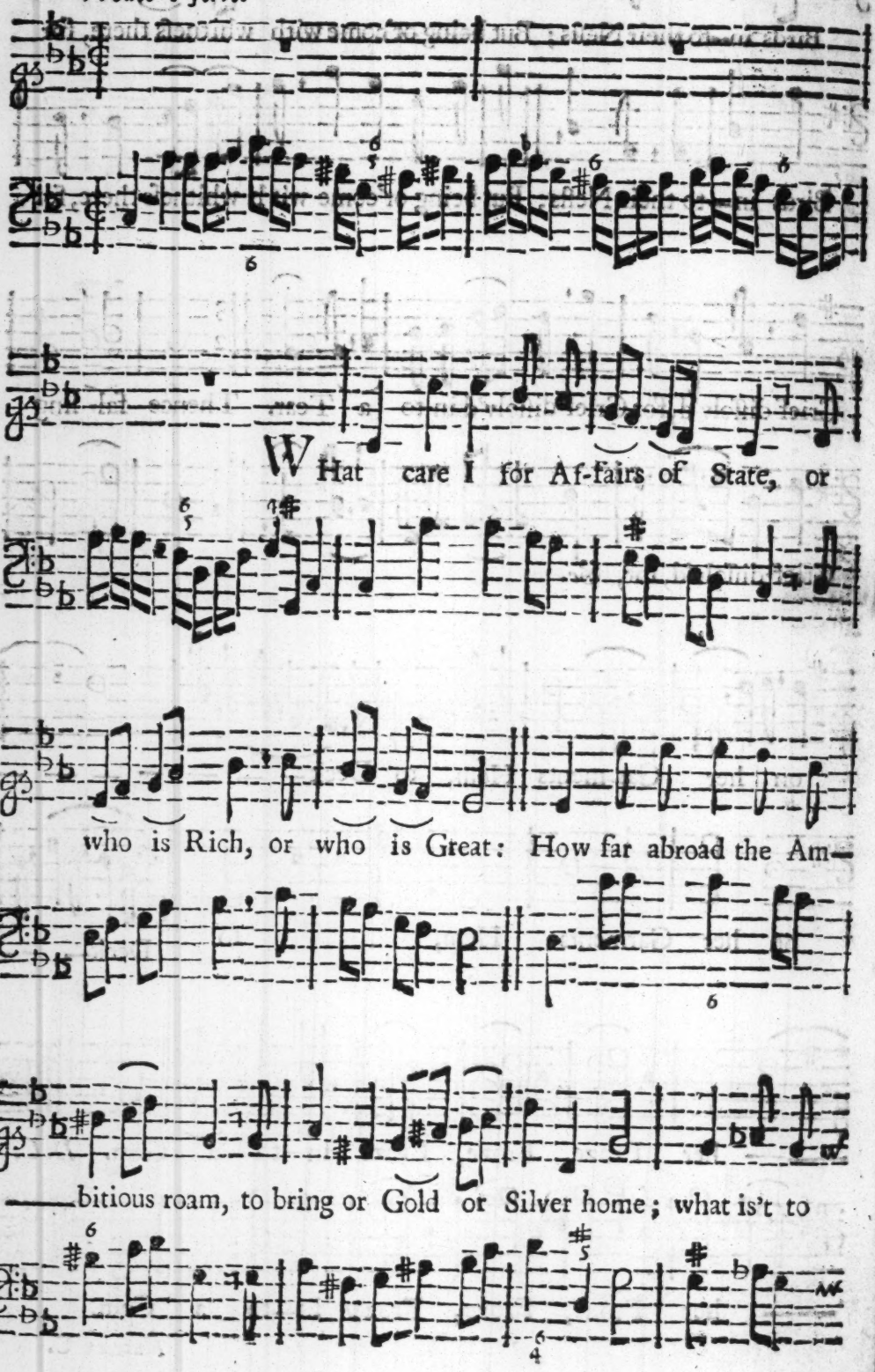


—— her Froze, Froze, Froze in—to a Gem. *D. C.*

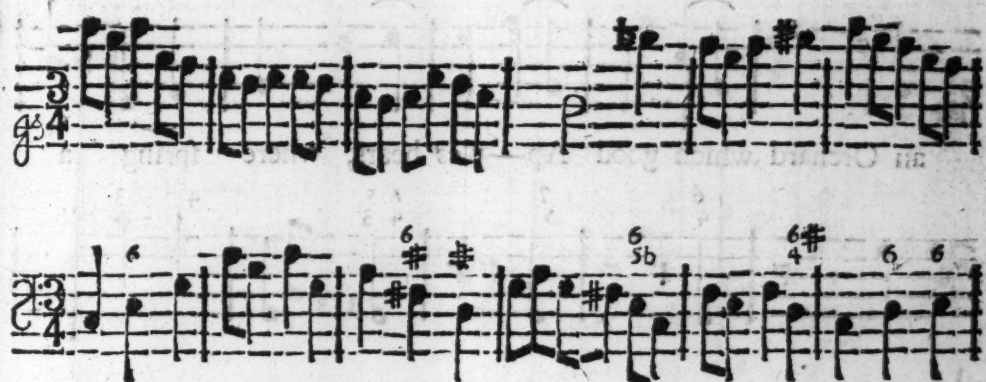
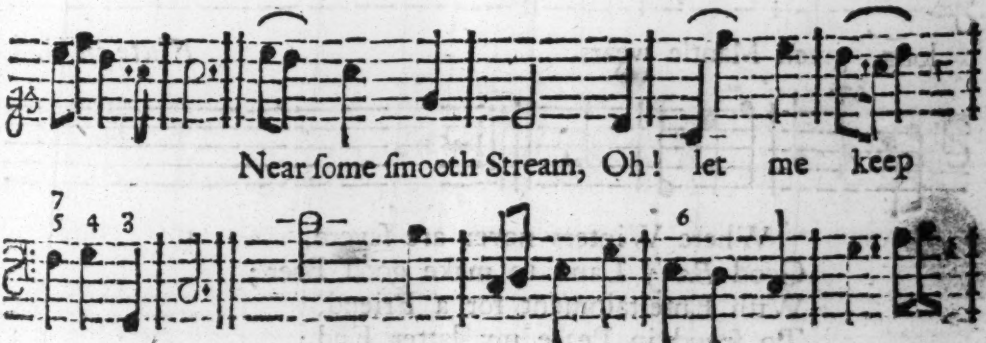
—— her Froze, Froze, Froze in—to a Gem.

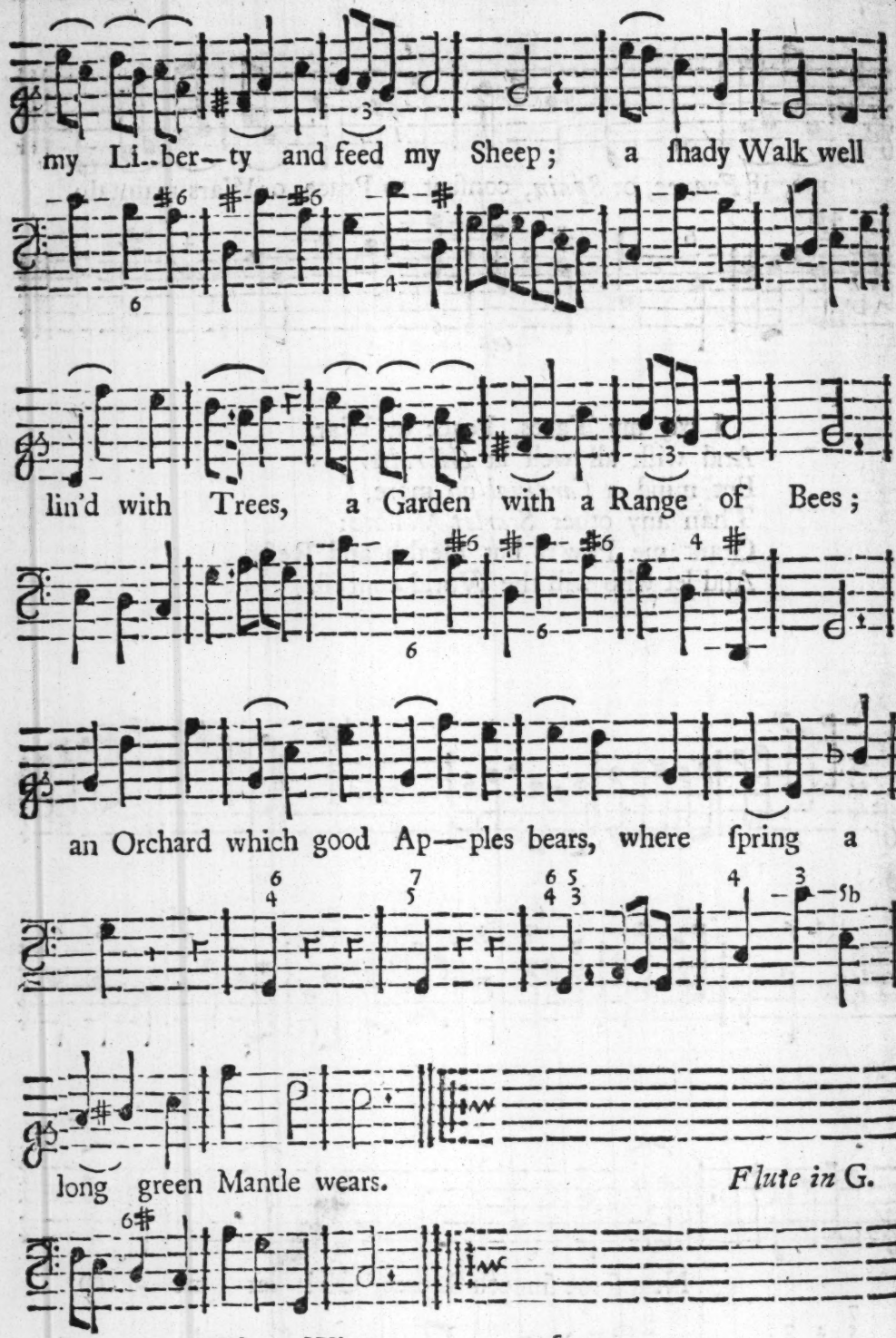
Flute in C.

The Country Farmer, *Set by Mr.* Carey.

Vivace e forte.

What care I for Af-fairs of State, or
who is Rich, or who is Great: How far abroad the Am—
—bitious roam, to bring or Gold or Silver home; what is't to

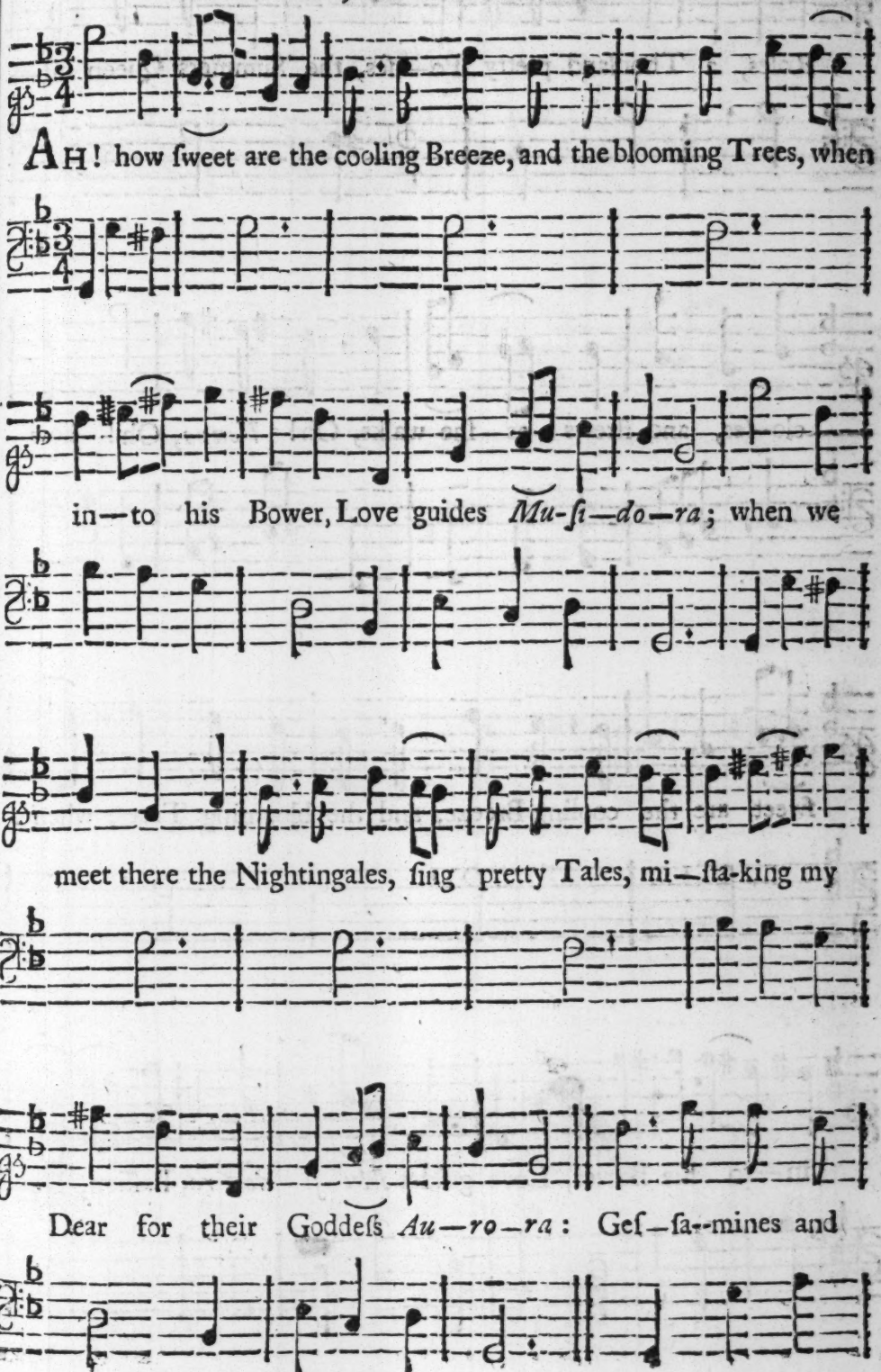
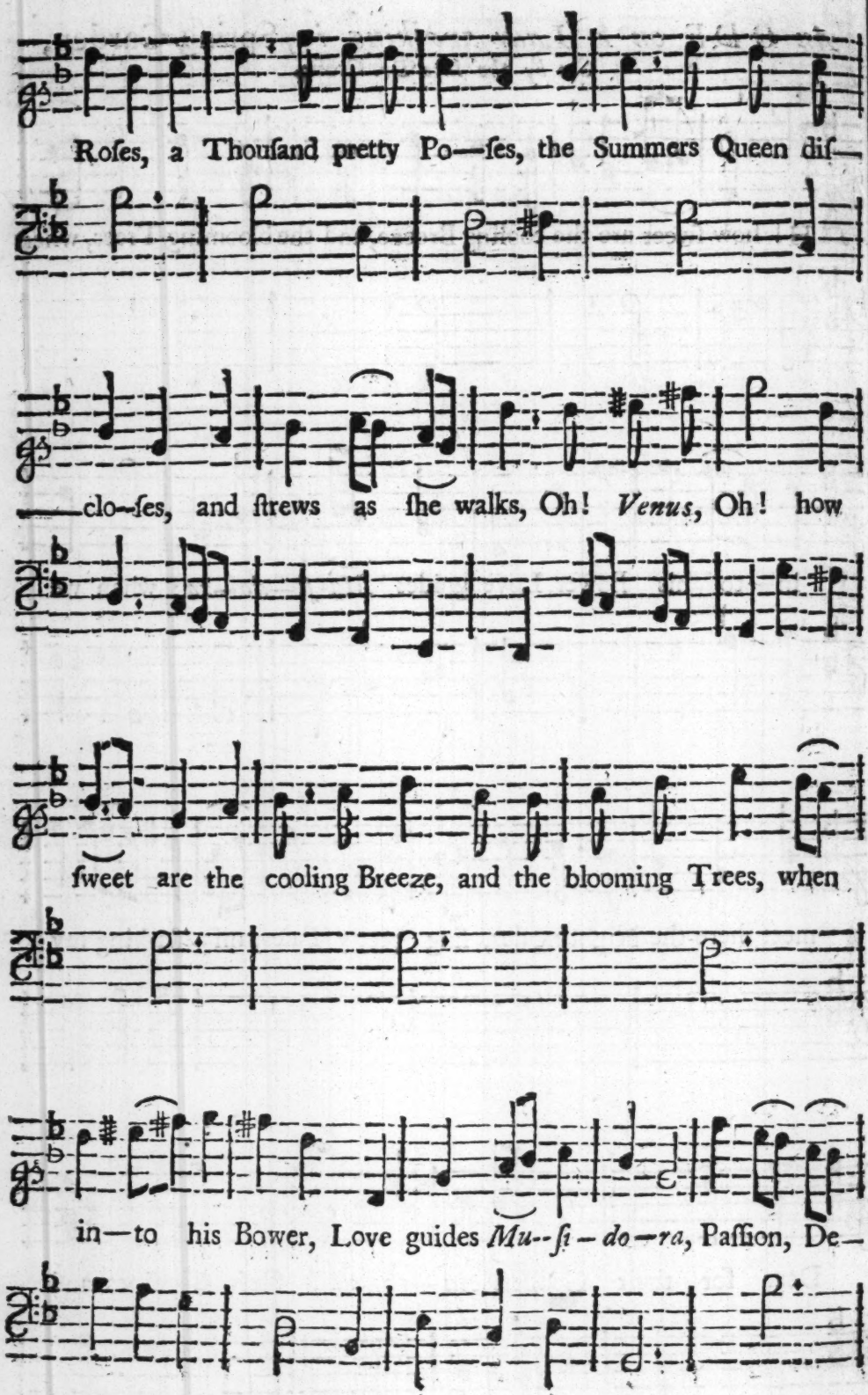
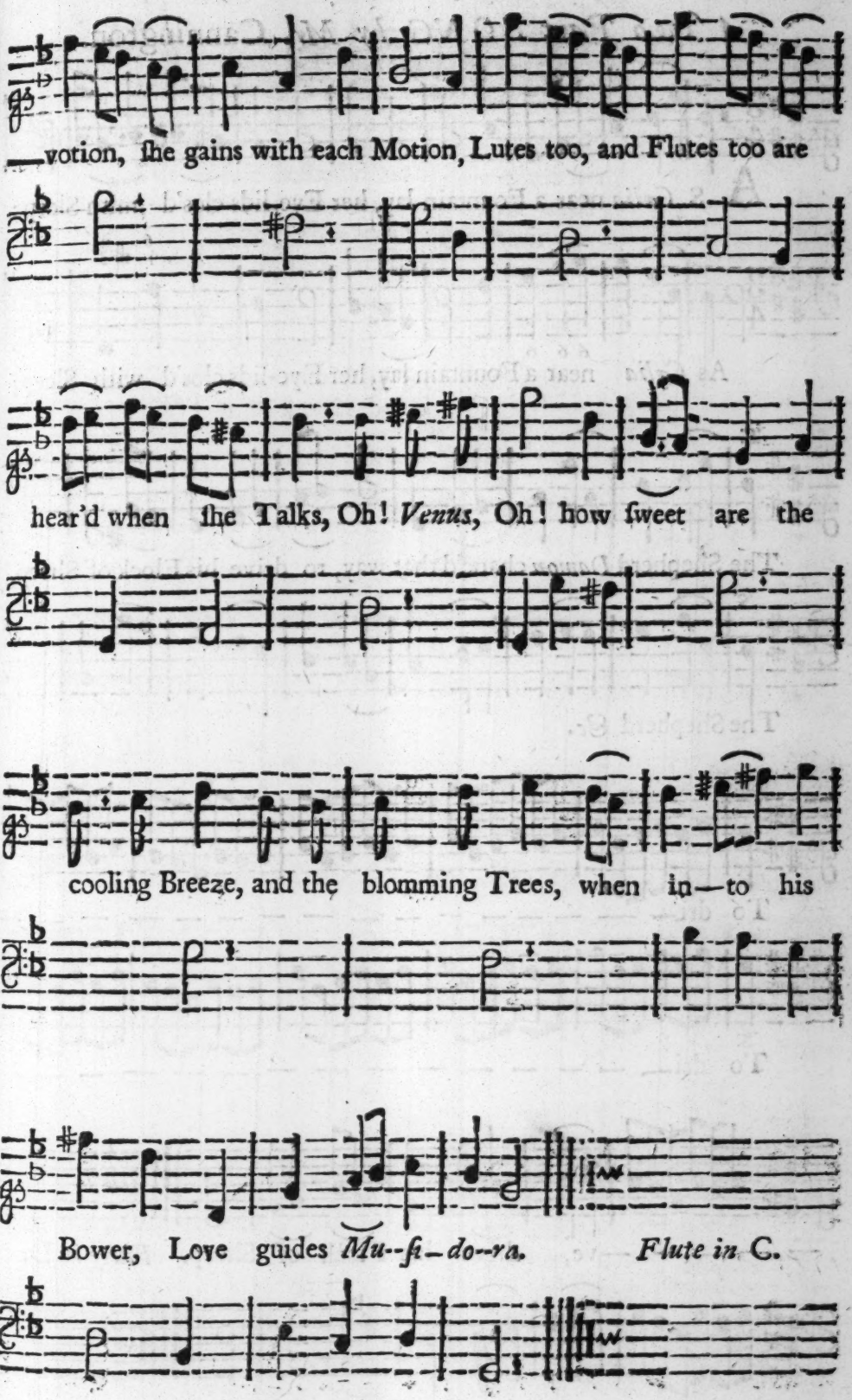
me, if *France*, or *Spain*, conſent to Peace, or Wars maintain.

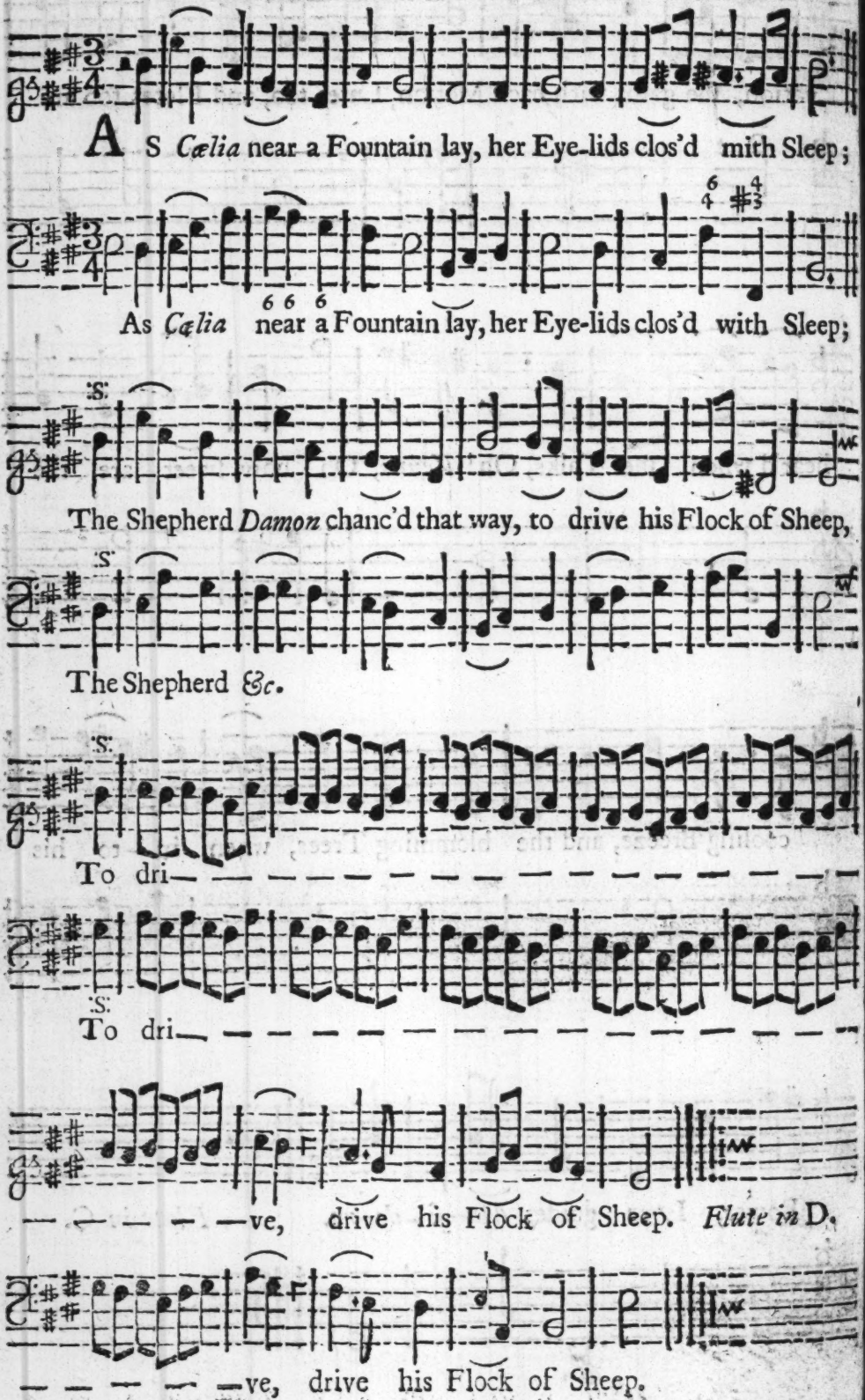
I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,
And wiſh all well at *Gibralter*;
But mind a *Cardinal* no more,
Than any other *Scarlet* Whore:
Grant me Pow'rs but Health and Reſt,
And let who will the World conteſt.



Near ſome ſmooth Stream, Oh! let me keep

my Li--ber—ty and feed my Sheep; a ſhady Walk well
lin'd with Trees, a Garden with a Range of Bees;
an Orchard which good Ap—ples bears, where ſpring a
long green Mantle wears.
Flute in G.

Where Winters never are ſevere,
Good *Barly* Land to make good Beer;
With Entertainment for a Friend,
To ſpend in Peace my latter End;
In Honeſt Eaſe, and Home-ſpun Gray,
And let the Evening Crown the Day.

An ODE *on a Lady walking in* Spring-Garden,

Set by the late Dr. Croft.

AH! how ſweet are the cooling Breeze, and the blooming Trees, when
in—to his Bower, Love guides *Mu-ſi—do—ra*; when we
meet there the Nightingales, ſing pretty Tales, mi—ſta-king my
Dear for their Goddeſs *Au—ro—ra*: Geſ—ſa--mines and

Roſes, a Thouſand pretty Po—ſes, the Summers Queen diſ—
—clo—ſes, and ſtrews as ſhe walks, Oh! *Venus*, Oh! how
ſweet are the cooling Breeze, and the blooming Trees, when
in—to his Bower, Love guides *Mu--ſi—do—ra*, Paſſion, De—

—votion, ſhe gains with each Motion, Lutes too, and Flutes too are
hear'd when ſhe Talks, Oh! *Venus*, Oh! how ſweet are the
cooling Breeze, and the blomming Trees, when in—to his
Bower, Love guides *Mu--ſi—do--ra.*
Flute in C.

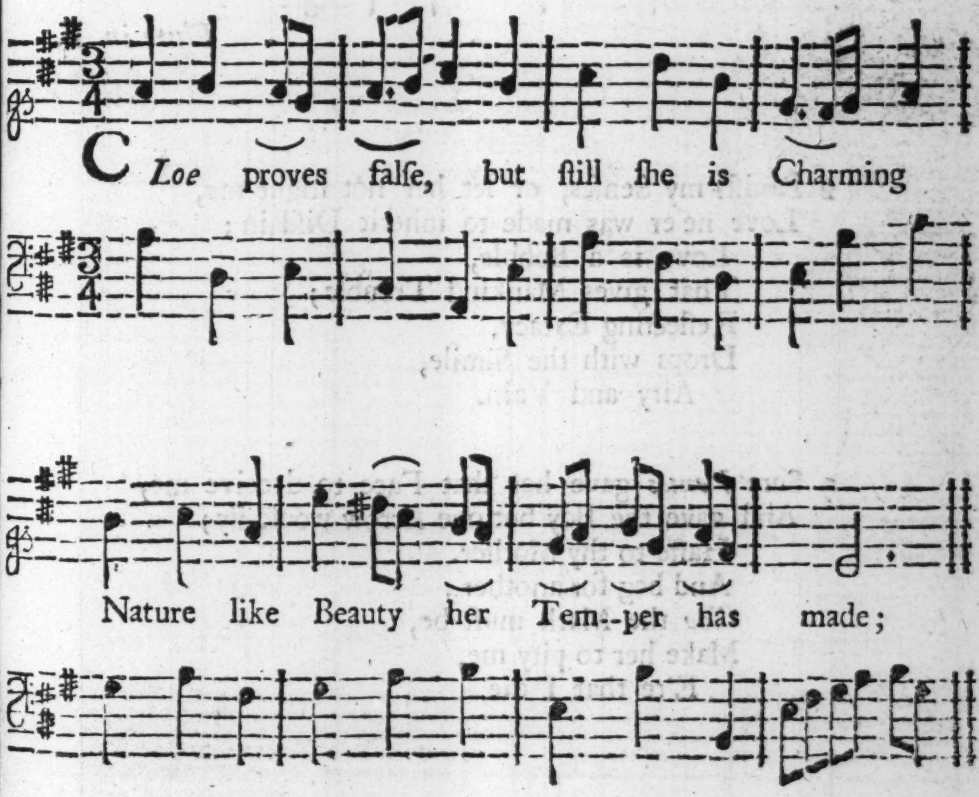
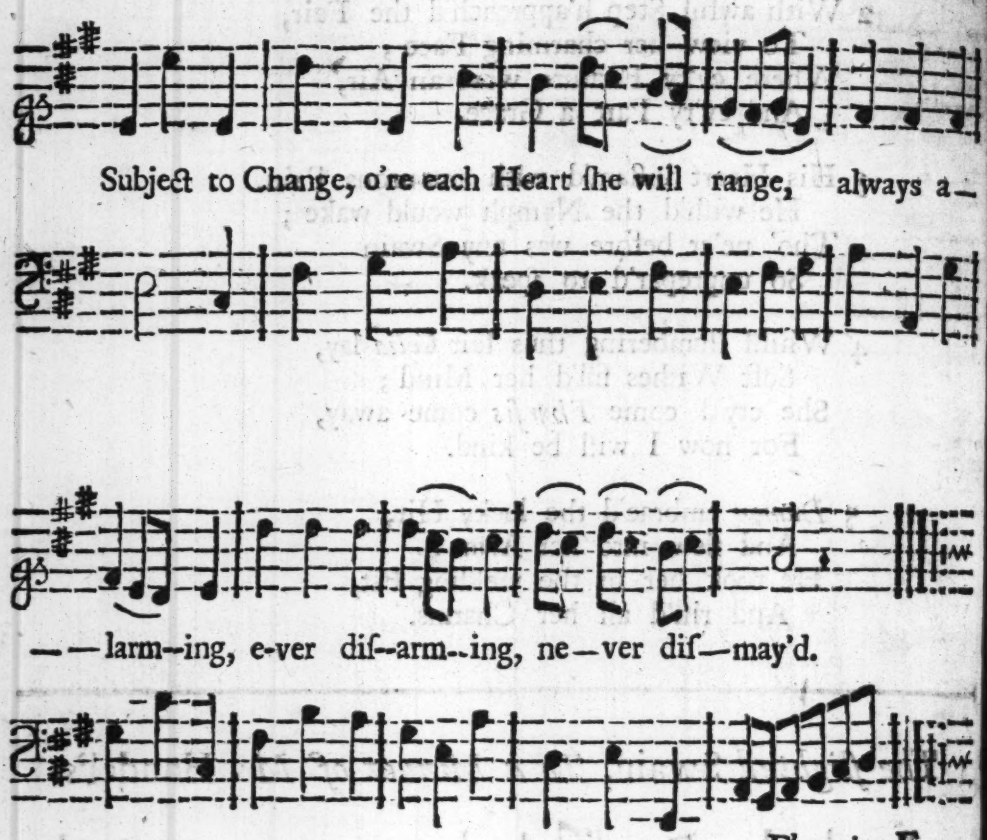
A Two Part SONG by Mr. Cannington.

AS Cælia near a Fountain lay, her Eye-lids clos'd mith Sleep;
As Cælia near a Fountain lay, her Eye-lids clos'd with Sleep;
The Shepherd Damon chanc'd that way, to drive his Flock of Sheep,
The Shepherd &c.
To dri—
To dri—
—ve, drive his Flock of Sheep. Flute in D.
—ve, drive his Flock of Sheep.

2 With awful Step h'approach'd the Fair,
To view her charming Face;
Where ev'ry Feature wore an Air,
And ev'ry Part a Grace.

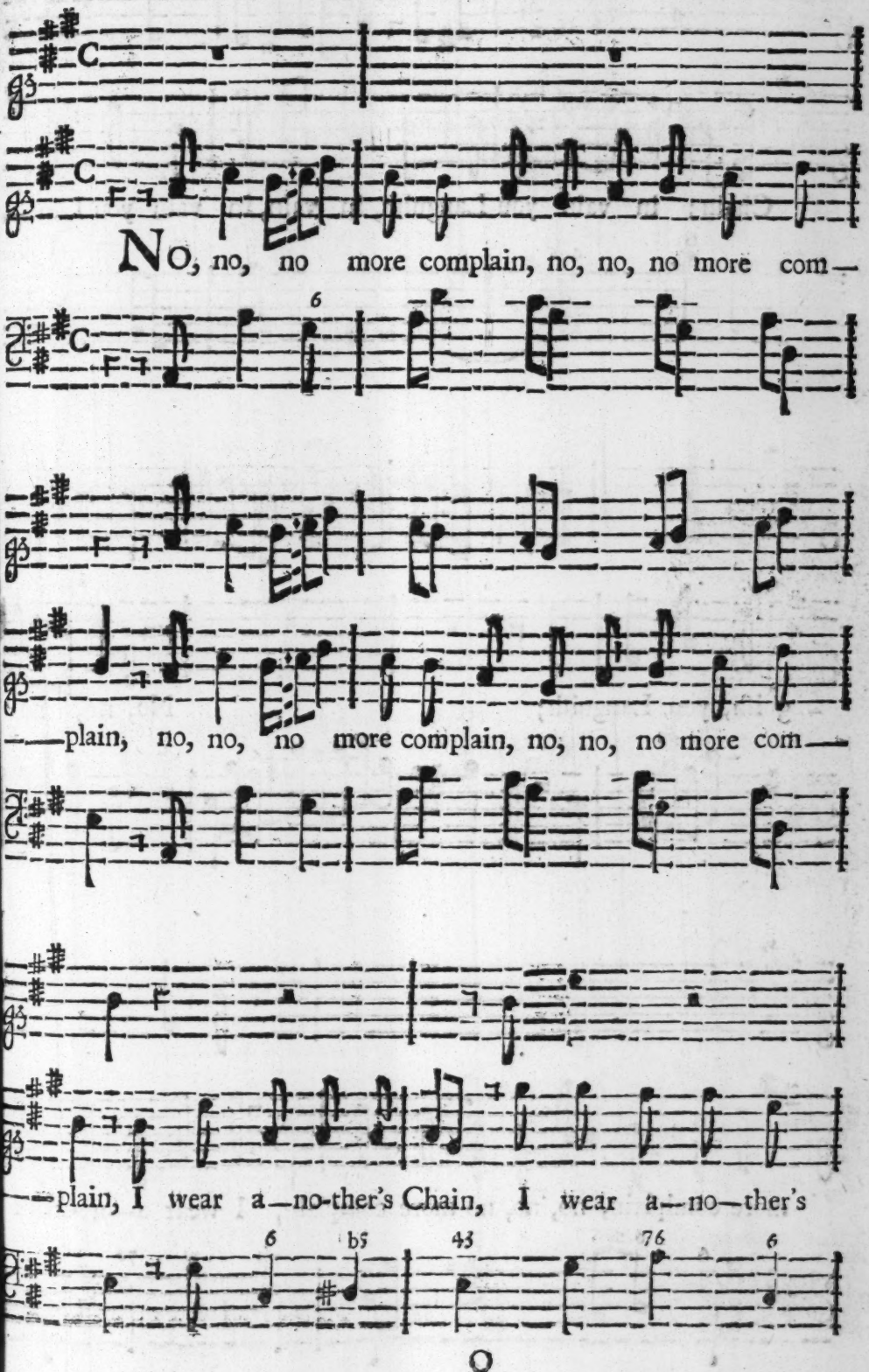
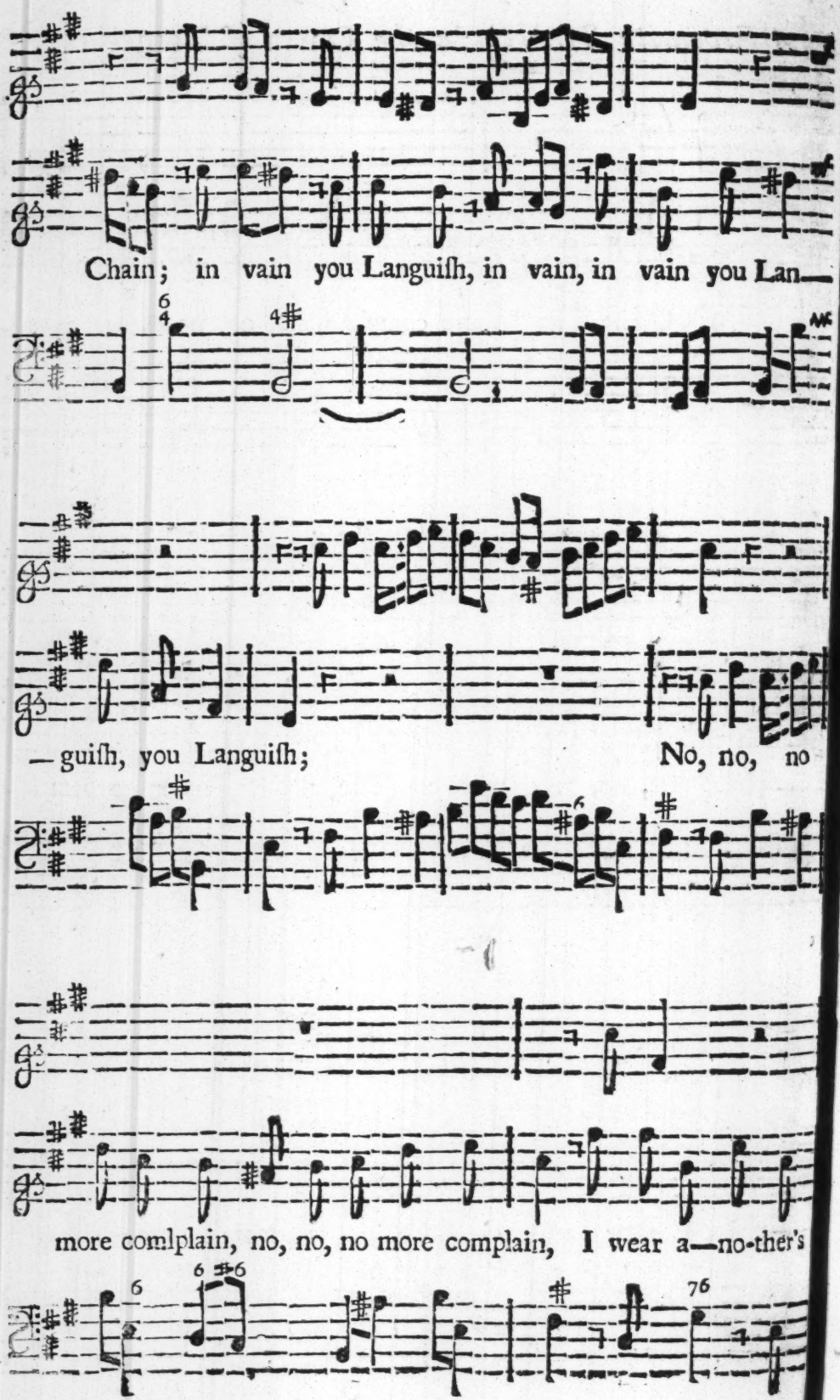
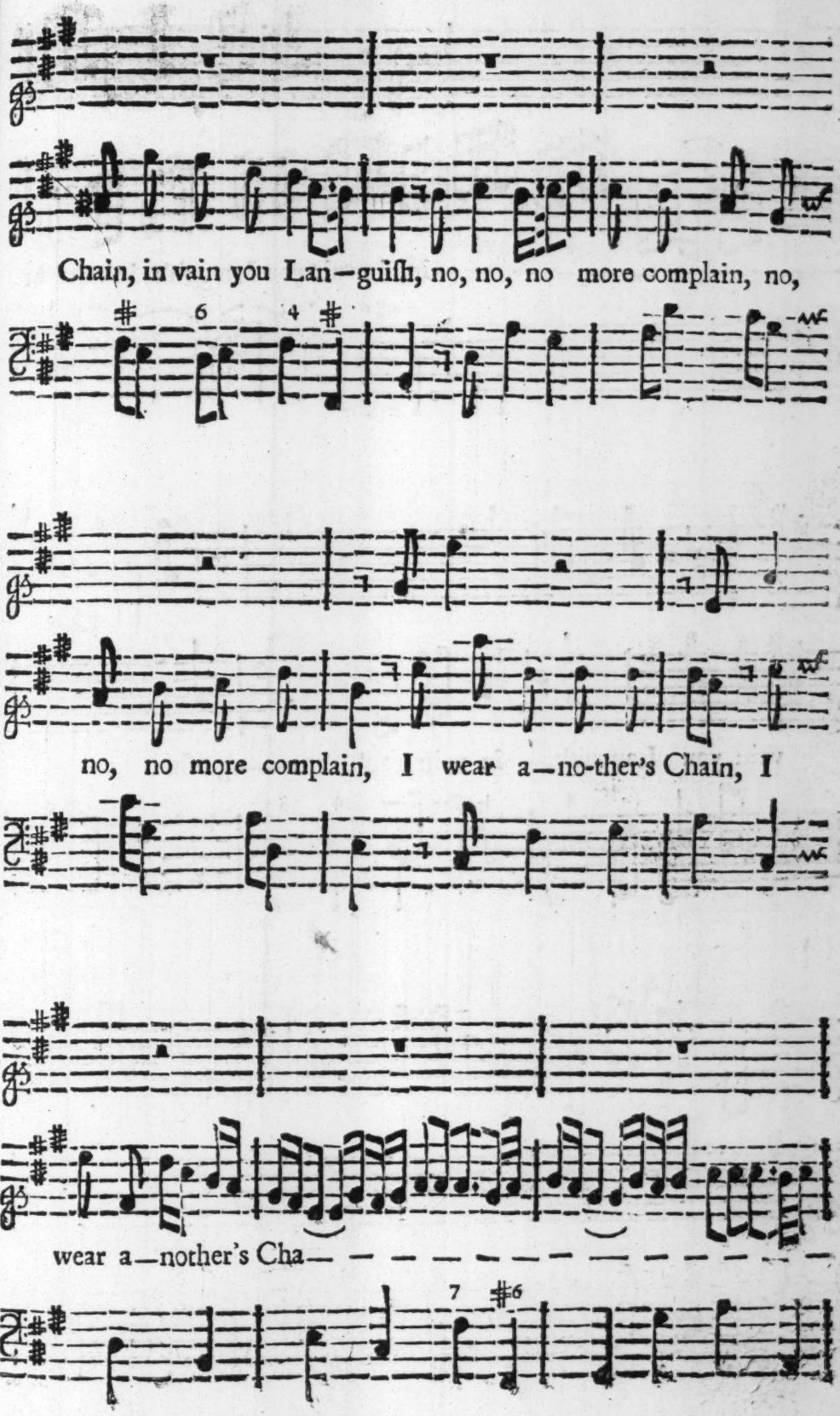
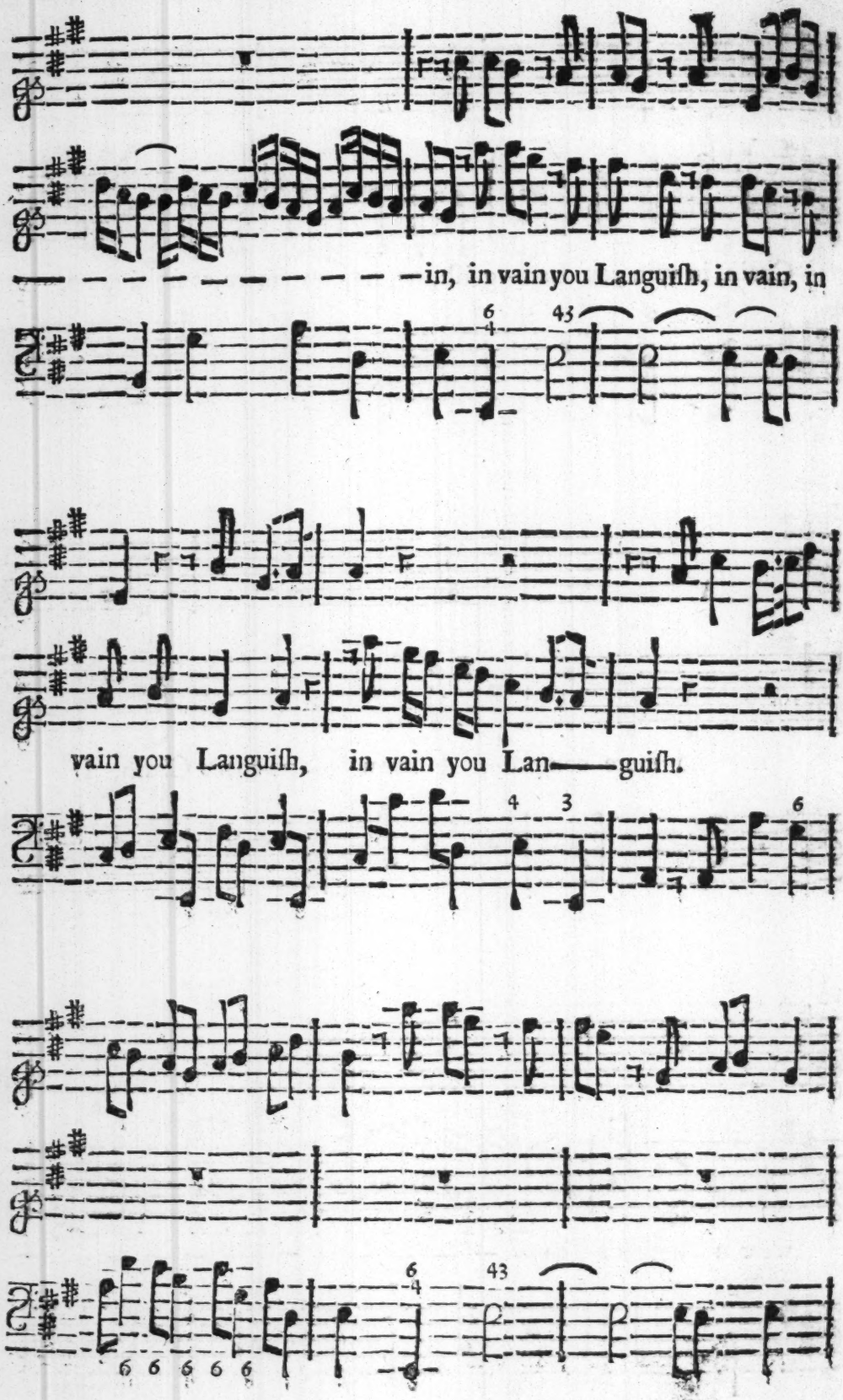
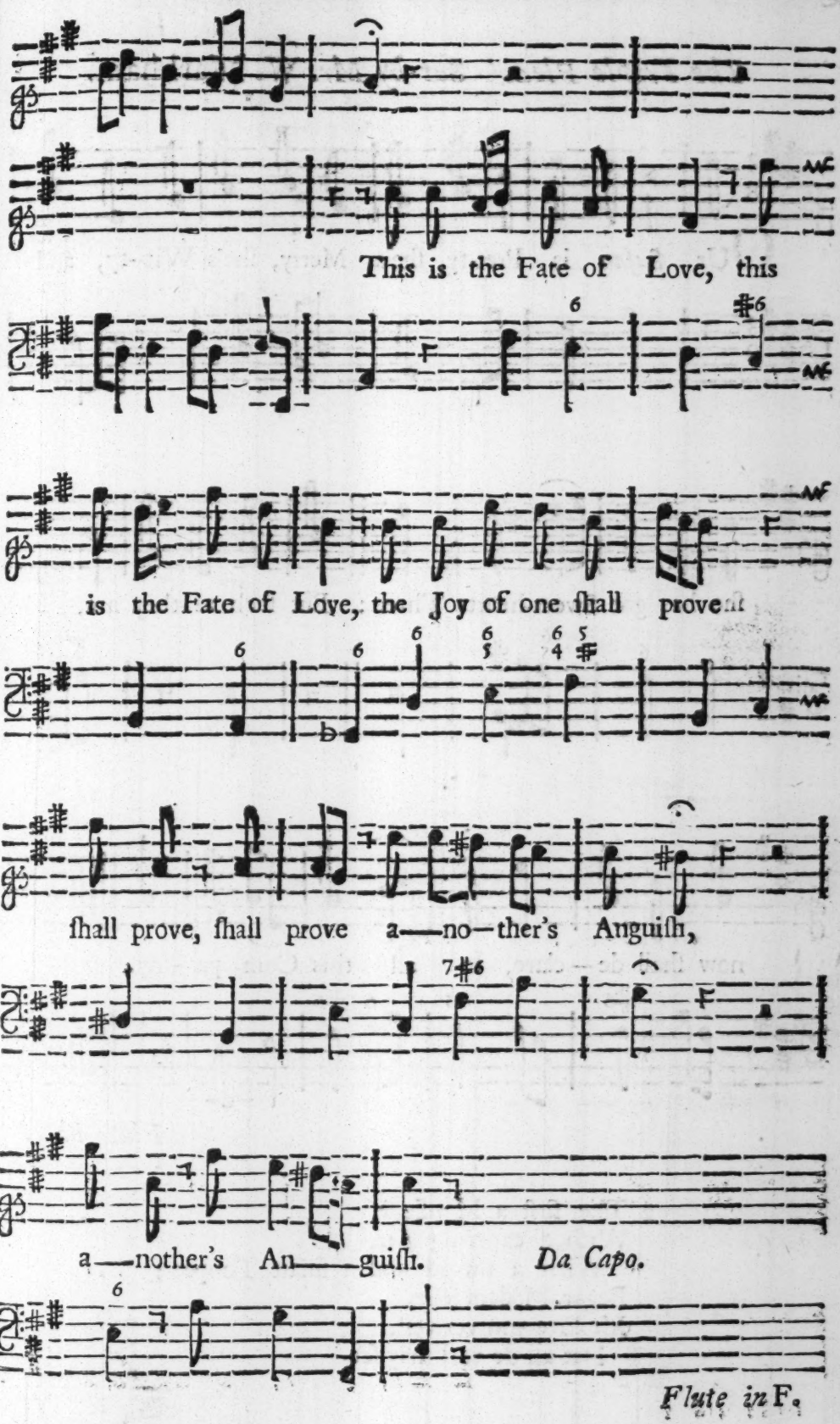
3 His Heart inflam'd with amourous Pain.
He wiſh'd the Nymph would wake;
Tho' ne'er before was any Swain
So unprepar'd to ſpeak.

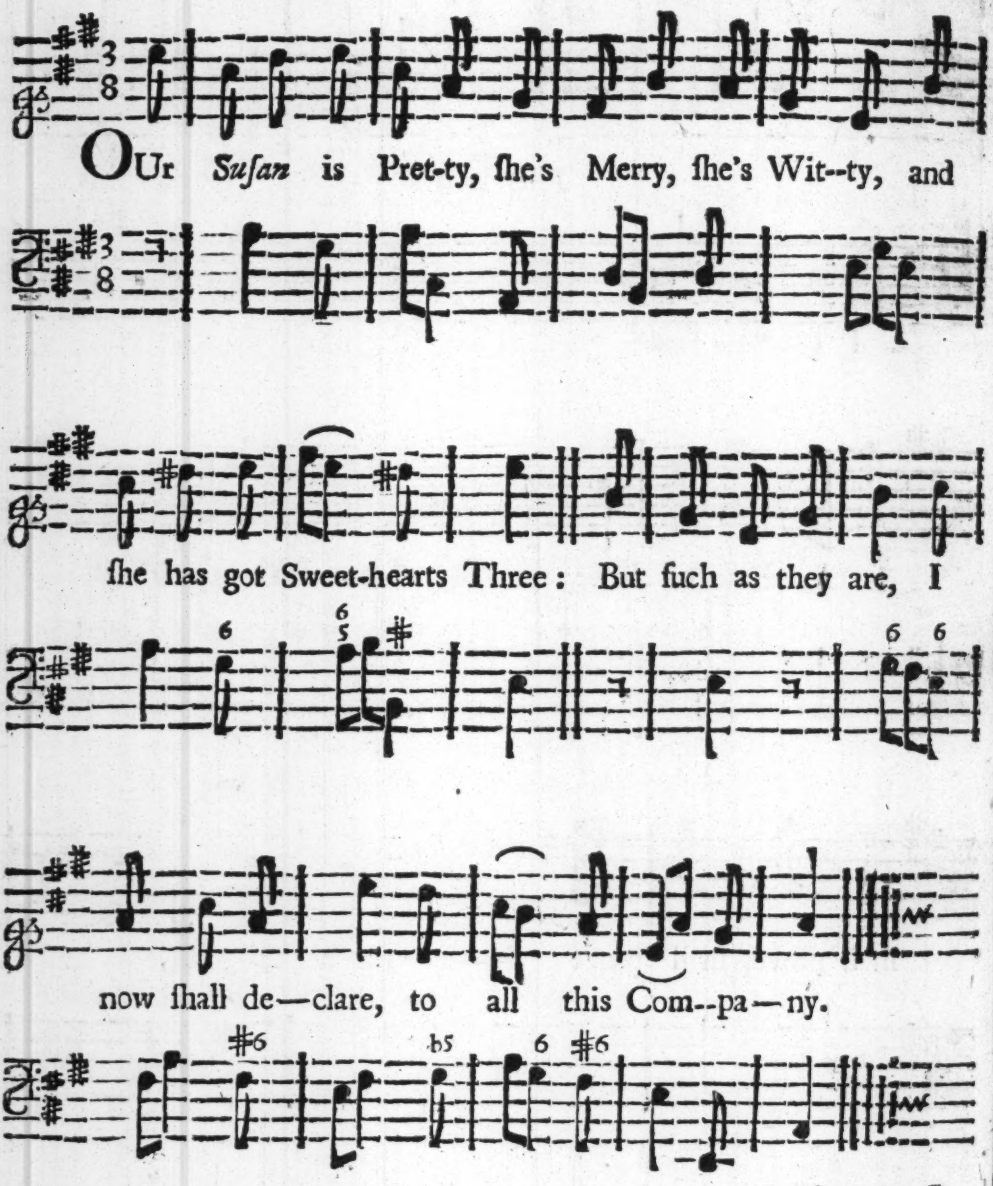
4 Whilſt ſlumbering thus fair *Celia* lay,
Soft Wiſhes fill'd her Mind;
She cry'd come *Thyrſis* come away,
For now I will be kind.

5 *Damon* embrac'd the lucky Hit,
And flew into her Arms;
He took her in the yielding Fit,
And rifl'd all her Charms.

The ſlighted Swain, *To a Minuet of Mr.* Handel's.

2 Baniſh my Senſes, or let her not flight me,
Love ne'er was made to inherit Diſdain;
Love is a Bubble,
That gives Mankind Trouble;
Reflecting Extacy,
Drops with the Simile,
Airy and Vain.

3 Sure *Venus* gave her that Face to deceive me,
And gave the Boy but one Arrow would fly;
Haſte to thy Mother.
And beg for another;
Cloe the Mark muſt be,
Make her to pity me,
E're that I die.

A Favourite SONG in the Opera *of* Tamerlane.

No, no, no more complain, no, no, no more com—
—plain, no, no, no more complain, no, no, no more com—
—plain, I wear a—no-ther's Chain, I wear a—no—ther's

Chain; in vain you Languiſh, in vain, in vain you Lan—
—guiſh, you Languiſh; No, no, no
more comlplain, no, no, no more complain, I wear a—no-ther's

Chain, in vain you Lan—guiſh, no, no, no more complain, no,
no, no more complain, I wear a—no-ther's Chain, I
wear a—nother's Cha—

in, in vain you Languiſh, in vain, in
vain you Languiſh, in vain you Lan—guiſh.

This is the Fate of Love, this
is the Fate of Love, the Joy of one ſhall prove
ſhall prove, ſhall prove a——no—ther's Anguiſh,
a——nother's An——guiſh. *Da Capo.*
Flute in F.

The Triple Plea. *Set by Mr.* W. Markham.

OUr Suſan is Pret-ty, ſhe's Merry, ſhe's Wit--ty, and
ſhe has got Sweet-hearts Three: But ſuch as they are, I
now ſhall de—clare, to all this Com--pa—ny.

Flute in C.

2 The firſt a Monſieur,
With a capering Air,
With a Sword and a ſmart Toupee;
Begar Madam'ſelle,
Me love you ver'vell,
Dat all de varl may ſee.

3 Me late come from *Fraunce*,
Me teach you de Daunce,
And de alamode Figure in;
Me ſhow you de Vay
How de Bright and de Gay,
Spend de Time, ven da tink no Ting.

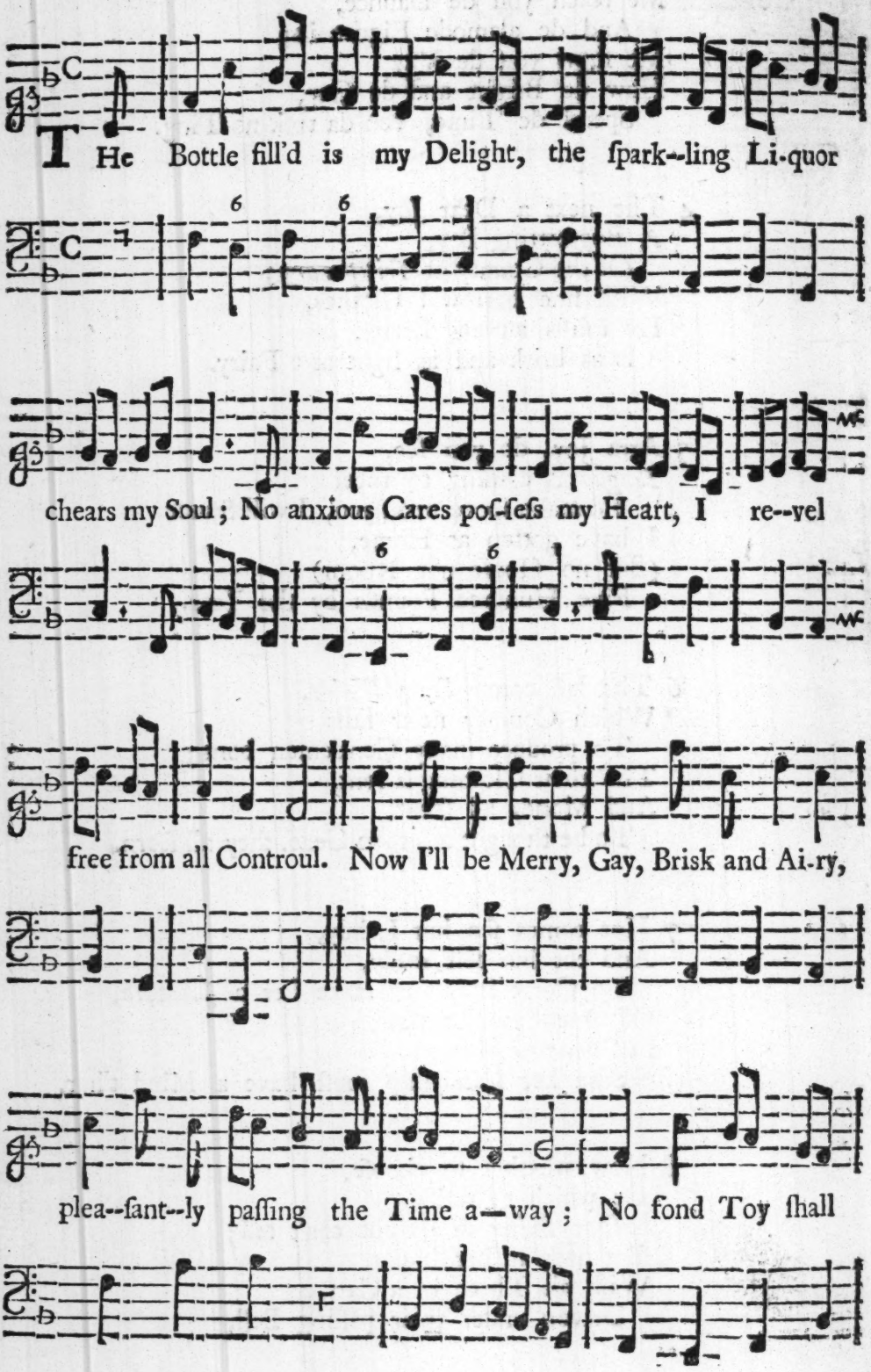
4 The next a Dear Joy,
A Bogtrotting Boy,
Of the County of *Tripperary*;
With fine borrow'd Clothes,
He inliſts among Beaux,
Is as briſk and as light as a Fairy.

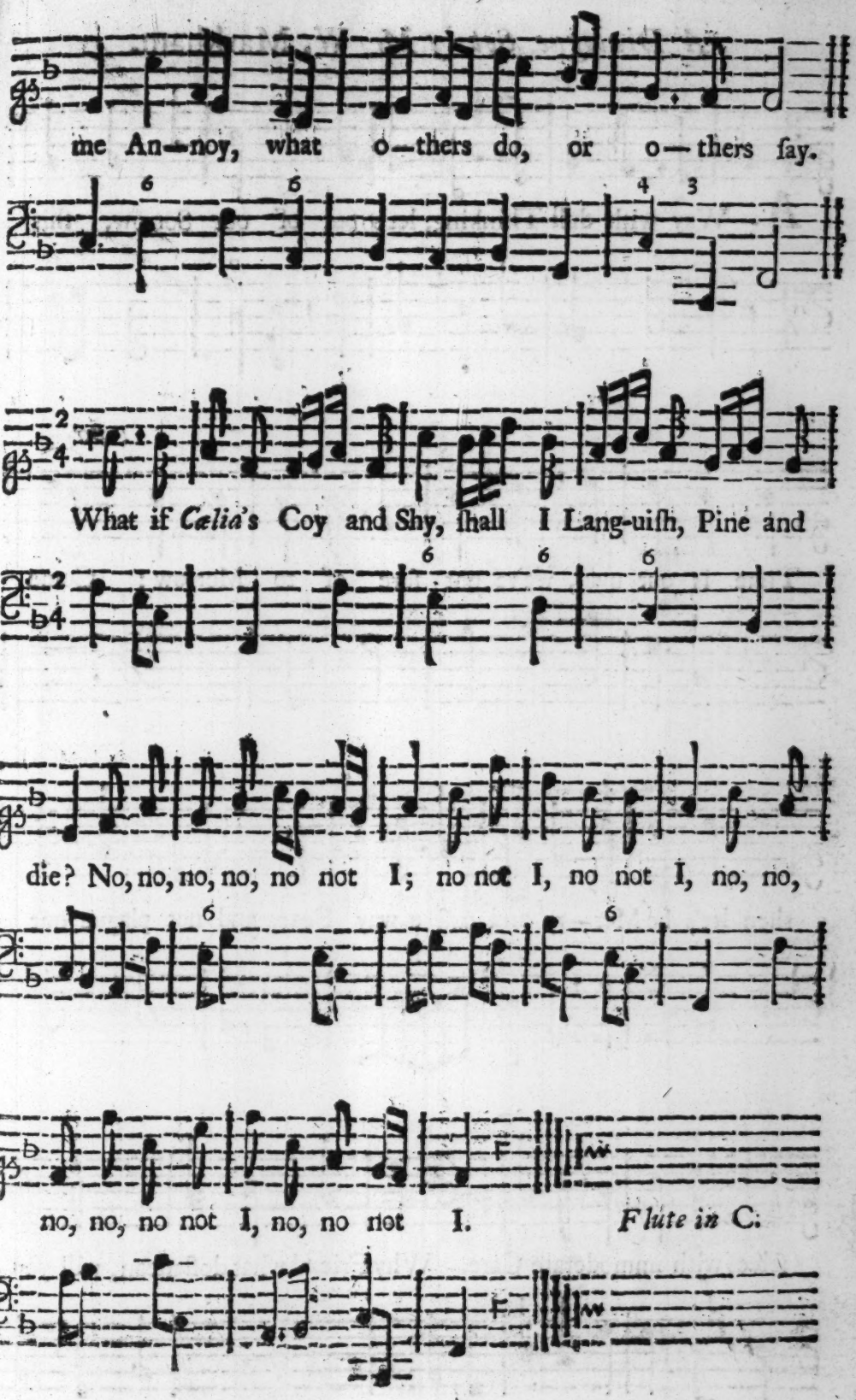
5 Arra Joy, do you ſee,
Teague is coming to thee,
To make Love upon you, I will Swear
I have gotten at Home,
(But no Houſe nor Room)
Five Hundred Pounds by the Year.

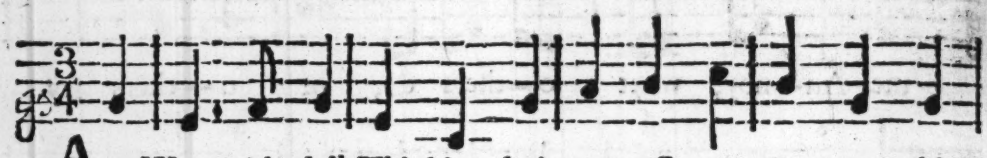
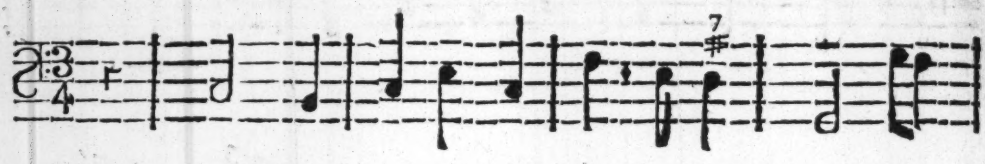
6 The laſt comes from *Wales*,
Which Country ne'er fails
To produce many Gentlemen born;
Tho' their Clothing is rent,
And Money all ſpent,
To be thought leſs than Gent. they all ſcorn.

7 Hur comes ſee hur Lahdy,
And cot hur ſelf ready,
To Court her, and make her a Jointure,
Of One Pound a Year,
In *Glamorganſhire*,
Sure her Lahdyſhip muſt have a Mind t'hur.

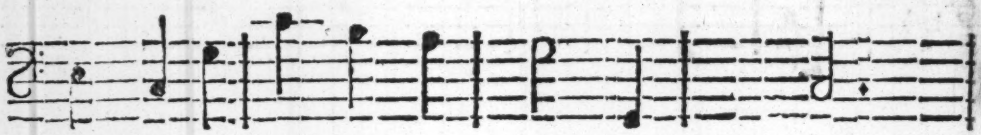
8 Now whether to chooſe,
Or which to refuſe,
Our *Suſan* at preſent can't tell;
But does in her Heart,
Wiſh all Three in a Cart,
Driven under their paſſing Bell.

The Charms of Bottle. Set by Mr. W. Markham.

THe Bottle fill'd is my Delight, the ſpark--ling Li-quor
chears my Soul; No anxious Cares poſ-ſeſs my Heart, I re--vel
free from all Controul. Now I'll be Merry, Gay, Brisk and Ai-ry,
plea--ſant--ly paſſing the Time a—way; No fond Toy ſhall

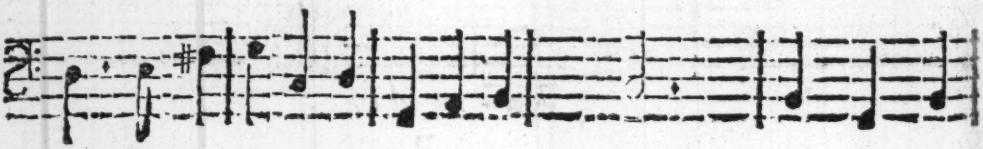
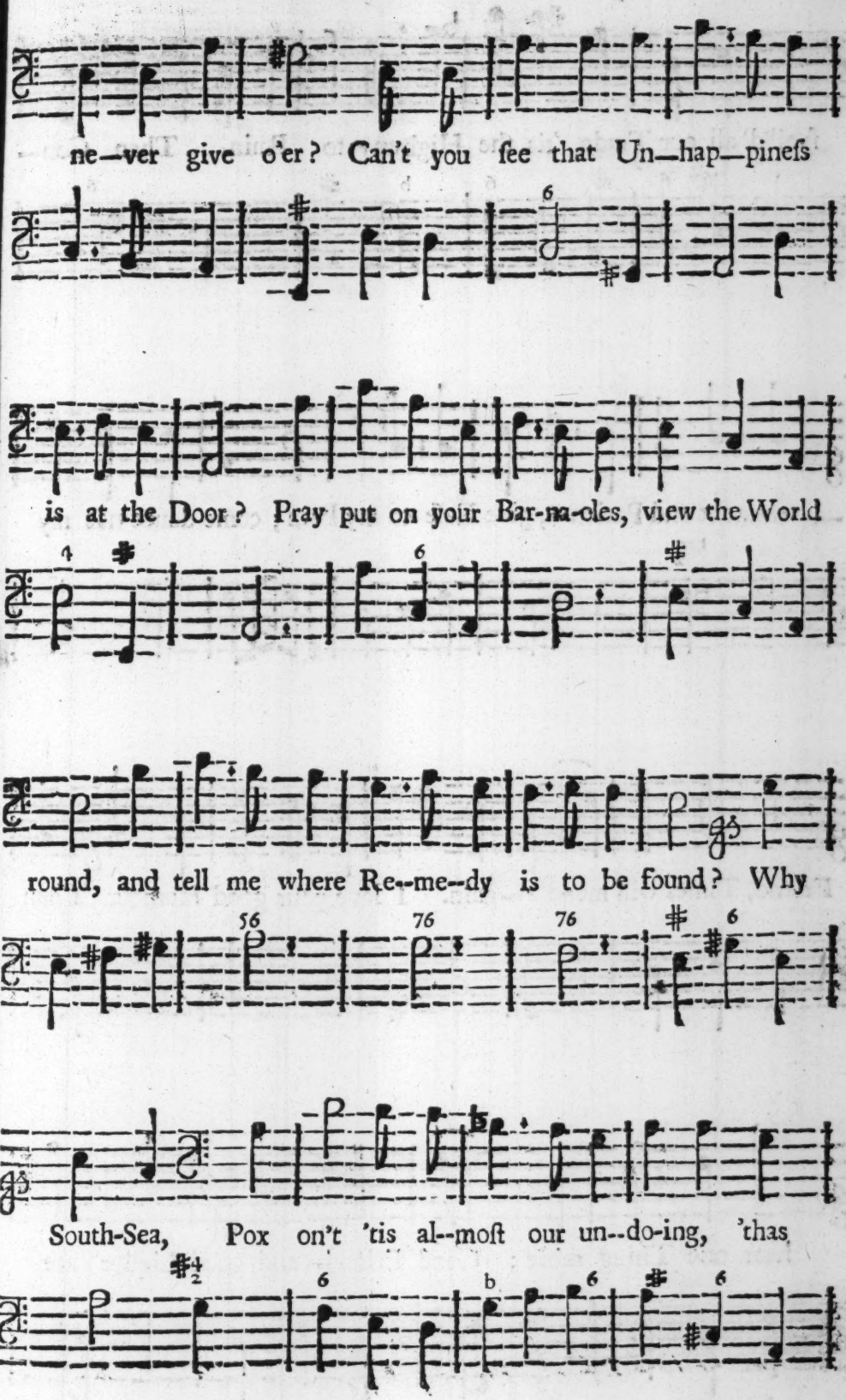

me An—noy, what o—thers do, or o—thers ſay.
What if *Cælia's* Coy and Shy, ſhall I Lang-uiſh, Pine and
die? No, no, no, no, no not I; no not I, no not I, no, no,
no, no, no not I, no, no not I.
Flute in C.

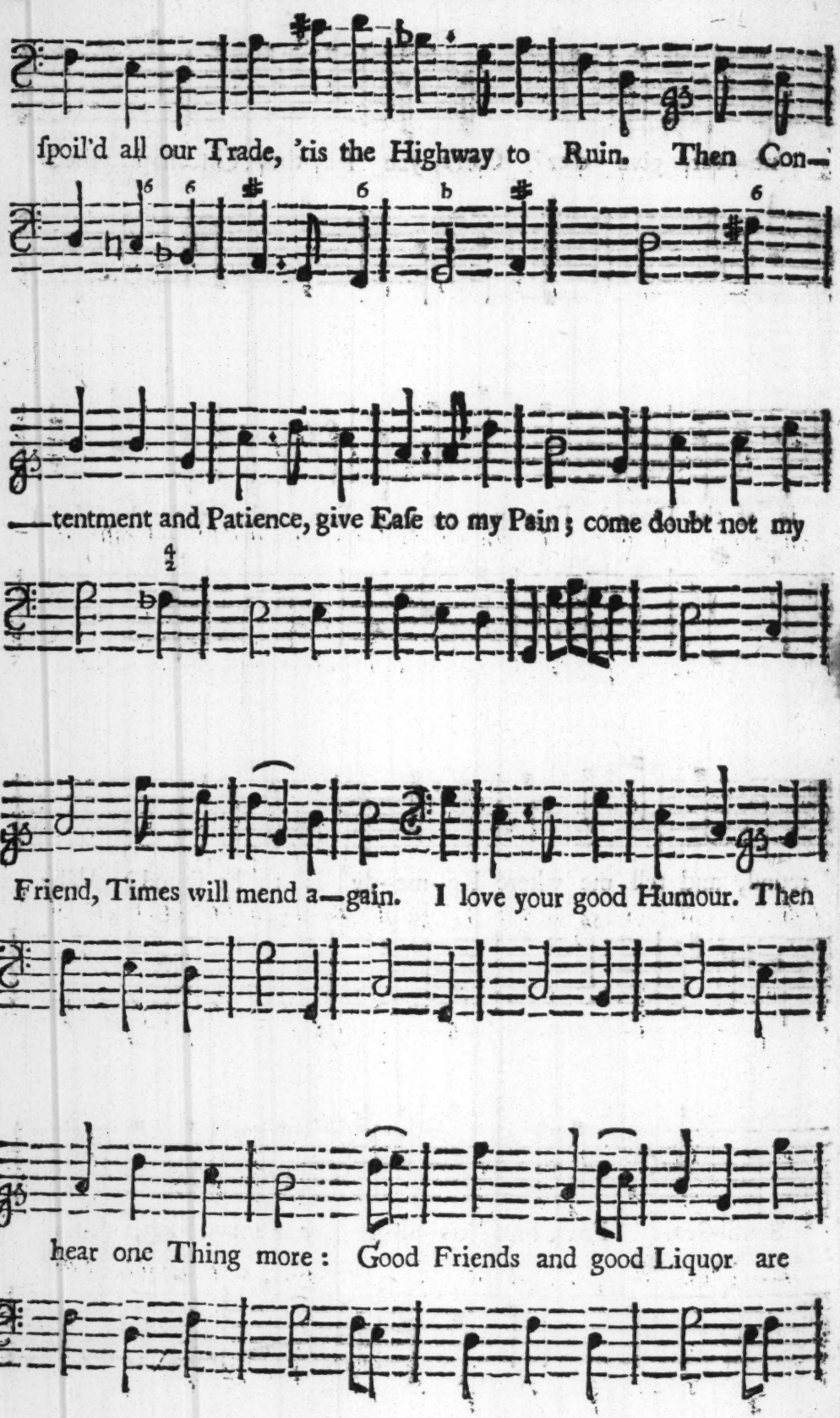
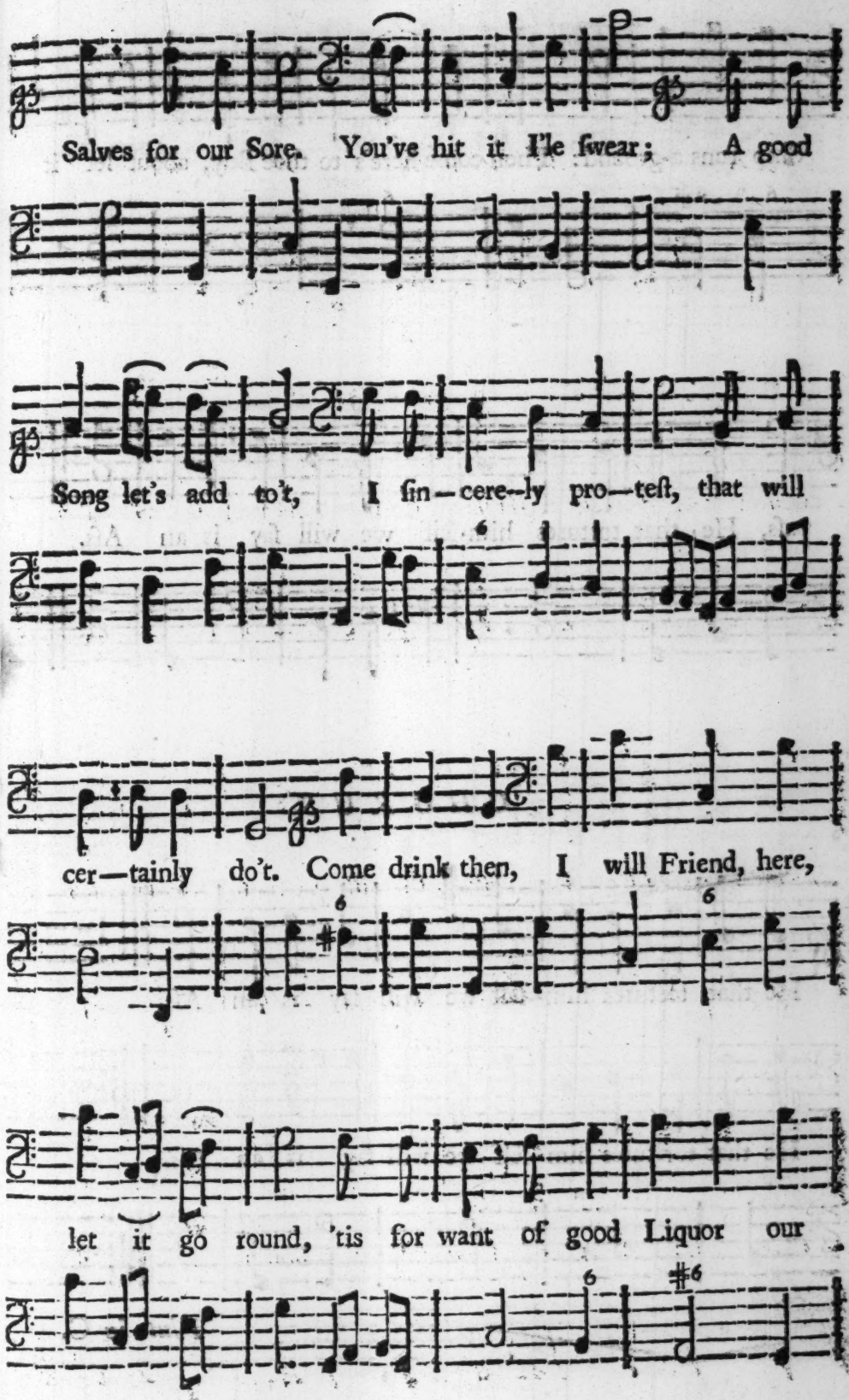
A Dialogue, Set by Mr W. Markham.

A—Way with dull Thinking, let's put of our Sorrow, this

Faſter.

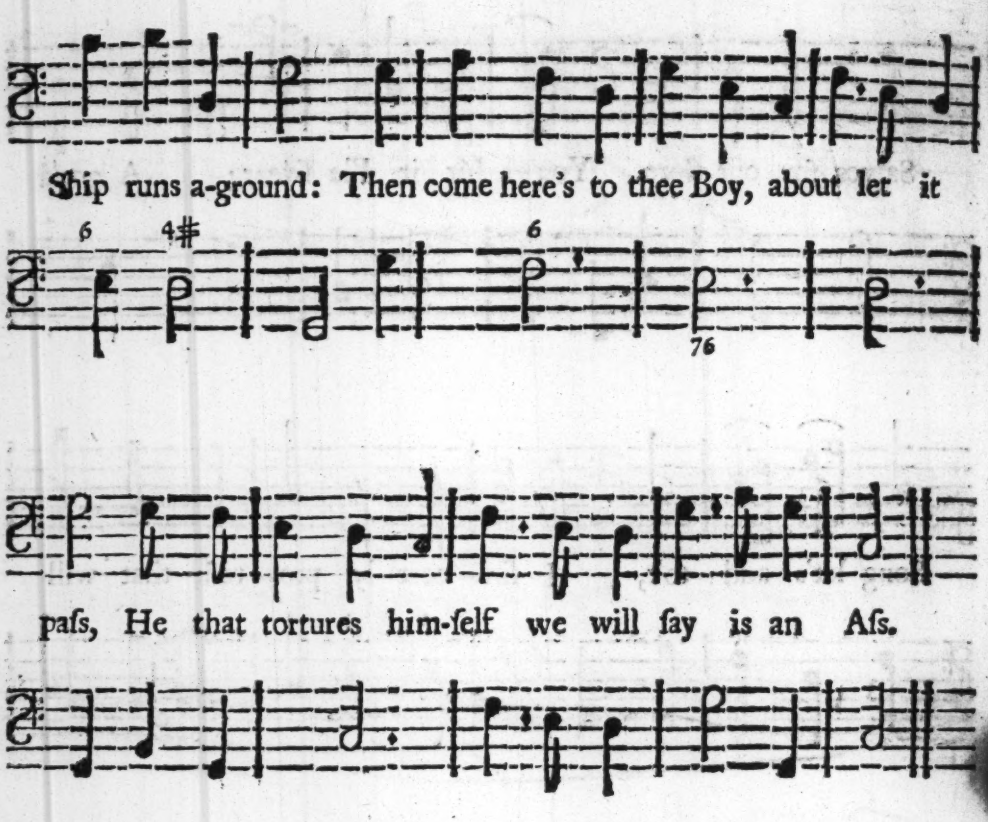
Time is our own, we're not ſure of to Morrow: Come.



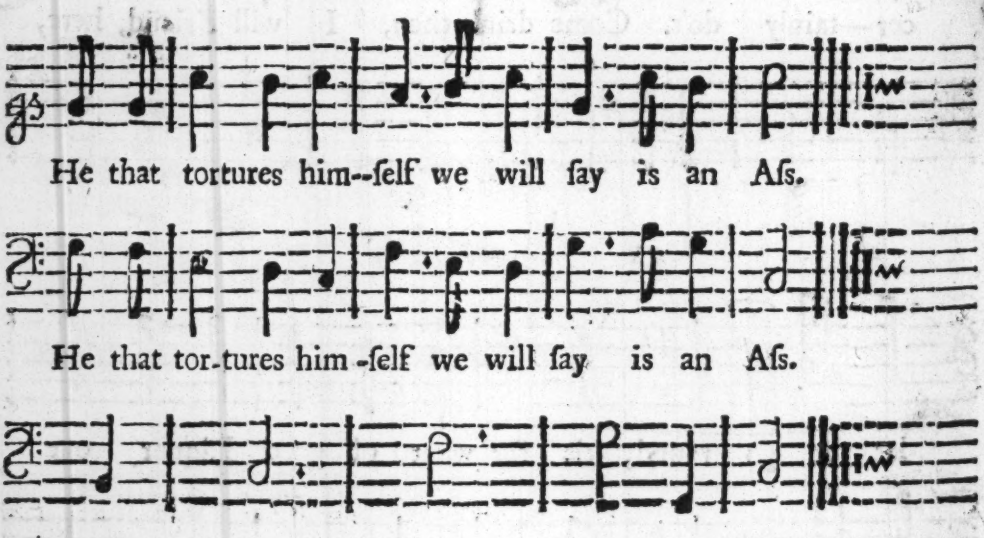
then let's be Mer—ry and caſt a-way Fear, and not plague our

ſelves with immoderate Care. Why Friend what doſt mean, will you

ne—ver give o'er? Can't you ſee that Un—hap—pineſs
is at the Door? Pray put on your Bar-ma-cles, view the World
round, and tell me where Re--me--dy is to be found? Why
South-Sea, Pox on't 'tis al--moſt our un--do-ing, 'thas

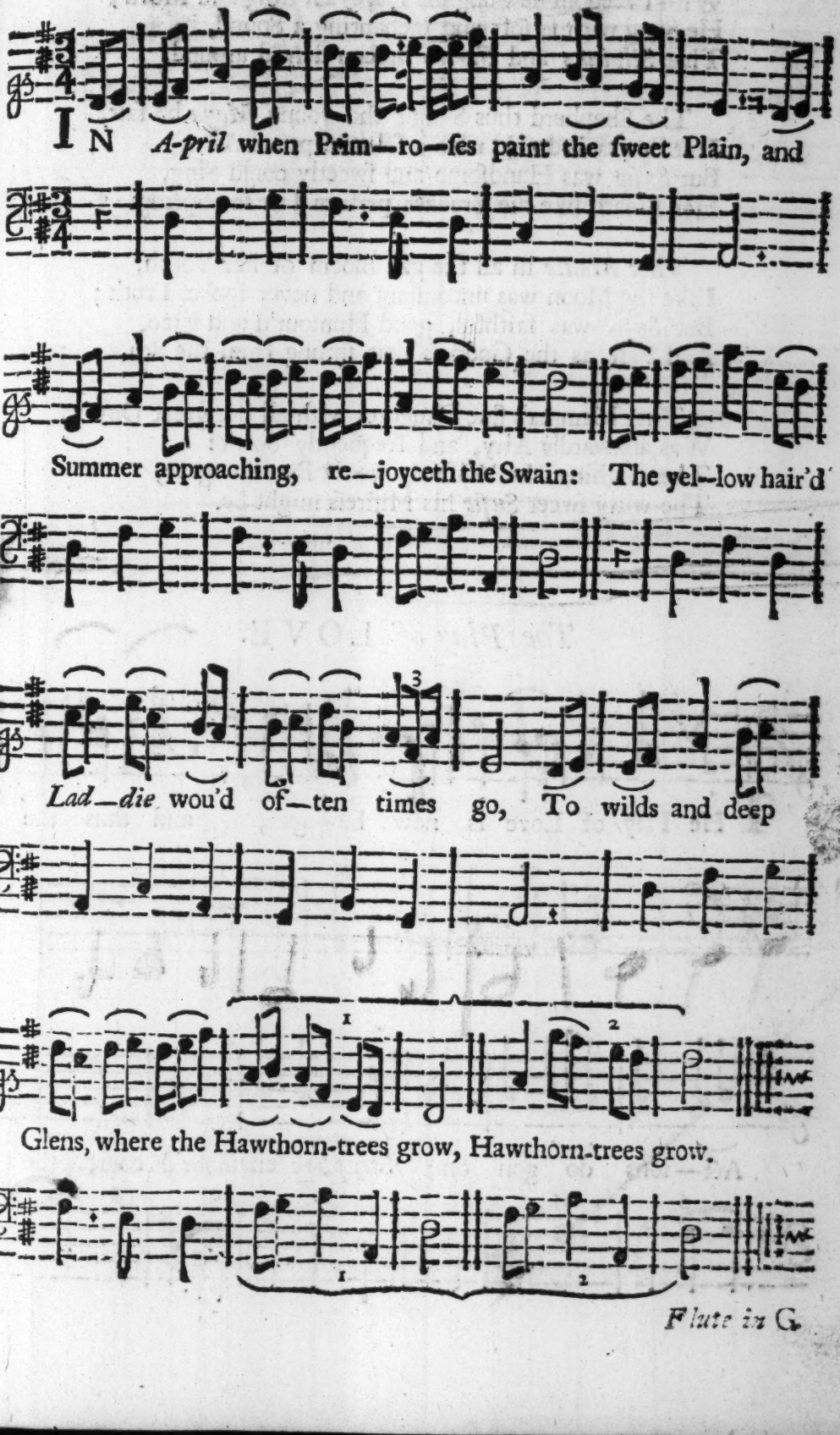

ſpoil'd all our Trade, 'tis the Highway to Ruin. Then Con—
—tentment and Patience, give Eaſe to my Pain; come doubt not my
Friend, Times will mend a—gain. I love your good Humour. Then
hear one Thing more: Good Friends and good Liquor are

Salves for our Sore. You've hit it I'le ſwear; A good
Song let's add to't, I ſin—cere—ly pro—teſt, that will
cer—tainly do't. Come drink then, I will Friend, here,
let it go round, 'tis for want of good Liquor our



CHORUS.



Flute in C.

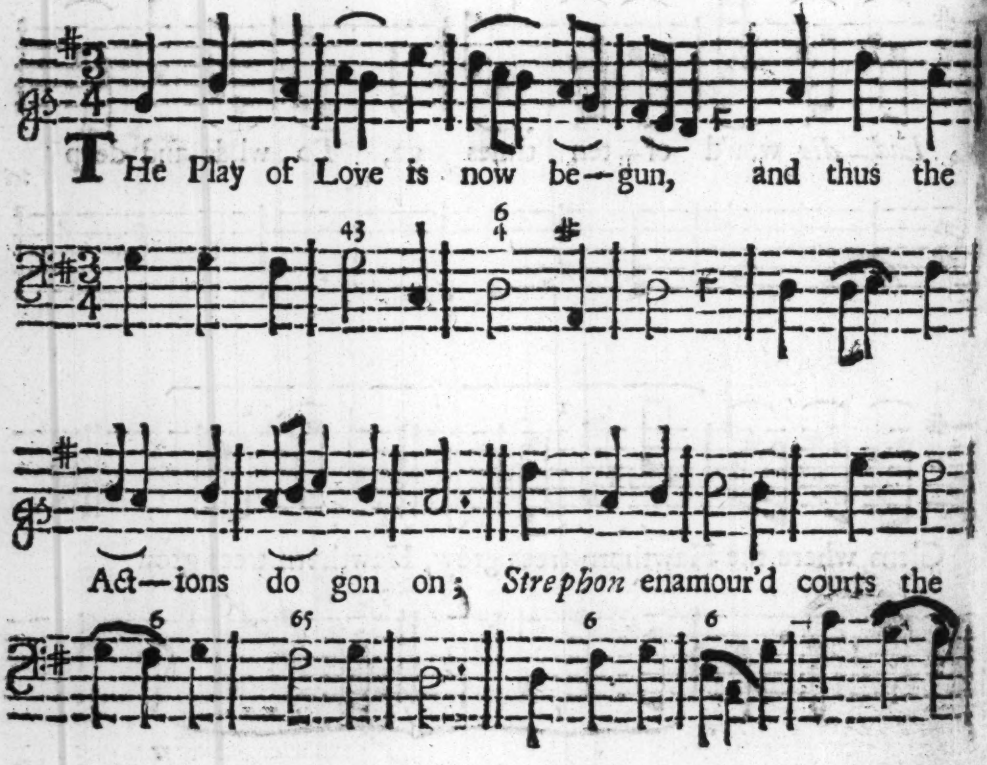
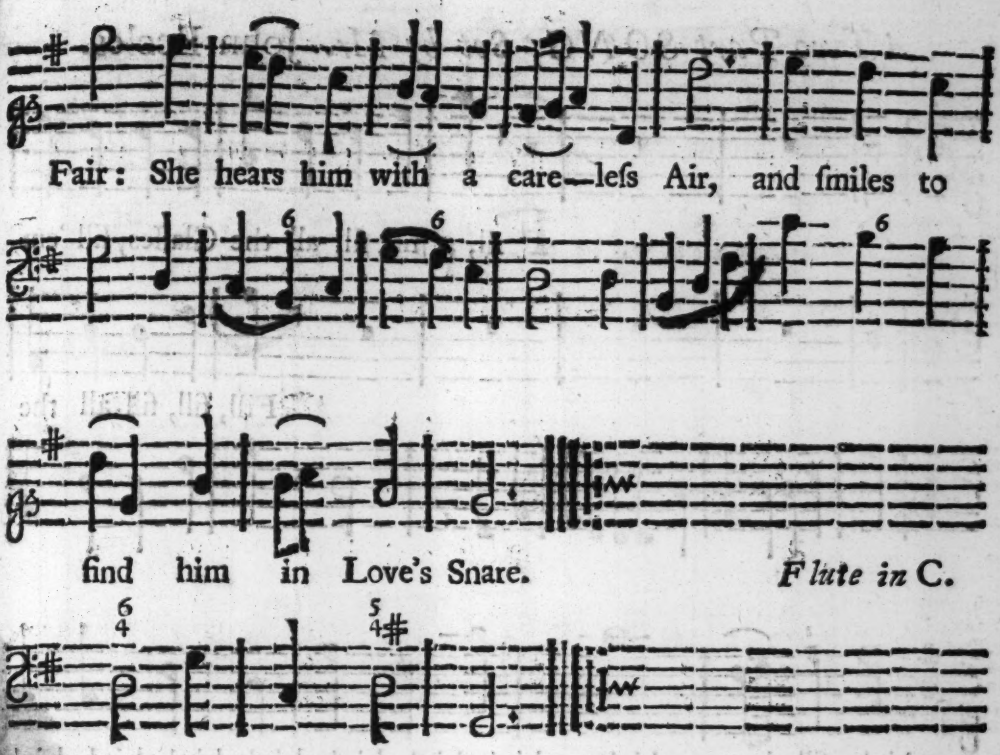
The yellow Hair'd Laddie.

IN *A-pril* when Prim—ro—ſes paint the ſweet Plain, and
Summer approaching, re—joyceth the Swain: The yel—low hair'd
Lad—die wou'd of—ten times go, To wilds and deep
Glens, where the Hawthorn-trees grow, Hawthorn-trees grow.
Flute in G.

There under the Shade of an old Sacred Thorn,
With Freedom he Sung his Loves Ev'ning and Morn;
He Sung with ſo ſoft and inchanting a Sound,
That *Silvians* and *Faries* unſeen danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus Sung; tho' young *Maya* be fair,
Her Beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornful proud Air;
But *Suſie* was Handſome and ſweetly could Sing,
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That *Madie* in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
Like the Moon was unconſtant and never ſpoke Truth;
But *Suſie* was faithful, good Humour'd and Free,
And Fair as the Goddeſs that ſprung from the Sea.

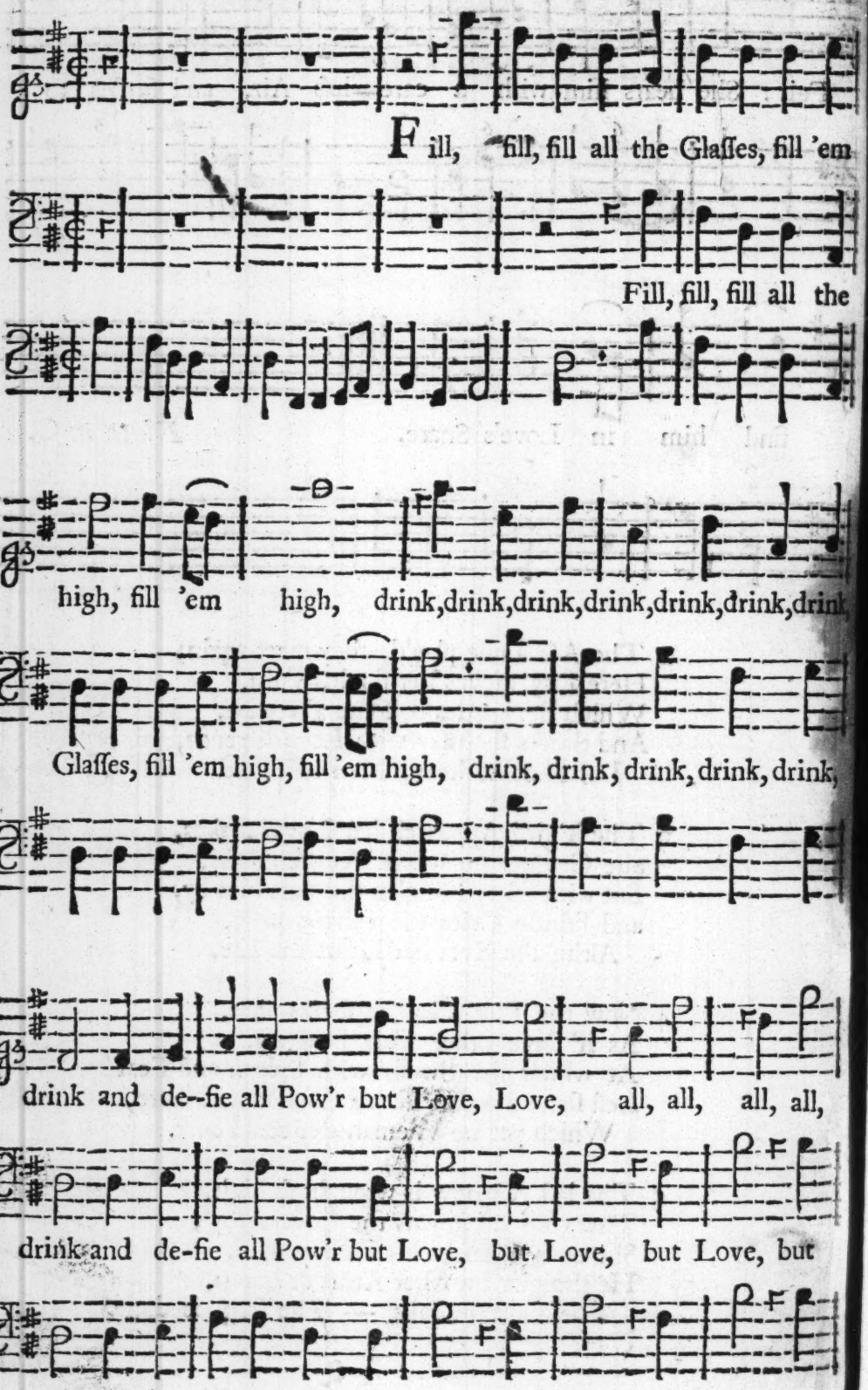
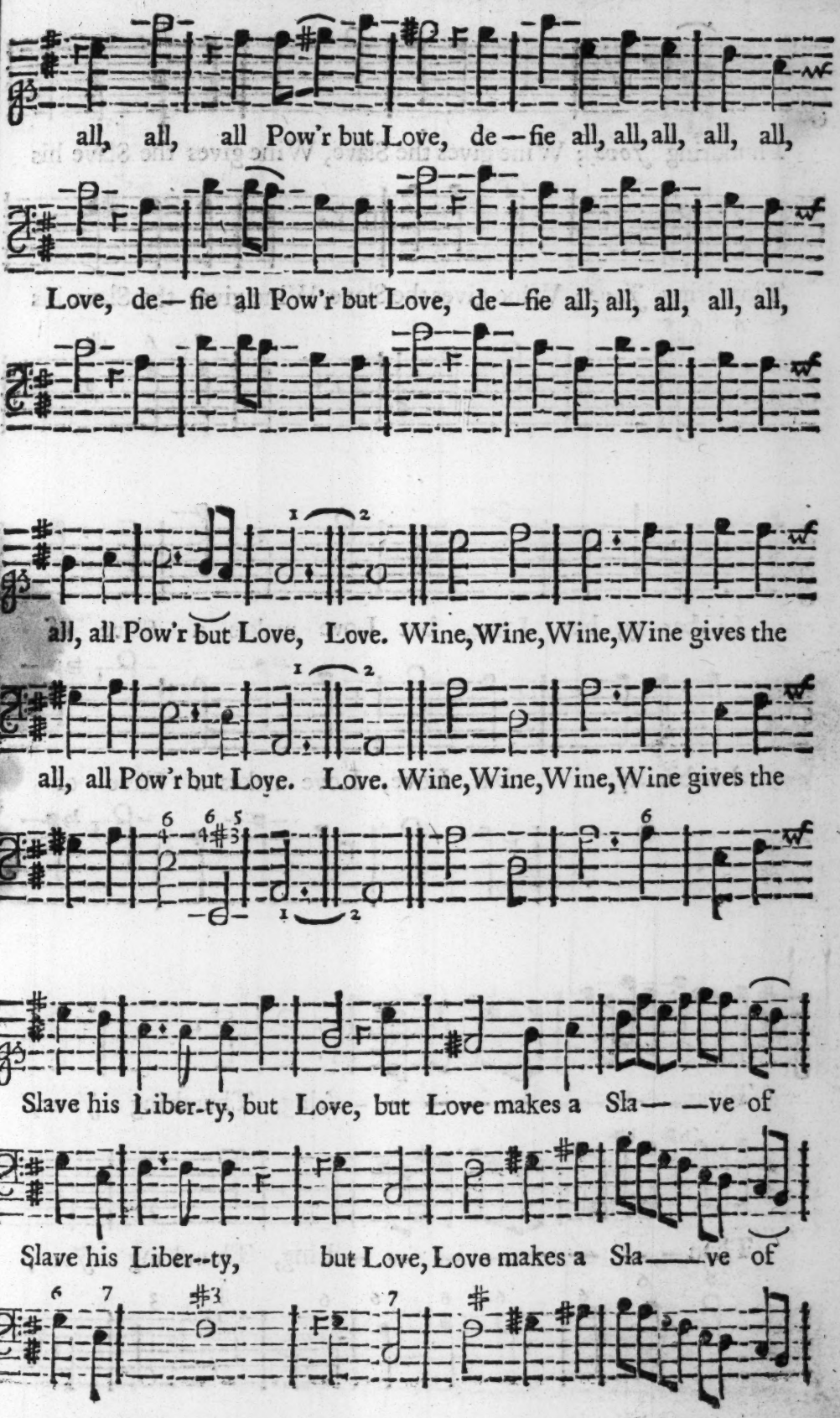
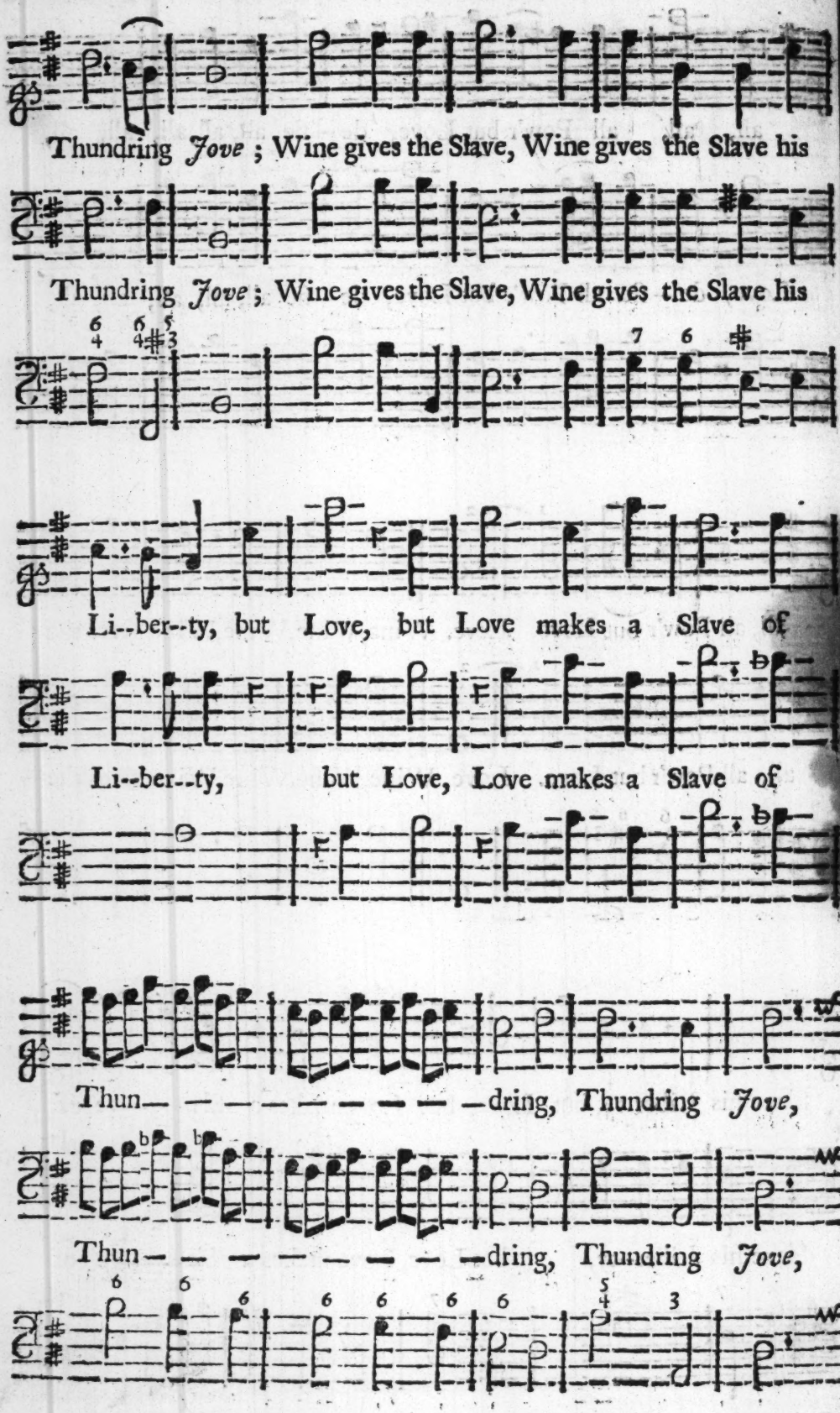
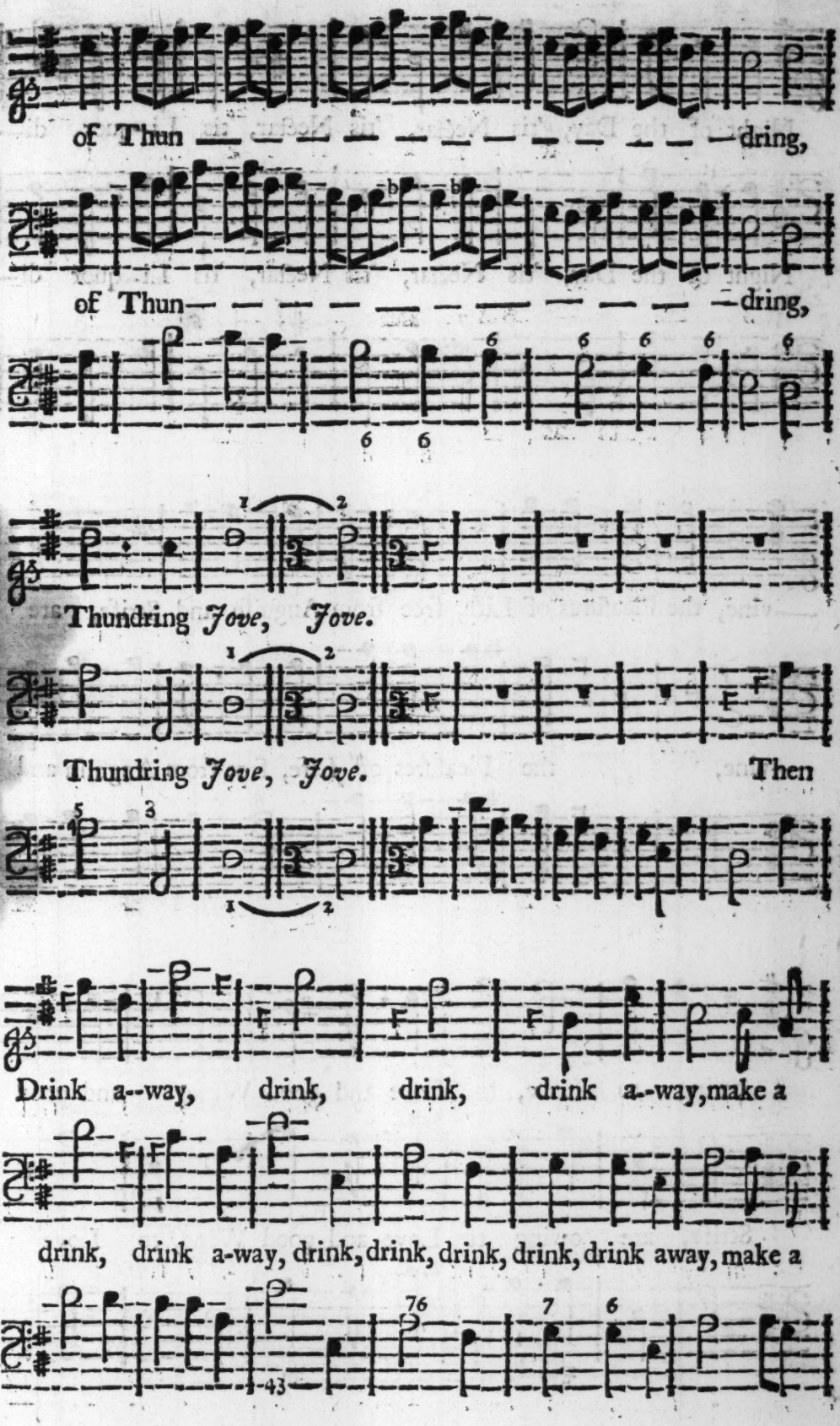
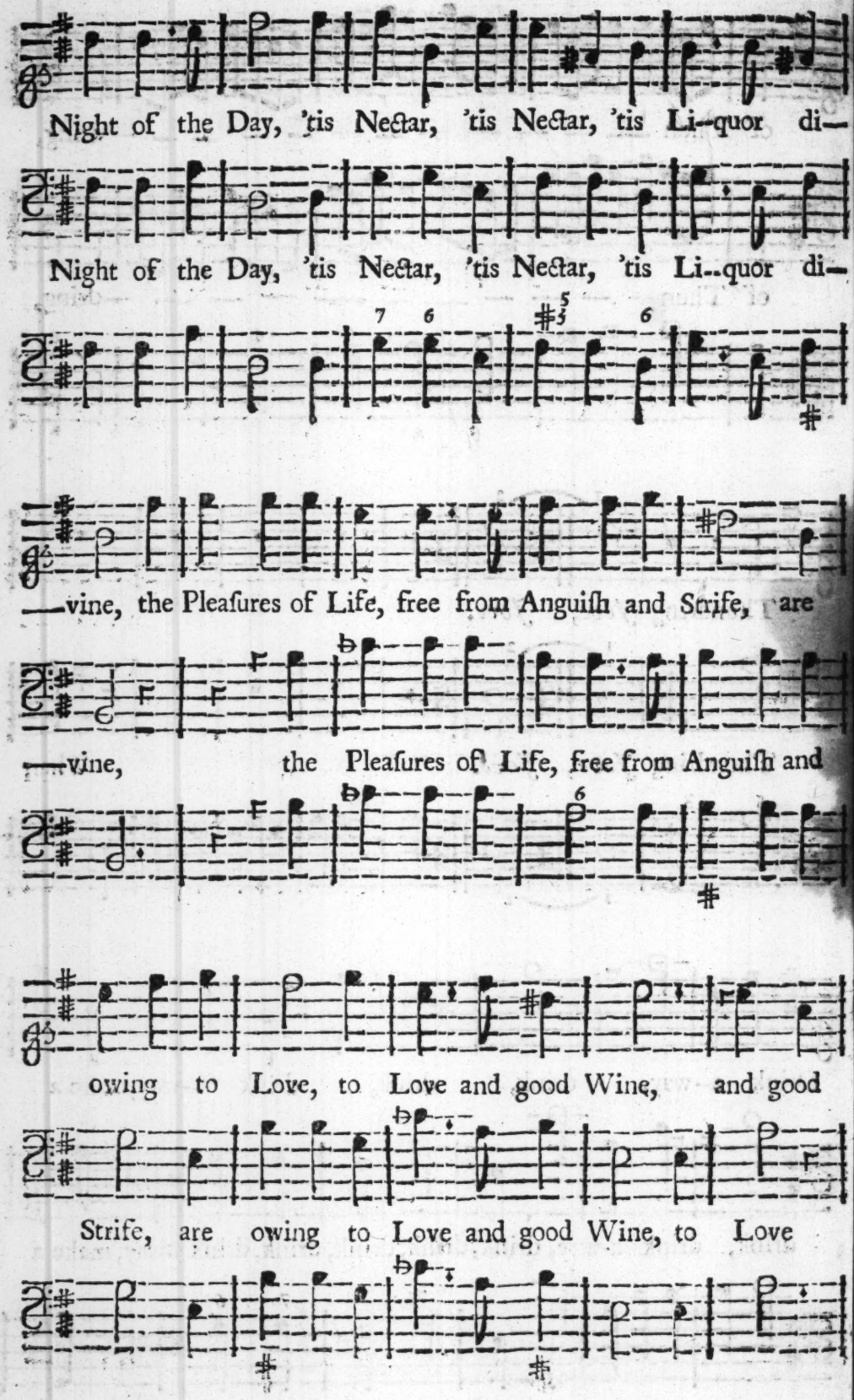
That Mamma's fine Daughter with all her great Dow'r,
Was aukwardly Airy, and frequently Sow'r:
Then Sighing, he Wiſhed would Parents agree,
The witty ſweet *Suſie* his Miſtreſs might be.

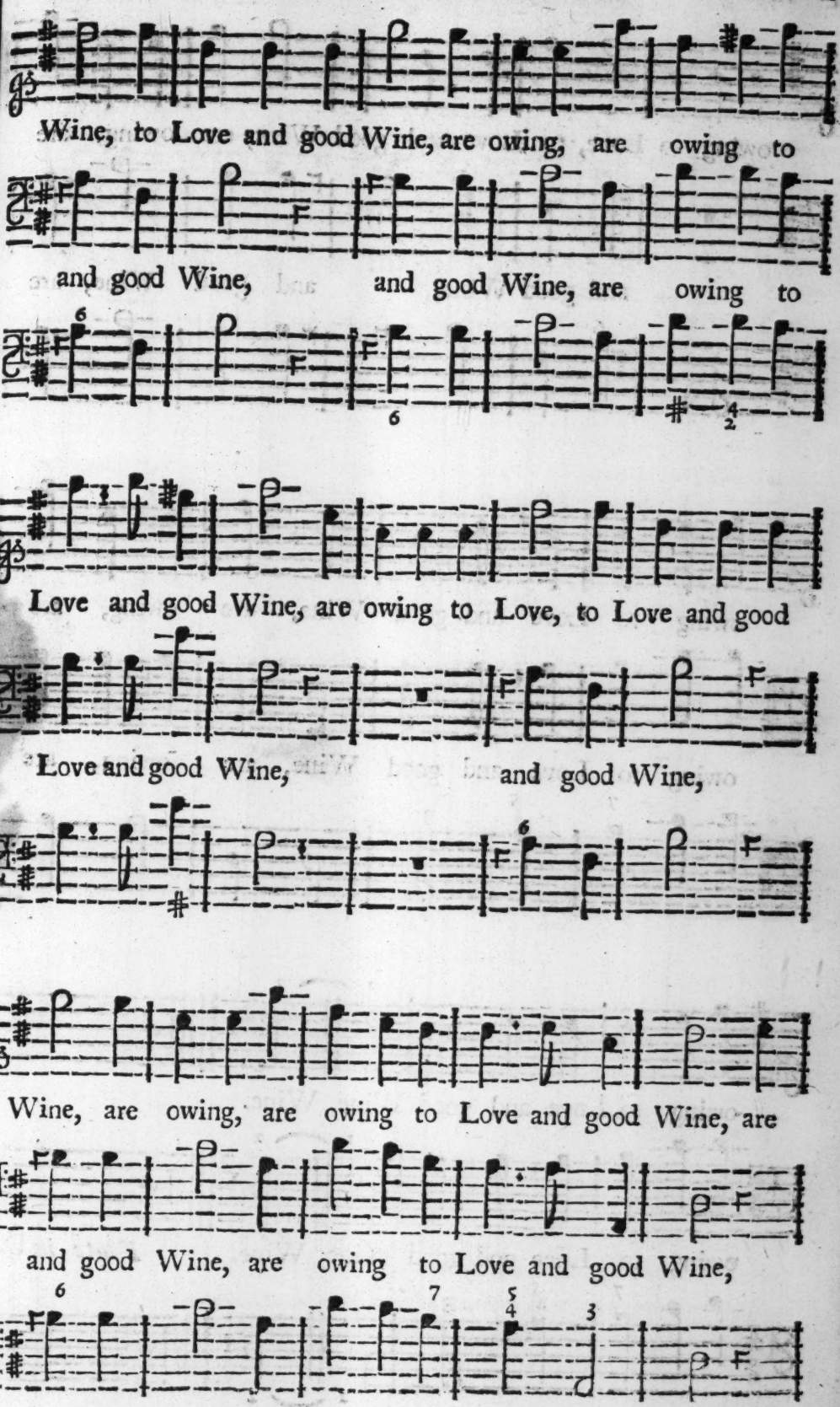
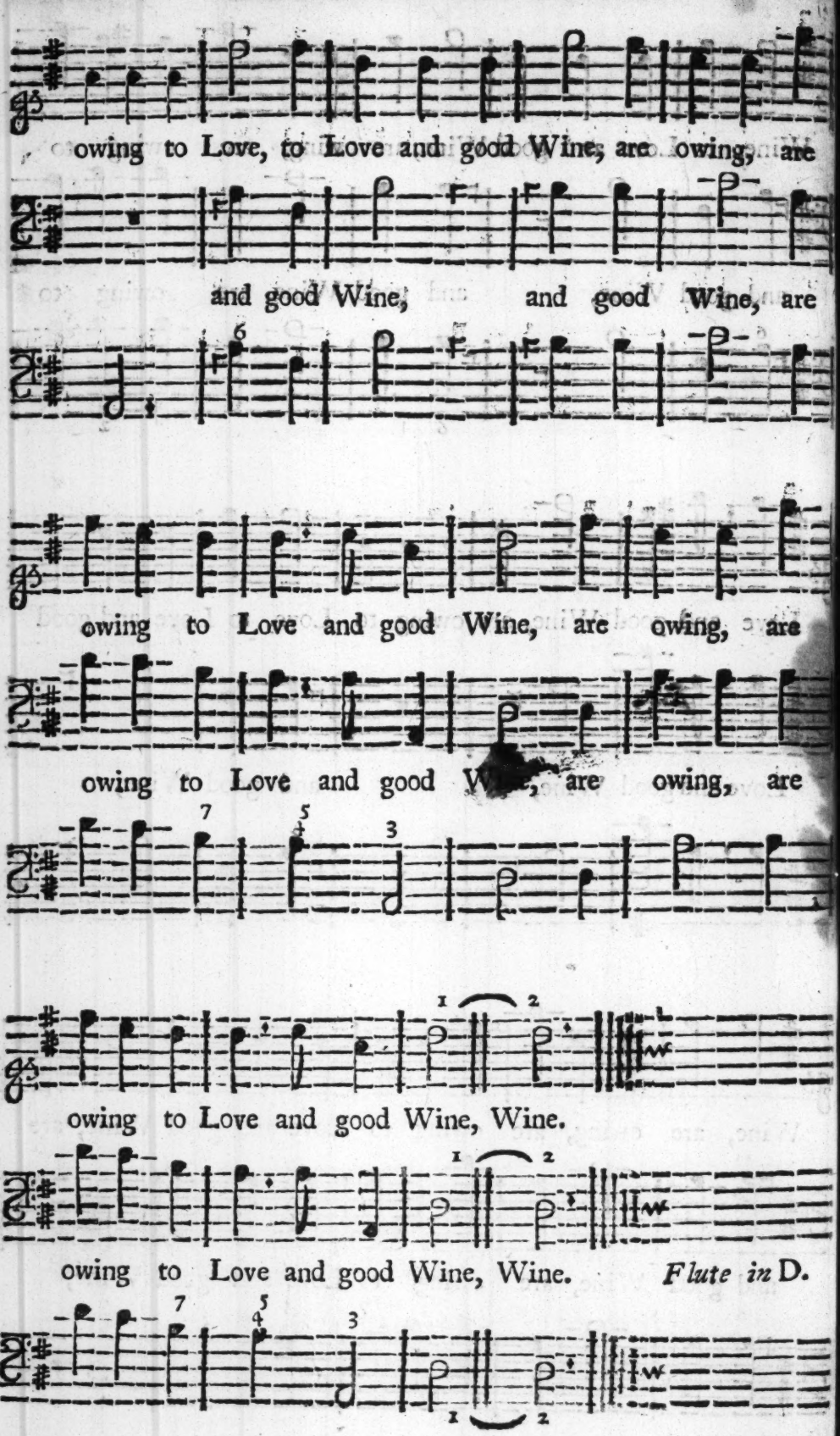
The Play of LOVE.

2 The Act Tune play'd, they meet again,
Here Pity moves her for his Pain,
Which ſhe evades by ſome Pretence,
And thinks ſhe may with Love diſpence,
But Pants to hear a Man of Senſe.

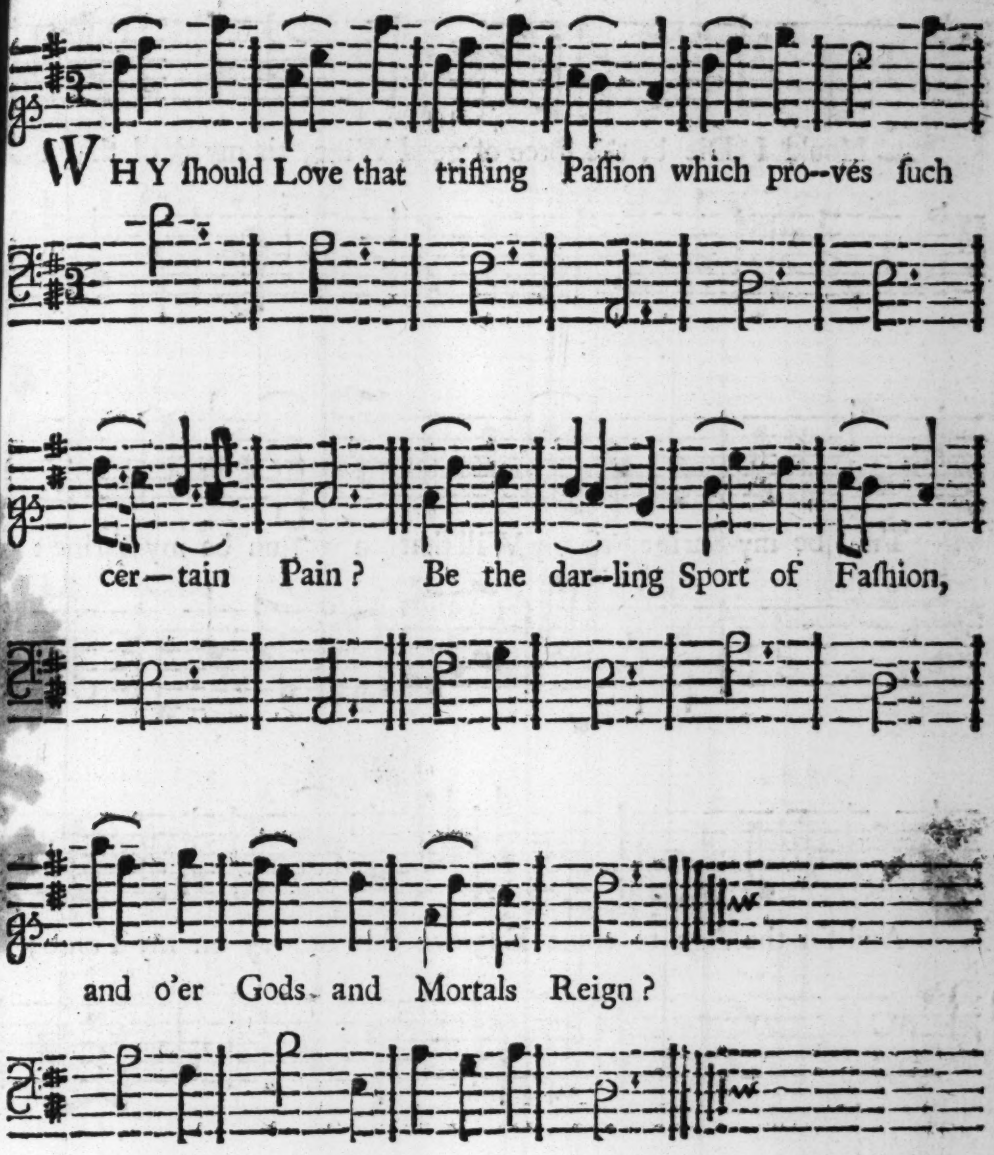
3 The Third Approach her Lover makes,
She Colours up when e'er he ſpeaks,
But with feign'd Slights ſtill puts him by,
and faintly Cries ſhe can't comply,
Altho' ſhe gives her Heart the Lie.

4 Now the Plot riſes, he ſeems ſhie,
As if ſome other Fair he'd try,
At which ſhe Swells with Spleen and Fear,
Leſt ſome more Wiſe his Love ſhould ſhare,
Which yet no Woman e'er could bear.

5 The laſt Act now is wrought ſo high,
That thus it Crowns the Lovers Joy;
She does no more his Paſſion ſhun,
He ſtraight into her Arms does run,
The Curtain falls — The Play is done.

A Two Part SONG, Set by Mr. John Eccles.

Fill, fill, fill all the Glaſſes, fill 'em
Fill, fill, fill all the
high, fill 'em high, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink,
Glaſſes, fill 'em high, fill 'em high, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink,
drink and de--fie all Pow'r but Love, Love, all, all, all, all,
drink and de-fie all Pow'r but Love, but Love, but Love, but

all, all, all Pow'r but Love, de—fie all, all, all, all, all,
Love, de—fie all Pow'r but Love, de—fie all, all, all, all, all,
all, all Pow'r but Love, Love. Wine, Wine, Wine, Wine gives the
all, all Pow'r but Love. Love. Wine, Wine, Wine, Wine gives the
Slave his Liber-ty, but Love, but Love makes a Sla— —ve of
Slave his Liber--ty, but Love, Love makes a Sla——ve of

Thundring *Jove*; Wine gives the Slave, Wine gives the Slave his
Thundring *Jove*; Wine gives the Slave, Wine gives the Slave his
Li--ber--ty, but Love, but Love makes a Slave of
Li--ber--ty, but Love, Love makes a Slave of
Thun— —dring, Thundring *Jove*,
Thun— —dring, Thundring *Jove*,

of Thun — — — — — — — — — — — — dring,
of Thun — — — — — — — — — — — — dring,
Thundring *Jove*, *Jove*.
Thundring *Jove*, *Jove*. Then
Drink a--way, drink, drink, drink a--way, make a
drink, drink a-way, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink away, make a

Night of the Day, 'tis Nectar, 'tis Nectar, 'tis Li--quor di—
Night of the Day, 'tis Nectar, 'tis Nectar, 'tis Li--quor di—
—vine, the Pleaſures of Life, free from Anguiſh and Strife, are
—vine, the Pleaſures of Life, free from Anguiſh and
owing to Love, to Love and good Wine, and good
Strife, are owing to Love and good Wine, to Love

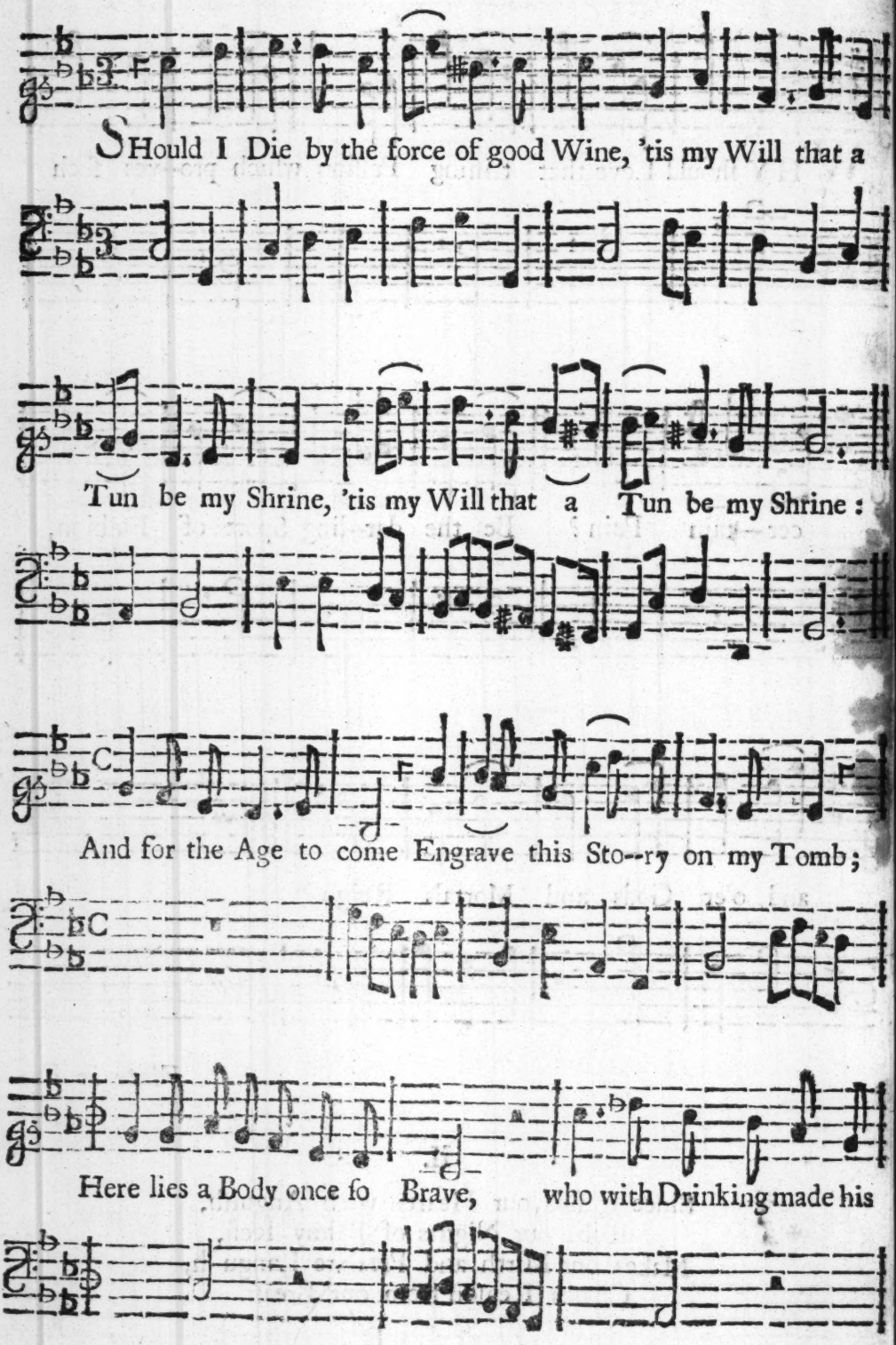
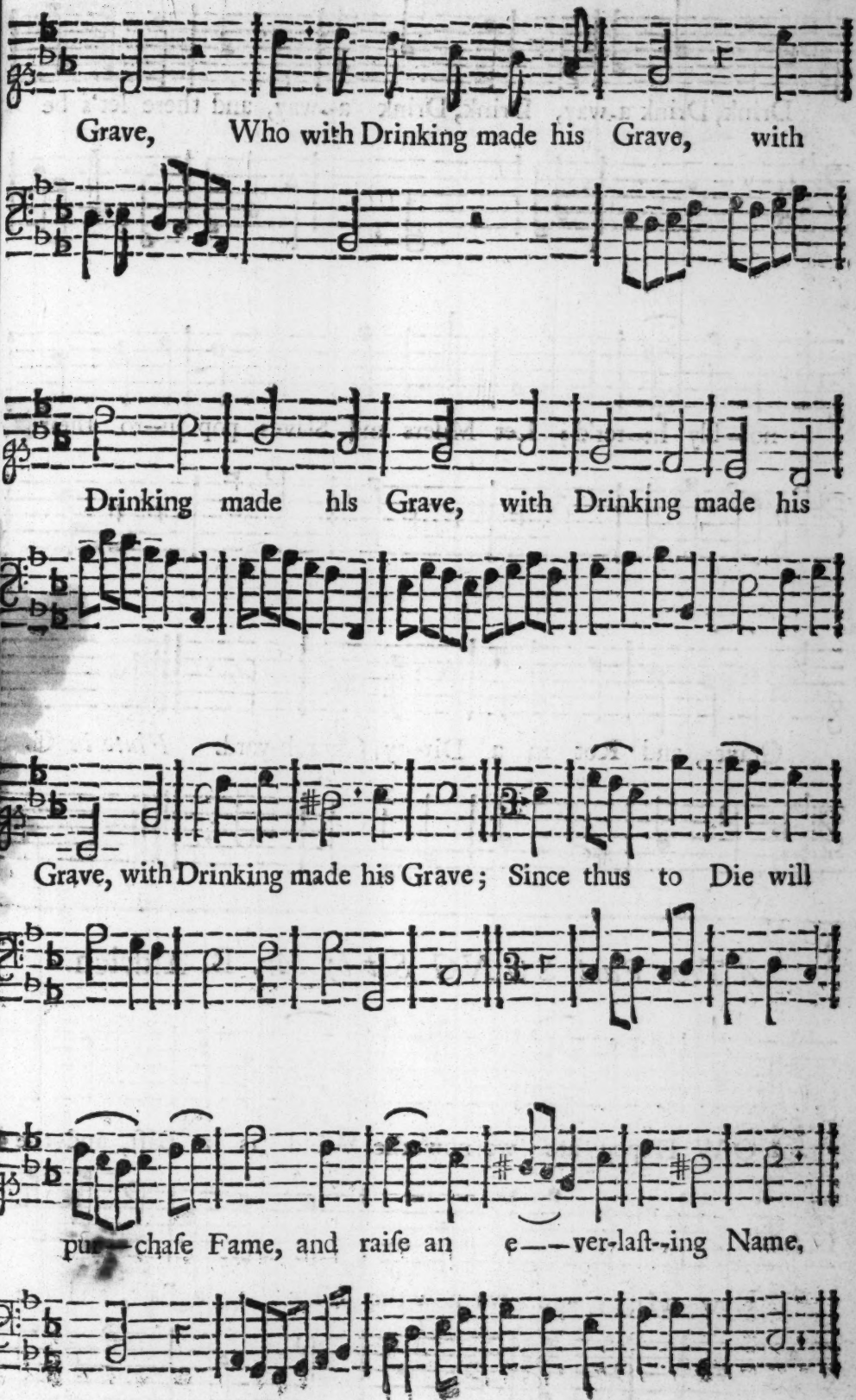
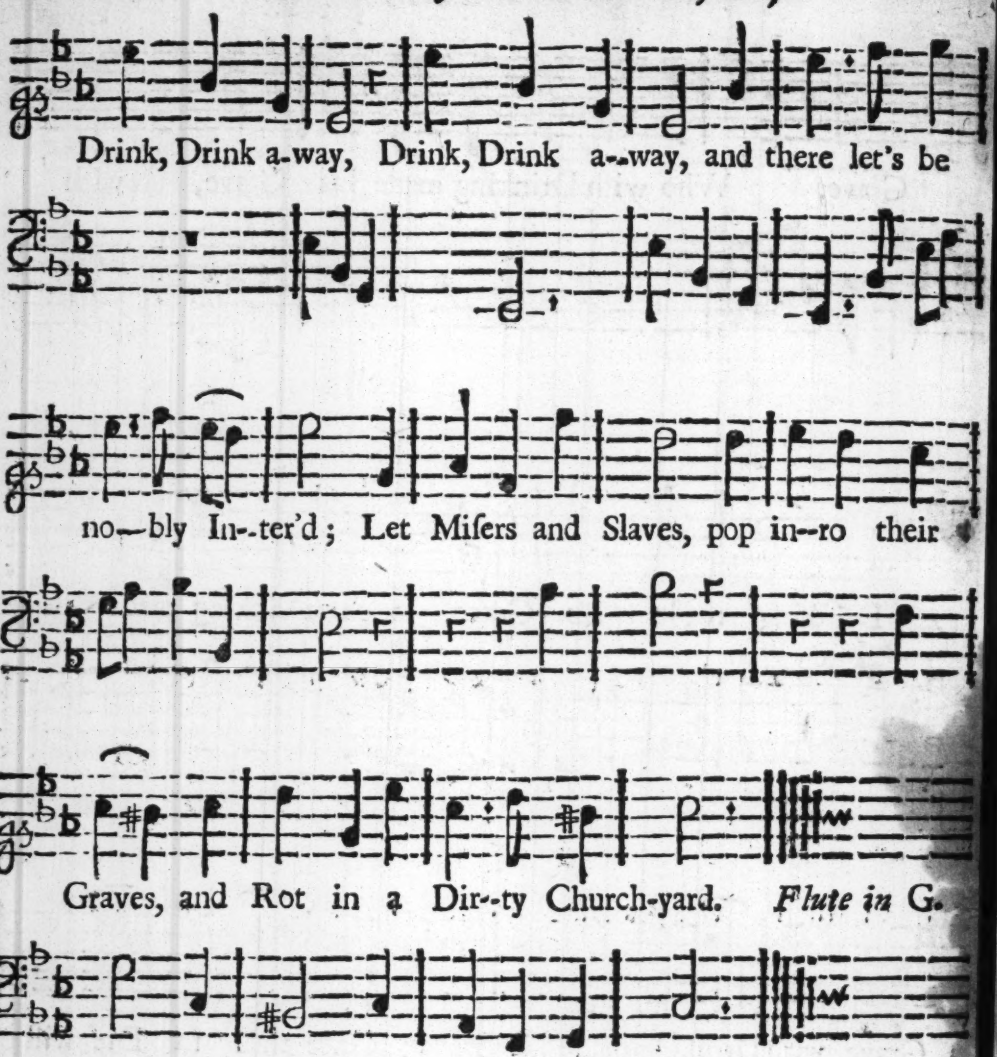

Wine, to Love and good Wine, are owing, are owing to
and good Wine, and good Wine, are owing to
Love and good Wine, are owing to Love, to Love and good
Love and good Wine, and good Wine,
Wine, are owing, are owing to Love and good Wine, are
and good Wine, are owing to Love and good Wine,

owing to Love, to Love and good Wine, are owing, are
and good Wine, and good Wine, are
owing to Love and good Wine, are owing, are
owing to Love and good Wine, are owing, are
owing to Love and good Wine, Wine.
owing to Love and good Wine, Wine.
Flute in D.

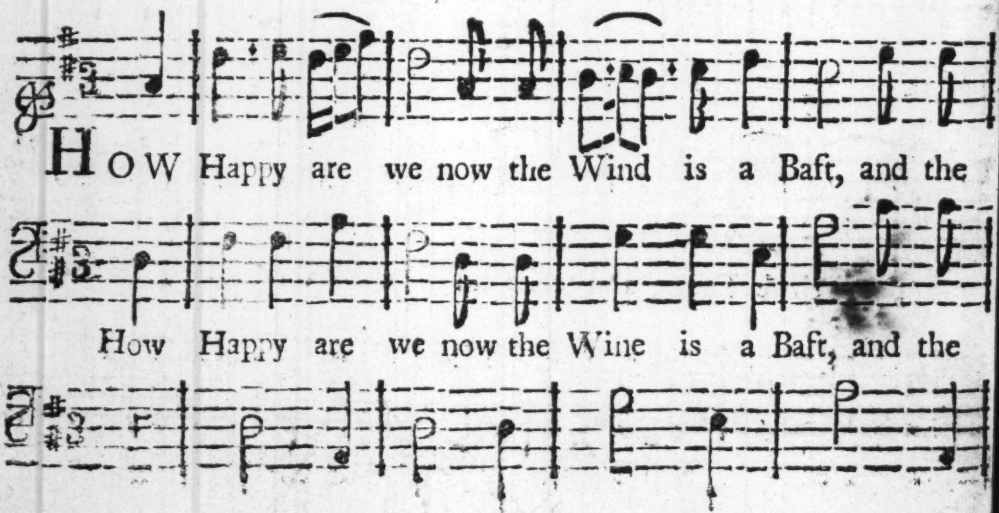
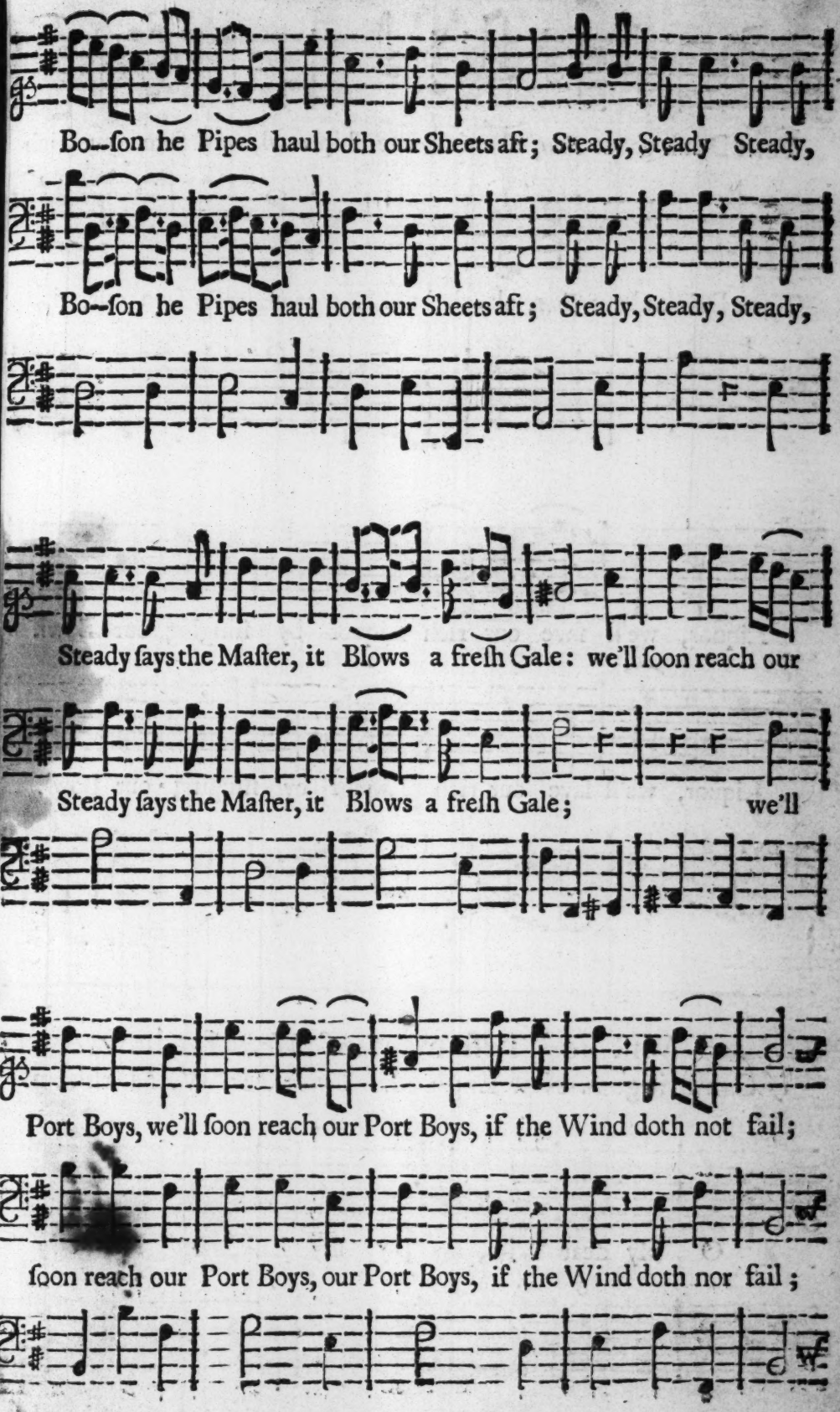
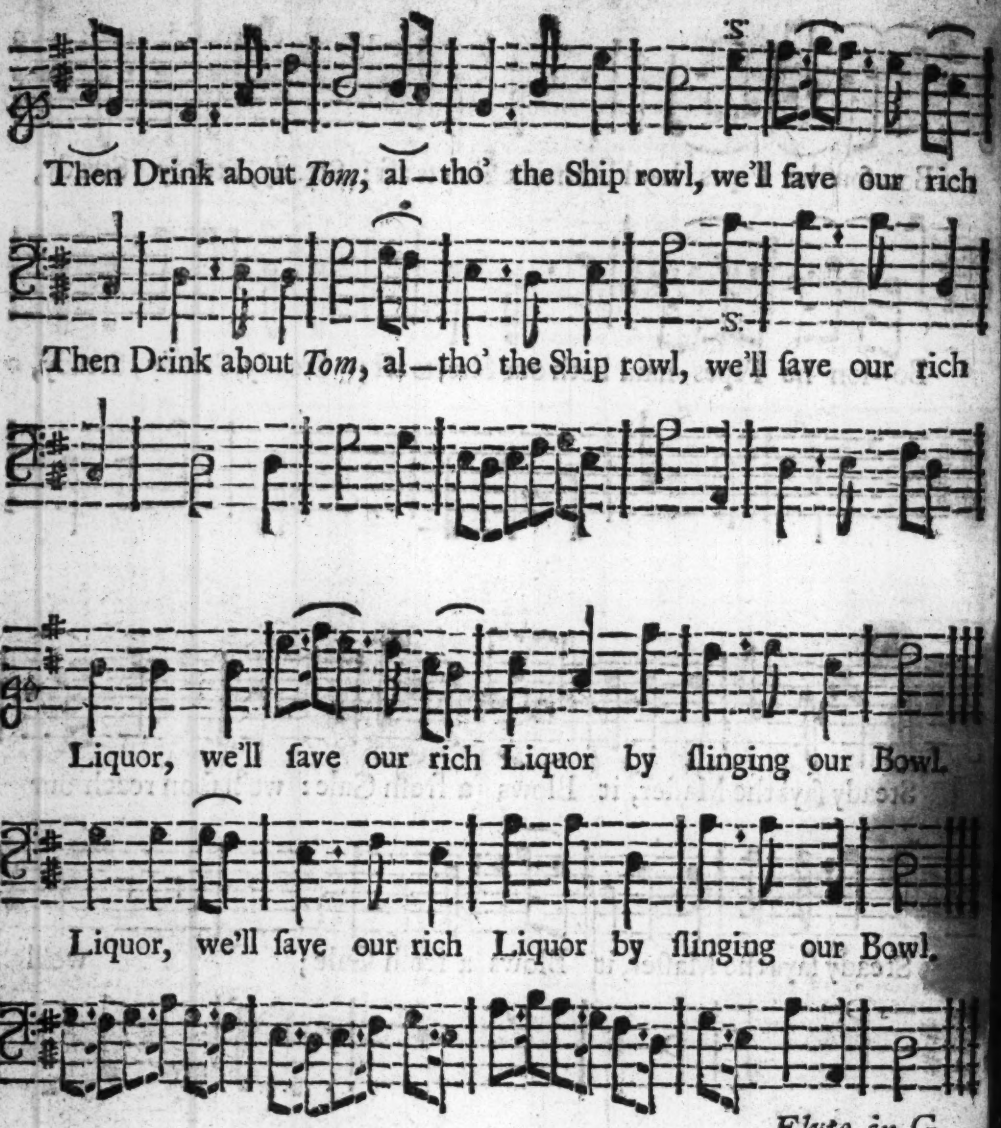
A SONG Set by Mr. Morgan.

WHY ſhould Love that trifling Paſſion which pro--vés ſuch
cer—tain Pain? Be the dar--ling Sport of Faſhion,
and o'er Gods and Mortals Reign?

Flute in F.

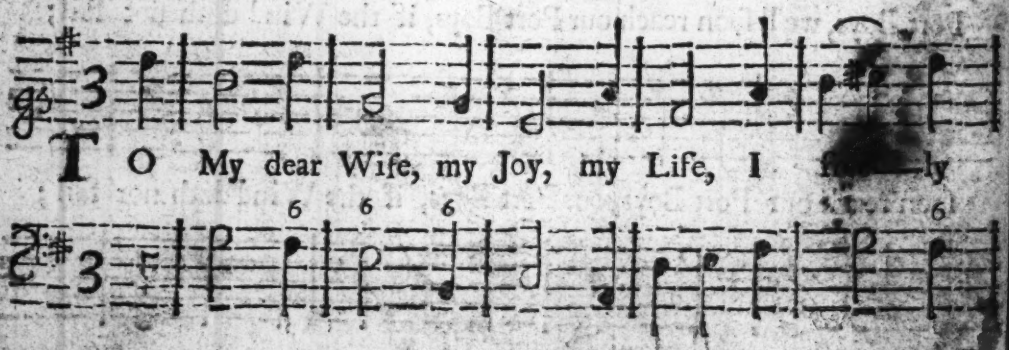
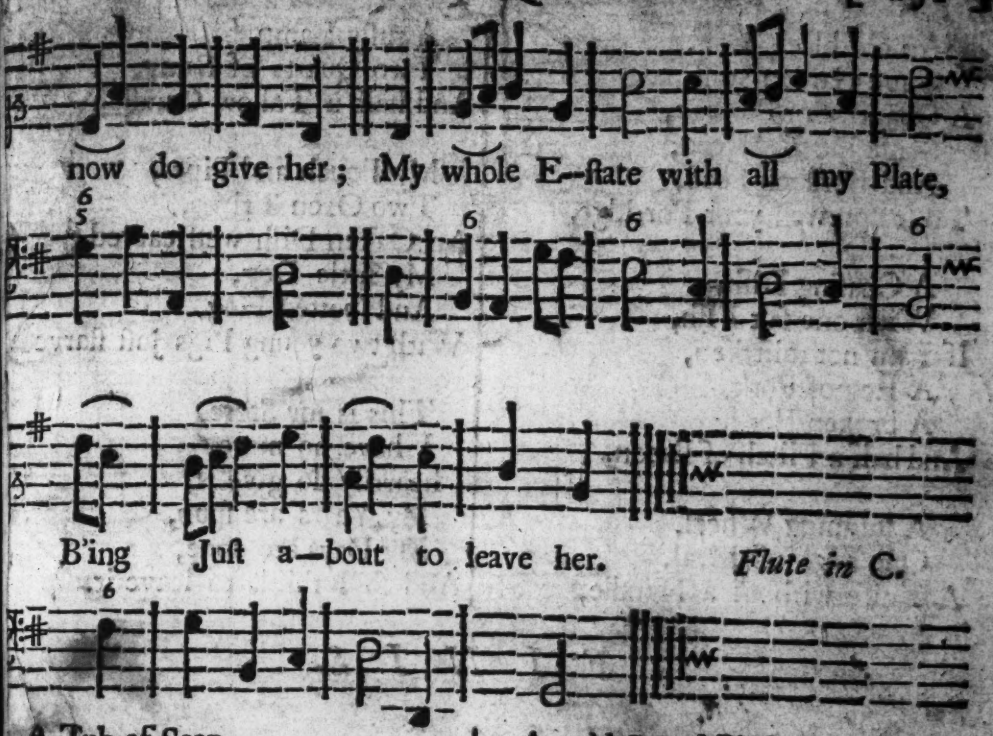
II.

Since it fills our Hearts with Anguiſh,
Robs our Nights of Balmy Reſt,
Makes our Mirth and Pleaſure Languiſh,
Chaſes Reaſon from our Breaſt.

A SONG Set by Mr. Leveridge.

SHould I Die by the force of good Wine, 'tis my Will that a
Tun be my Shrine, 'tis my Will that a Tun be my Shrine:
And for the Age to come Engrave this Sto--ry on my Tomb;
Here lies a Body once so Brave, who with Drinking made his

Grave, Who with Drinking made his Grave, with
Drinking made his Grave, with Drinking made his
Grave, with Drinking made his Grave; Since thus to Die will
pur—chaſe Fame, and raiſe an e——ver-laſt--ing Name,

Drink, Drink a-way, Drink, Drink a--way, and there let's be
no--bly In--ter'd; Let Miſers and Slaves, pop in--ro their
Graves, and Rot in a Dir--ty Church-yard. *Flute in* G.

A Two Part SONG Set by Mr. B. Aldrich.

Bo--ſon he Pipes haul both our Sheets aft; Steady, Steady Steady,
Bo--ſon he Pipes haul both our Sheets aft; Steady, Steady, Steady,
Steady ſays the Maſter, it Blows a freſh Gale: we'll ſoon reach our
Steady ſays the Maſter, it Blows a freſh Gale; we'll
Port Boys, we'll ſoon reach our Port Boys, if the Wind doth not fail;
ſoon reach our Port Boys, our Port Boys, if the Wind doth nor fail;

Then Drink about *Tom*, al—tho' the Ship rowl, we'll ſave our rich
Then Drink about *Tom*, al—tho' the Ship rowl, we'll ſave our rich
Liquor, we'll ſave our rich Liquor by ſlinging our Bowl.
Liquor, we'll ſave our rich Liquor by ſlinging our Bowl.
Flute in G.

The laſt Will *and* Teſtament *of Mr.* Matthew Avery *of* Cambridge *in* New England. *Set by Mr.* W. Markham.



A Tub of Soap,
A long Cart Rope,
Frying Pan and Kettle,
An Aſhes Pail,
A Thraſhing Flail,
An Iron Wedge and Beetle.

Two painted Chairs,
Nine Warden Pears,
A large old dripping Platter,
The Bed of Hay
On which I lay.
An old Sauce Pan for Butter.

A little Mug,
A two Quart Jugg,
A Bottle full of Brandy,
A Looking-Glaſs
To ſee your Face,
You'll find it very handy.

A Mo[illegible]er true
As [illegible]w,
Pou[illegible]ot and Wallet,
A Leath[illegible]ſh,
My Call[illegible]h,
A Powder-horn and Bullets.

An old Sword Blade,
A Garden Spade,
A Ho, a Rake, a Ladder,
A wooden Can,
A Cloſe-Stool Pan,
A Clyſter Pipe and Bladder.

A greazy Hat,
My old Ram-Cat,
A Yard and half of Linnen,
A Pot of Greaſe,
A Woollen Fleece,
In order for your ſpinning,

A ſmall Tooth Comb,
An aſhen Broom,
A Candleſtick and Hatchet,
A Coverlid
Striped down with red,
A Bag of Rags to patch it.

A [illegible]ragged Mat,
[illegible]Tub of Fat;
A [illegible]t put out by *Bunyan*,
[illegible]het Book
[illegible]*bin Rook*,
A [illegible]r two of Spun-yarn.

An

An old black Muff,
Some Garden Stuff,
A Quantity of Burrage,
Some Devils Weed,
And Burdock Seed,
To ſeaſon well your Porridge.

A Chafing Diſh,
With one ſalt Fiſh,
If I am not miſtaken,
A Leg of Pork,
A broken Fork,
And half a Flitch of Bacon.

A ſpinning Wheel,
One Peck of Meal,
A Knife without a Handle,
A ruſty Lamp,
Two Quarts of Samp,
And half a Tallow Candle.

My Pouch and Pipes,
Two Oxen Tripes,
An Oaken Diſh well carved;
My little Dog,
And ſpotted Hog,
With two young Pigs juſt ſtarved.

This is my Store,
I have no more,
I heartily do give it,
My Years are ſpun,
My Days are done,
And ſo I think to leave it.

Finis. FINIS.

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